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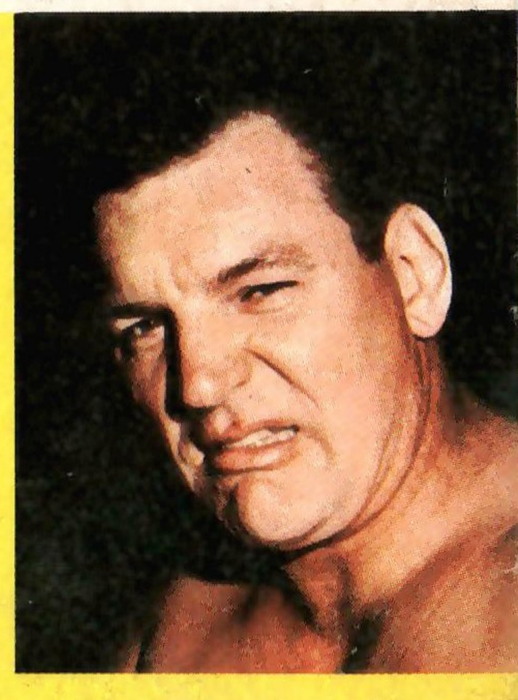

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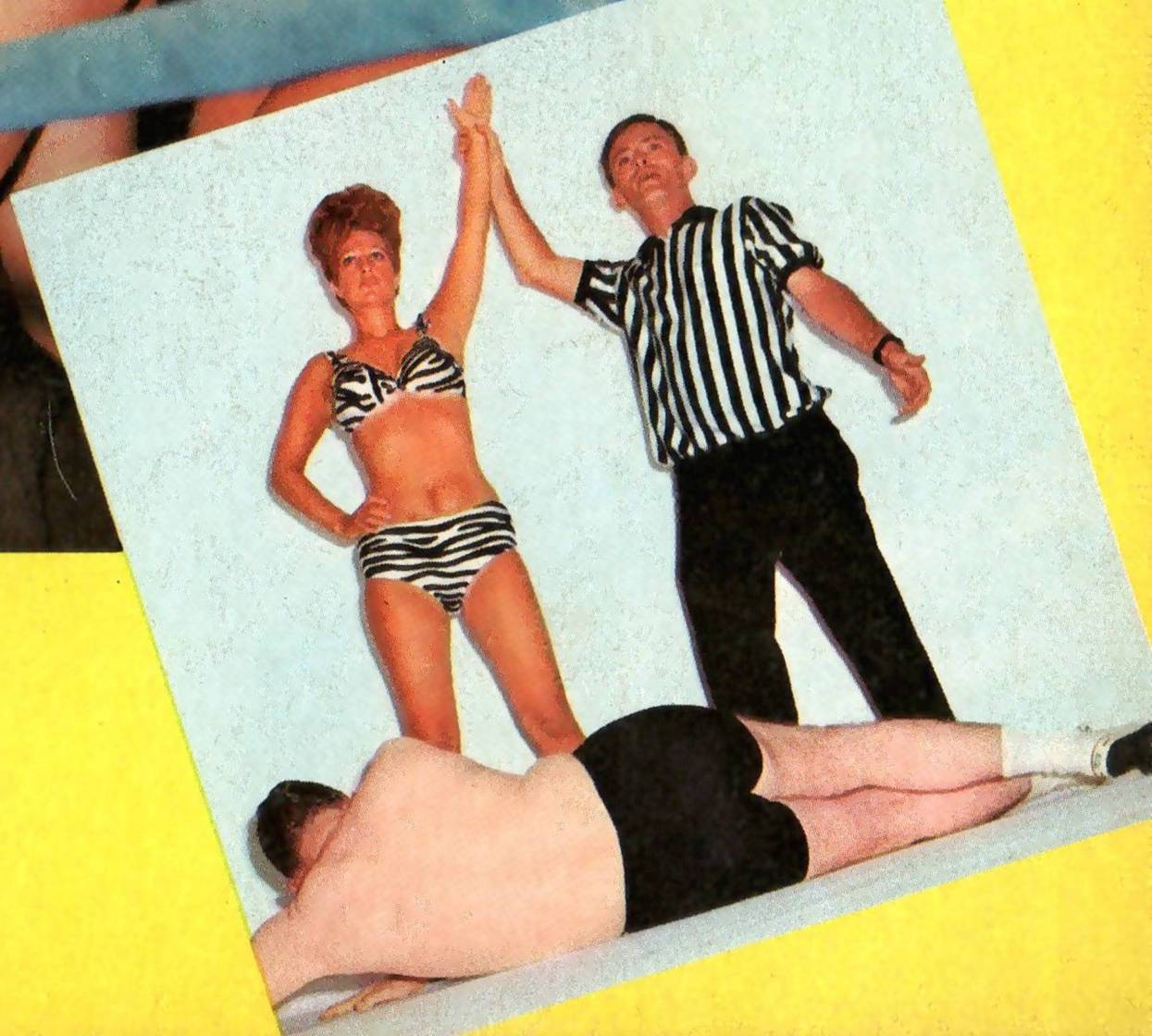

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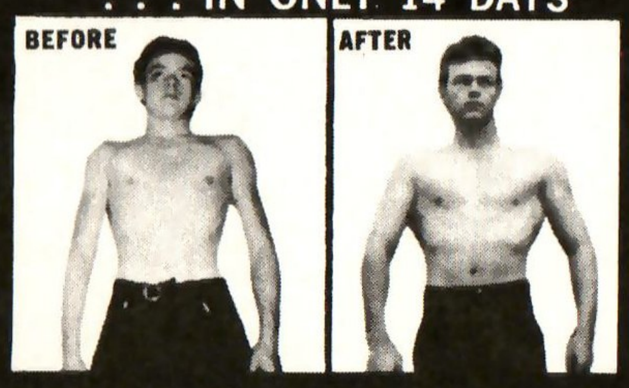

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

- As Nat Loubet Sees It 5

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

- Mixed Matches? Who Wants 'Em? Not Gal Pros ..... *By Phil Miller* 6
- Dr. Bill Miller And The Surprise Package ..... *By Robert A. Bellus* 13
- Abdullah At His Crest But Funk's Type Of Mayhem Stirs Stampede ..... *By Bob Leonard* 14
- RW Reporter Finds Negro Material Shy ..... *By Kelly Lagrave* 28
- "One Mistake Is Too Many," Bemoans Sandy Stevens ..... *By Bob Hickman* 36
- Bruno Stole John L. From Baseball And Gridiron ..... *By Robert D. Willis* 44
- Mat Lacks Ballyhoo Experts As Those Of Yesteryear ..... *By Dolly Madsen* 50

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Donna Makes It Hot For Other Gals ..... *By Robert D. Willis* 10
- Killer A Purveyor Of Legalized Mayhem ..... *By Sam Cohen* 12
- Of Huge Steel Cages And The Little Men ..... *Photos by Jack Goldstein* 20
- Oklahoma Cowgirl Pins "Mafia" Of Top Skills ..... *By Mike Pyrgakis* 29
- Trust-Buster Plestina No Match For John Pesek ..... *By Ted Carroll* 30
- Free School In Boston ..... *By Frank Santin Jr.* 34
- Japanese Champ A Hit With British ..... *By Mario Muldoon* 39
- Pretty Boy Floyd Doubles As Law Man ..... *By Herman Marshall* 40
- Hawaiian And Yank Undergo Sumo Trials ..... *By Dick Graddick* 48
- Foreign Wrestlers Find British Life Very Happy ..... *By Dave Cameron* 55
- Peppy Pepe Well-Peppered ..... *Photos by Phil Miller* 56
- The Joint Was Really Jumpin' In Old San Juan ..... *Photos by Mike Pyrgakis* 60

RW COLLECTOR'S PINUPS

- Ray Stevens 25
- Toni Rose 53

SPECIAL STORIES

- Game Toni Rose Proved Herself In Brutal Tag ..... *By Bob Hickman* 22
- Shooter Shibuya Out To Win Every Time He Grapples ..... *By Geoffrey Hansen* 24
- Patterson, Ellis Crashed Head-On ..... *By Fred Rogers* 26
- Firebrand Mrs. Giret Is Queen Of Aussies ..... *By L. Muir* 32
- Bulldog Insists He Gives Fans Money's Worth ..... *By Sam Cohen* 33
- Mayne Latest Pride Of Northwest ..... *By Susan Long* 35
- Squaw Gal Stands Out ..... *By Michel Bezy* 42
- Savage His Name, Savage His Style ..... *By Carl Samson* 49
- Of Injuries And TV Commercials ..... *By Mario Muldoon* 52
- Mascaras' Mask, Gordman's Locks? Barber Scored ..... *By G. J. Rowell* 58

FEATURE DEPARTMENTS

- Fan Club News ..... *By Dave Sloan* 38
- Official World Ratings 43
- Around The Mat World ..... *By Nat Loubet* 46
- RW Mat Mail 54

ON MATS AROUND THE WORLD

Twin Cities Wrestling; King Kong Passes; West Virginia Report 69
Southern Mat News ..... *By Mike Mooneyham* 70
Pittsburgh, Pa., Action; Northwest Mat Notes; Action In Dayton 72
Around And About; The Vancouver Scene; Memphis Wrestling News 74
The New England Scene; Wrestling Is Mile High 76
St. Louis Wrestling; Midwest Spotlight 78
Eastern Regional News; Wrestling From Boston 79
The Pacific Coast ..... *By Joe Pottgieser* 80
Wrestling From Chicago; Down Texas Way .. 81

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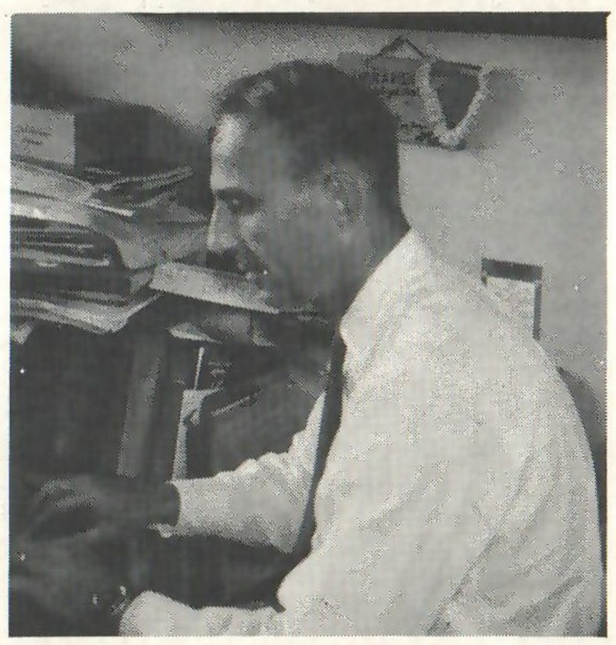
RW EDITORIAL



By
NAT LOUBET

IF the Women's Liberation Movement wants to achieve something of immediate and concrete importance it should see to it that the bars are lifted in the state of New York in so far as women wrestlers are concerned.

There are Federal and state laws which give the gals the right to wrestle anywhere. But my friend, Eddie Dooley, chairman of the New York State Commission, persists in keeping female grapplers out of action in his area.

It is true that the women themselves are chiefly to blame. They lack the drive and the will to win.

All that the women have to do is to picket Madison Square Garden, on the night of a wrestling show.

All that they have to do is to make their powers felt in Washington as well as in Albany.

EDDIE DOOLEY

This would entail spending money, and the gals have shown no intention to do that. They accepted a court decision which was full of holes, and a referee's decision which was even spottier.

Get off the floor, you lady grapplers, and demand your rights.

Ring Wrestling has gone as far as it can for you but you are fast asleep in so far as this important matter is concerned.

Having women wrestlers on Madison Square Garden cards would be a tremendous boost for the game all over the world.

A team match, six American women vs. six French-Italian women would pack the house as part of a Sammartino card.

The promoters insist they don't need the gals. But that, if true, is not the crux of the matter. The women demand justice and should get it. The law gives it to them.

The weak effort if any, of the gal wrestlers to get into New York is difficult to understand.

There is a feeling that I will take care of myself and you take care of yourself.

The trouble appears to be concentrated in the upper echelon. If the top twelve among the women were to assert themselves the problem would be solved before long. But the stars couldn't be bothered. They know where their caviar and champagne is coming from.

An association of women wrestlers, with a booking department, relations with a similar organization in Paris and a school for girl wrestlers would develop tremendous benefits for the game. But who cares?

Ring Wrestling does care and is prepared to go the limit in support of those competitors who are interested in the betterment of the sport in general, and the success of the fight to get into New York.

Commissioner Dooley's reasons for barring the women from New York did not originate with him. They were incorporated into the New York Commission's regulations many years ago and reaffirmed in 1962.

Page 25 of the New York rule book says, "No women may compete in any wrestling or boxing contest or exhibition, and no women may be licensed as a boxer, wrestler, manager or second."

The issue lay dormant for years and finally came to the fore during the chairmanship of General Melvin Krulewitch, who, it was reported, was guided by Mrs. Krulewitch.

He said he would not issue a license to a woman to wrestle in New York because wrestling might be conducive to breast cancer.

There have been two known cases of cancer, neither fatal, among women wrestlers, a percentage far lower than may be found among housewives, secretaries, actresses, singers, and the like.

However, the general refused to change his attitude and put up a defense when Ethel Whitehead entered suit against the Commission on November 4, 1964, in the Supreme Court of the state of New York, County of Erie.

In filing the suit, John R. Minicucci, attorney for the petit petitioner, stated:

"This petition does not intend to raise a question against the constitutionality of the Legislature adopting a law prohibiting women from participating in wrestling exhibitions as there is no such law promulgated by the Legislature.

"However, the petitioner does contend that the Legislature in establishing the State Athletic Commission did not spell out in the laws conferring powers and duties of the commission the right to adopt

MELVIN KRULEWITCH

a rule prohibiting women from participating in wrestling exhibitions, and when the commission adopted Section 205.15 of the Rules, they were invalidly usurping a legislative function.

"For the reasons set forth above and in the interest of Justice this court should find that the rule relied upon by the commission is an arbitrary assumption of power by the commission and this court, I respectfully petition, should order the commission to grant the petitioner, Ethel Whitehead a wrestling license."

Respectfully submitted,
JOHN R. MINICUCCI
Attorney for Petitioner

The Court upheld the right of the Commission to bar women. Conditions have changed. A fresh effort in the Supreme Court is needed.

On left, Toni Rose, who is one of the most violent competitors in female wrestling. Donna Christantello and she beat male tag team in El Salvador.

To right, Bette Boucher, who flattened a 200-pound male nut in a Canadian ring and kept him down until the cops arrived.

Mixed Matches? Who Wants 'Em? Not Gal Pros

Vivian Vachon, sister of the villainous Vachon Brothers, is reputed to be the strongest gal in professional wrestling, and could beat some males.

Joyce Grable, who says she has quit wrestling, poses with author of accompanying article. Joyce's beautiful and powerful legs won matches galore for the Golden Goddess.

By PHIL MILLER
(Photos by Author)

THE letters, articles and debates in recent issues of RING WRESTLING regarding the possibilities and capabilities of girl professional wrestlers meeting male wrestlers in bouts have been interesting.

In my short fling as a professional wrestler and now as a free-lance photographer-writer, I have become friendly with many of the girls.

First, we'll have to define some terms. The girl involved is, presumably, a professional wrestler with training and more than a little experience. Is the man involved a regular professional wrestler? If he is, the entire proposition is hopeless for all but a very few girl wrestlers.

Even the most inexperienced, least skillful male professional has such superior weight and fundamental knowledge of wrestling that with few exceptions, no girl could come close to pinning him.

The average girl wrestler is about 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs between 130 and 140 pounds. She's faster, and many have greater skill, than her brother pro wrestlers. But I know from experience that skill and determination cannot make up for lack of weight among the professionals.

As a Marine stationed in Japan, I was able to compete against Oriental pros and win the majority of my matches, even though I weighed only 165 pounds. When I returned to the States, four months on the circuit convinced me that taking on 250 pound opponents was too much for a lightweight, no matter how hard he worked or how skillful he might be.

One of the photographs accompanying this article is of Joyce Grable standing with me. A comparison of size will give you an idea of what the girls have to contend with.

When this photo was taken, Joyce was the size of an average girl wrestler, 5 feet 4 inches, 135 pounds. I was 5 feet 11, 190.

I was too small to make it as a pro. Almost all pros are much bigger than I was. Can you still believe the girl can make up the difference in size by skill and determination?

It's another proposition altogether if the girl pro is to fight an average man near her weight, picked at random and placed in the ring with her. If professional rules were followed and strictly enforced, I don't doubt that almost any girl pro would beat her man easily.

Would any of the girl pros consent to such a match? In the 1920's and 1930's, there were women who traveled with carnivals, attracting huge crowds by offering cash prizes to any man who could beat them wrestling.

Mildred Burke, later world champion, beat scores of men in this type bout. I've been told that she lost less than one percent of her fights. Only one man out of a hundred was able to beat her!

The carnival, money-grabbing atmosphere has disappeared from wrestling. Today, the girls are brighter than average, young ladies and very feminine. They are normal, well adjusted and well educated.

Would they participate in mixed matches? Would the matter of sex enter the question? Would the man and girl wrestle in a neuter fight with only victory in their minds? Girl wrestlers have normal sex drives. The overwhelming majority of girl wrestlers are normal. Could two young people tussle and grapple body-to-body and still retain objectivity? I don't believe it to be possible.

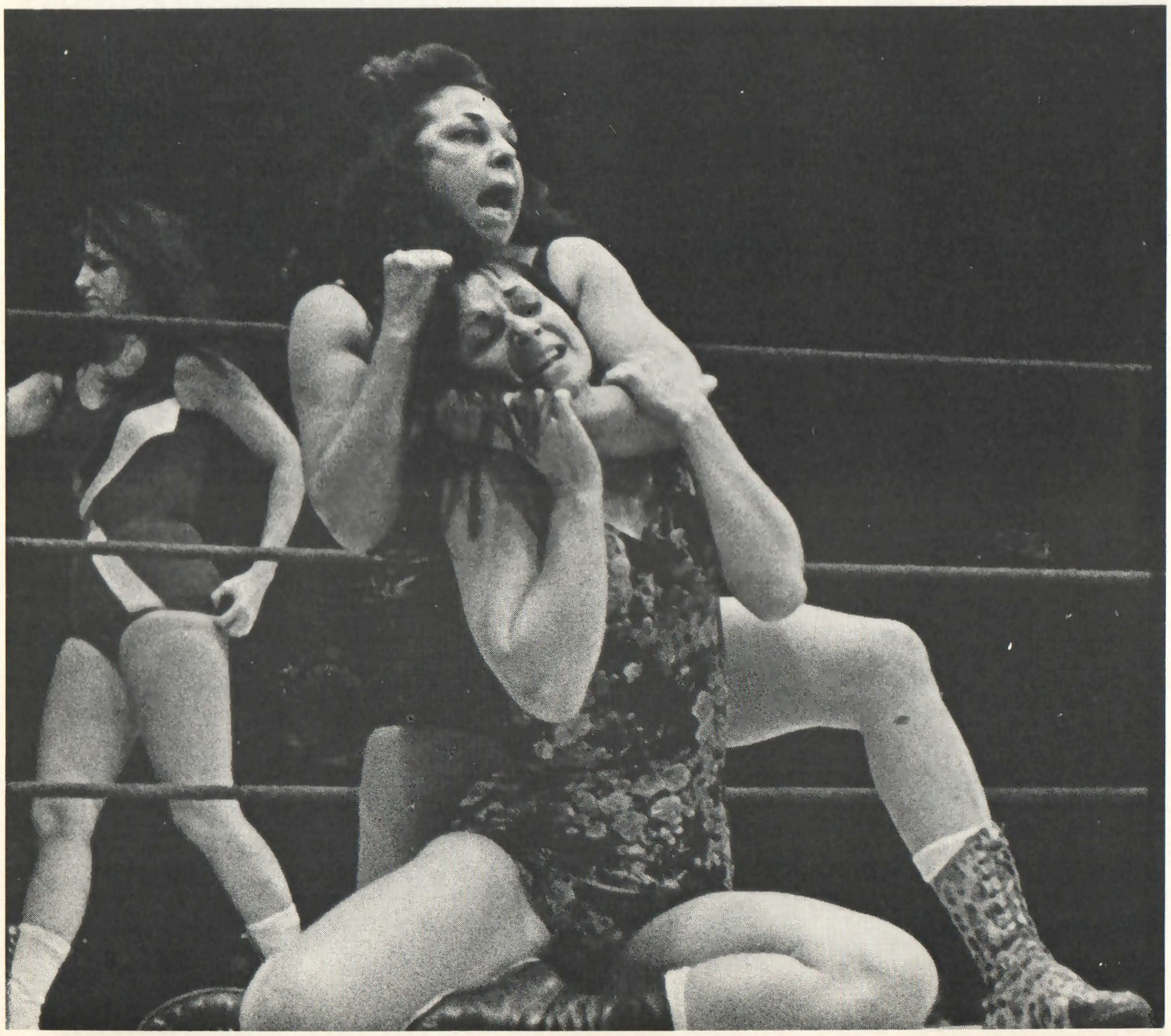
I have instructed and worked with several girl pros and amateurs and I have to admit that it is practically impossible for either party to keep from getting "turned-on." I believe that their upbringing and sexuality would prevent the majority of girl pros from fighting a man, no matter what the reward would be.

Some girl pros have already beaten men, but in every case that I know of, it was in an unscheduled mix-up.

The only girls that I know that have beaten male professionals are Toni Rose and Donna Christantello.

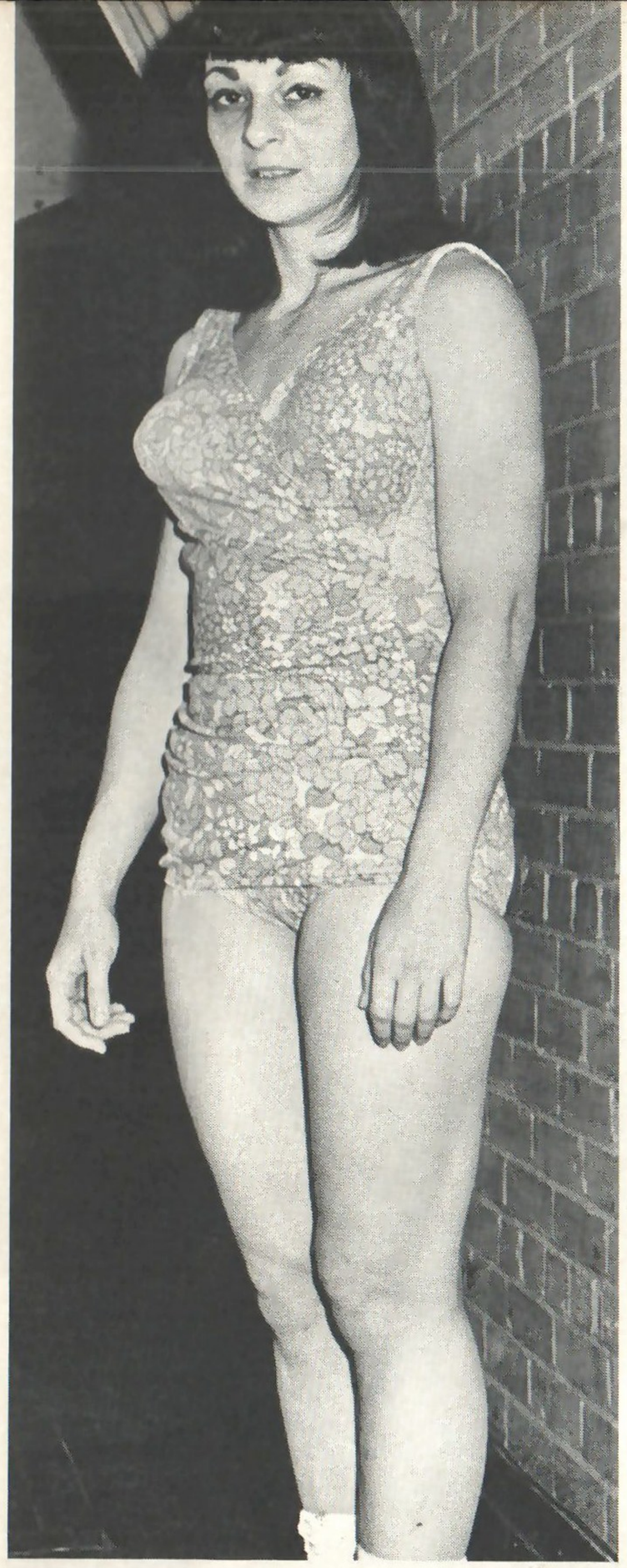
In El Salvador, in what was supposed to be a mixed tag-team bout with a girl and a man on each side, before an angry, anti-American crowd, the two local male pros ganged up on Toni. Donna came to her rescue.

"She's an American and a girl, I couldn't let them hurt her, even if we're enemies," says Donna. You have to realize that the men were small by any standard, especially for wrestlers.

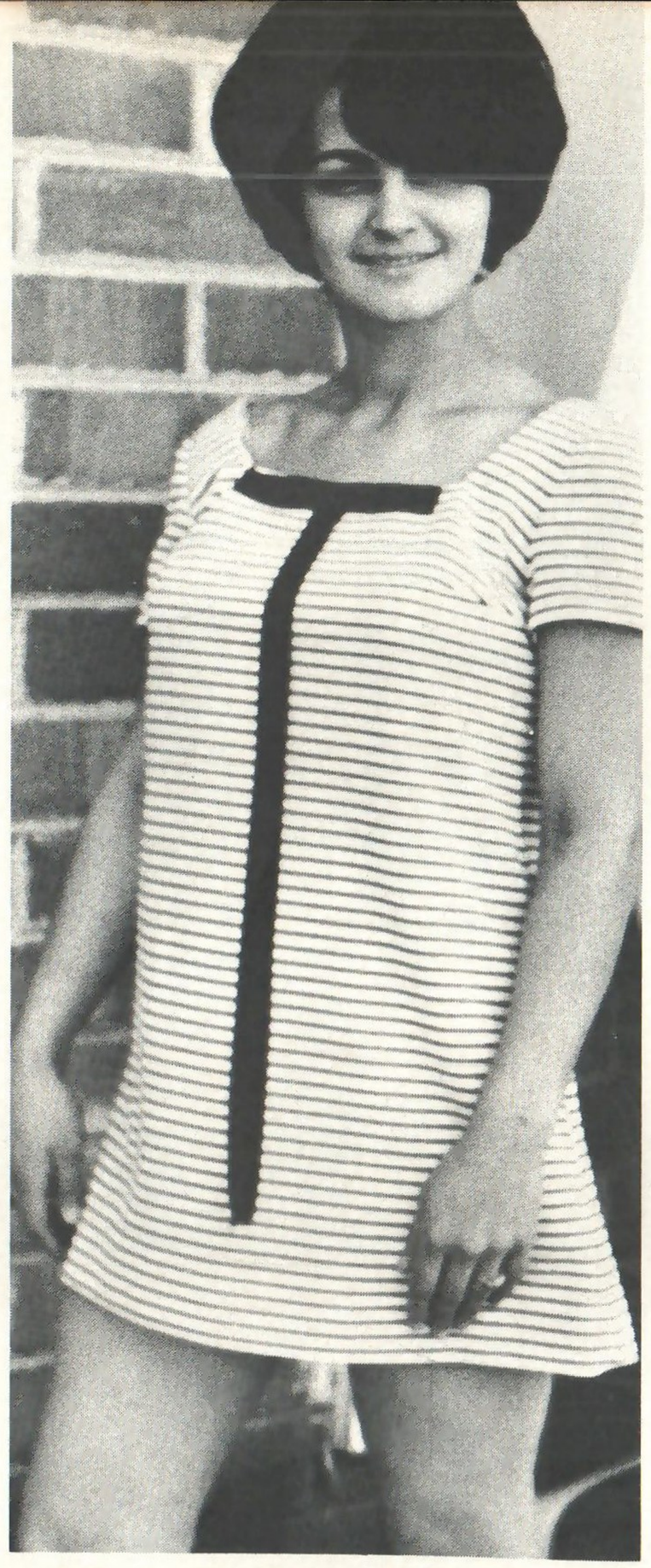


Barbara Galento, shown above, is strong, tough, rough. She would rather fight than eat. Sometimes she forgets she is not in the ring for chief purpose of committing mayhem.

In fierce action against Donna Christantello on left is the veteran Moolah, most likely the world champion. No hold, no trick, no evasion of rules escapes her.



Donna Christantello, long-stemmed American beauty rose from Pittsburgh, whom experts would regard as a likely winner were she to wrestle a not too big male hero.



Rita Boucher looks very quiet and altogether demure. She is Bette's younger and bigger sister. Great speed and the deadly flying mare have been Rita's standout weapons in spectacular career.

Patti Neilson, built on generous lines, would make it tough for average male wrestler. She stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 200 pounds. She is not on a diet.

They were about the girls' height and weighed about 150 pounds.

Toni and Donna had several years experience against first rate American girls. Fear of the hostile crowd added to the girls' drive to defend themselves.

"We did things we couldn't ever get away with in a match . . . sheer terror moved us . . . I would have killed someone if I had to, to get out of that bad scene," says Toni. The two brunettes beat both male pros unconscious and, when he seemed to threaten them, they also knocked out the referee, left all three males "dead" in the ring, and fled.

Bette Boucher was attacked in a Canadian ring by a nutty male fan. Petite Bette put the 200 pound daffy on the mat and kept him there until cops dragged him away.

In the heat of mixed tag team matches, it sometimes happens that rules are forgotten and girls go after the man on the other team. When this happens referees quickly stop it by threatening to disqualify one party.

I've seen rugged Barbara Galento deck male wrestlers with one punch in more than one such incident. Toni Rose gave Billy Hines a terriffic working over before she was stopped by the referee.

Teenage girl wrestler Vivian Vachon got so caught up in a "last man and last girl in the ring are winners" battle royal which had six men and two girls in the ring at once, that after she disposed of Sandy Stevens she returned to the action, drop-kicked one man out of the ring and body slammed another man over the ropes onto the cement floor.

These were all unplanned, spur of the moment, fights that probably caught the men completely by surprise and cannot be rated as even combat.

The few girls who I believe would have a chance against male pros in an even fight are Moolah, Toni Rose, Bette Boucher, Vivian Vachon, Patti Neilson, Donna Christantello, Joyce Grable and Barbara Galento. Here are the reasons:

Moolah has a wealth of ring experience. She's smart, wily, strong and determined. Regarded by many as the world's champion, Moolah has stated that she'll wrestle anyone, male or female, if the money is right.

There is no doubt that she can beat any man near her size, including male pros. I would hate to be the referee in that fight almost as much as I'd hate to be the man to fight Moolah. She would bend the rules so much that the referee would go nuts trying to protect the poor guy from rough, illegal tactics.

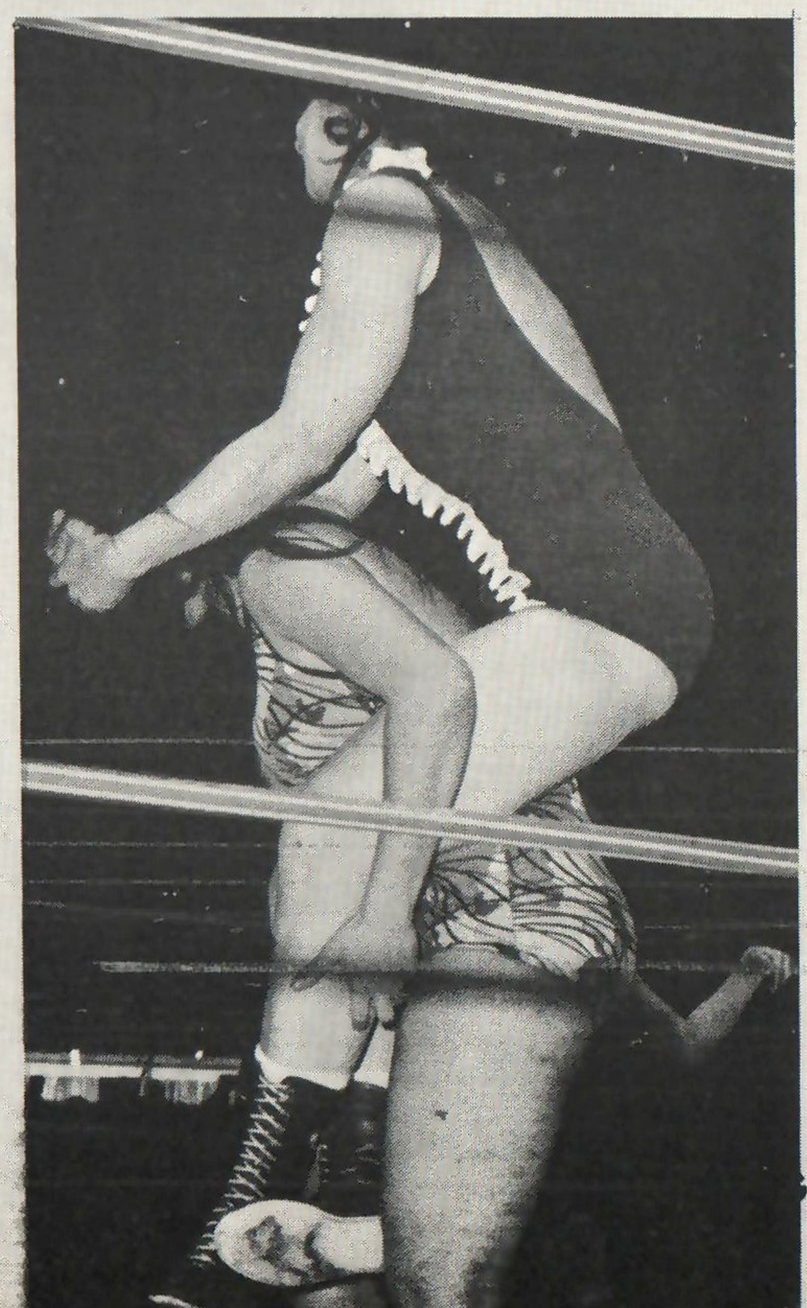
Toni Rose, the mean brunette of Italian-German descent, has a style similar to Moolah's. Toni doesn't have as much experience as Moolah, but she is younger and surprisingly strong. Her wide-open, all-out attack *(Continued on page 64)*

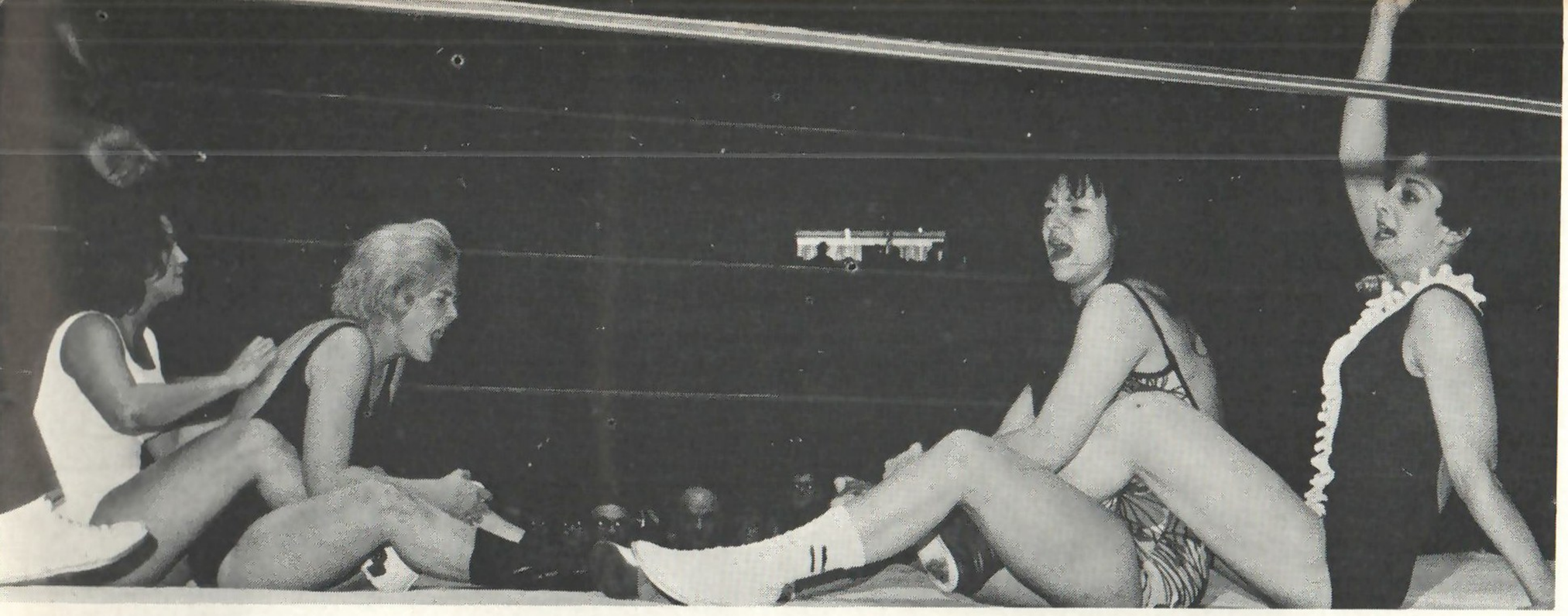
(Above) Donna Christantello puts an armlock on Toni Rose during Pittsburgh's first women's wrestling contest in almost 20 years. (Right) Donna poses prettily for the camera before going into the ring.

(Above) Donna (on mat) throws Toni Rose through the air with the greatest of ease as Paula Kaye watches. (Below) Donna, wanting to give her legs a rest, takes a ride on Toni Rose's back. If she passes Go she collects $200.

DONNA MAKES IT HOT FOR OTHER GALS

By ROBERT D. WILLIS





(Left) No, Christantello isn't calling for room service, she's too involved with Toni Rose. Rita Boucher (in white) is making things a bit uncomfortable for Paula Kaye. (Below) Rita Boucher (left) and Donna are busy trying to make pretzels out of the legs of Toni Rose and Paula Kaye.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—It was a typical wintry night in the Smoky City. The weatherman called for four inches of snow. By eight o'clock, the snow had turned the city's streets into instant toboggan slides and the temperature had plummeted to a bone-chilling two below zero.

But inside Pittsburgh's vast Civic Arena, things were just beginning to warm up. The place was jumpin'! And 13,000 raucous, expectant fans can do a heap of jumpin'. It was a turn-away capacity crowd.

The main bout that bitter night pitted champion Bruno Sammartino against perennial runner-up, Killer Kowalski. Pittsburgh is Sammartino's home town and his fans are intensely loyal. But on this night, the crowd wanted something else.

The impressive card also listed Professor Turo Tanaka, Battman, John L. Sullivan, Ivan Koloff, Tony Angelo, Johnny DeFazio and Ron Romano—a great lineup. But the crowd waited for something else.

Patiently, stoically, they watched John L. Sullivan win a bruising battle from the veteran Ron Romano. Then, the crowd slowly began to come alive as Tanaka and Frank Holtz tangled in a battle of super-heavies.

But still, there remained an air of expectancy in the jam-packed Civic Arena.

Finally, as Tanaka and the fallen Holtz disappeared into the darkened dressing rooms, the Arena throng began to buzz. What most of them had braved four inches of snow for was soon to materialize.

Four wrestlers made their way through the crowd toward the ring. Extra police were needed to clear a path. Strangely, though, the police towered over the wrestlers!

The Arena let go. Ear-splitting noise penetrated the building as the quartet of lipsticked, beautifully-coiffeured wrestlers climbed briskly into the ring.

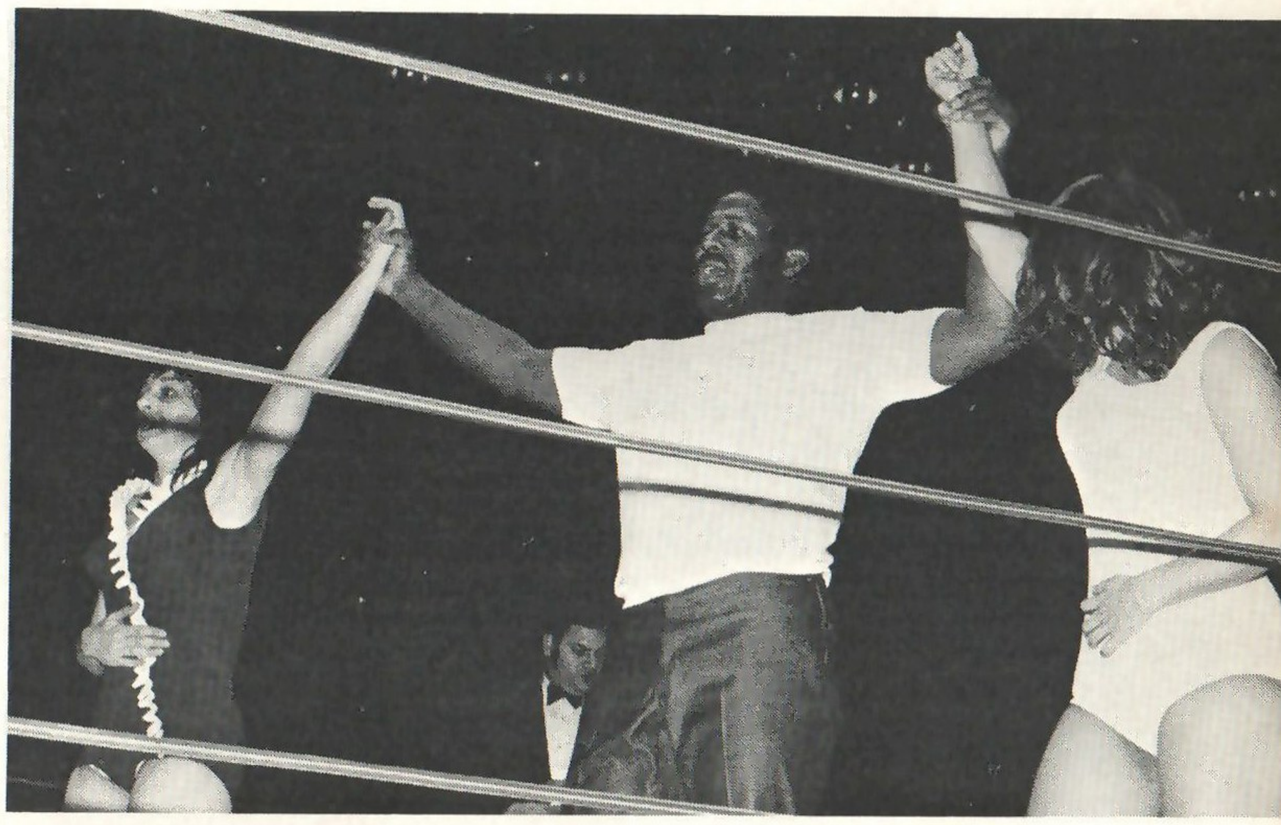
For the first time in nearly two decades, Pittsburghers welcomed women wrestlers! That's what the crowd had waited for.

Pennsylvania's slow-moving legislators had finally given the go-ahead for the distaff mat performers. And it couldn't have been a more pleasant edict for this night's foursome—Paula Kaye, Toni Rose, Rita Boucher and Donna Christantello.

The reception proved especially gratifying for dark-haired Donna Christantello because Pittsburgh was her hometown and many of her fans would be seeing her wrestle for the first time as a professional.

Some 20 minutes later, the debut was even sweeter as Donna and her partner, Rita Boucher, had taken two out of three falls from favored Toni Rose and Paula Kaye. For Donna, her Pittsburgh mat premiere proved to be a triumphant victory.

"I've been wrestling since 1964," said Donna, "but this was undoubtedly one of my greatest thrills. I'd never before appeared in my hometown and the ovation the fans gave me was something I'll never forget."



Referee Bobby Hunt raises the hands of the winners, Donna Christantello (left) and Rita Boucher.

Pittsburgh will be a frequent stopover for Donna now. Her rough-and-tumble, gangbuster style of wrestling will win her thousands of new admirers. At 5 feet 6 inches and 135 pounds of lithe dynamite, Donna will definitely make her mark on the women's wrestling scene in the 70's.

The petite Christantello is not far behind the Fabulous Moolah and Penny Banner in the race for the top rung among lady grapplers.

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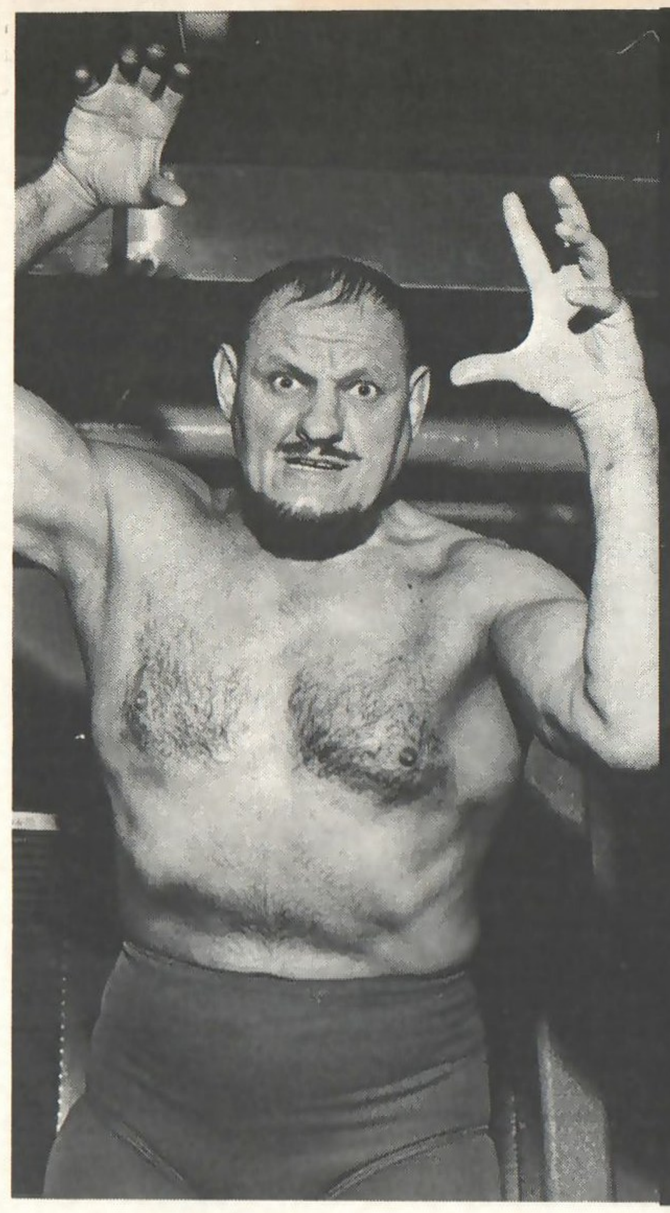

(Left) Killer Kowalski has been around the wrestling scene since 1951 and is going as strong as ever. (Right) The Killer is being examined before a show in Bridgeport, Conn., by commission physician Dr. David Nagourney.

KILLER A PURVEYOR OF LEGALIZED MAYHEM

By SAM COHEN

AS of the middle of 1970, Killer Kowalski—a principal on innumerable occasions in classics of sheer savagery during 19 years of pro wrestling—was again a domestic brawler after nearly six years' involvement in foreign mat wars.

Thus started another phase for the much-traveled grappler after a "first" as a wide-ranging tourist whose journeys in search of conflicts took him for lengthy stays to Hawaii, Japan, Australia, South Africa, and Rhodesia.

Hitherto, the busy career of the terrible-tempered Killer had been confined to widespread hostilities in his native Canada and the United States.

"I particularly loved Japan and Australia," he commented in retrospection as he turned back to campaigning in old haunts starting with an Eastern schedule. "Maybe I'll go abroad again. In the meantime, it looks like I'll spend at least all of 1970 working in the United States or Canada."

In that decision to keep from exporting his destructive style for quite a while to come, the big, hulking badman—270 and 6-5—turned his back on an opportunity in Germany. "I had a kind of understanding to work there in July but I didn't commit myself," he explained. "And I finally rejected the idea when the promoters here said they wanted me from Christmas to Christmas."

It is an ironical sidelight of this situation that the Killer is still operating as a bash-for-cash exponent. In 1955, he reached a point where he became disenchanted with his trade. "I laid off for quite a while. I just felt that I'd had enough. I was ready to quit," he recalled. "I even thought of entering the priesthood."

But he had second thoughts. "I did some heavy thinking and put the idea of retiring out of my mind," he remembered. "I realized that wrestling was my trade—that I could do better at it than any other—and so I resigned myself to staying on."

Everywhere he battled in his far-flung matches, the Killer was "at home," with the exception of his South African contests in which the British style of rounds was used in contrast to the Western mode of the other places he visited.

He chuckled in a sardonic way recalling his first exposure to the round system. "It's like in boxing—a round and then a rest, only the rounds are longer, eight minutes instead of three in a main bout," he related.

"My first experience with that style came in Johannesburg, in a ball park, where I was in with a champ named Jan Wilkins, a big, terrifically strong South African.

"Of course, it was explained to me that we were to go six rounds of eight minutes each, with two-minute rests, if the bout went the limit. A fall would be called a round, two falls for one man would end the match, otherwise it would go the route. If there was only one fall by the end, the one who scored it would win. It would be a draw if it wound up 1-1 in falls or without a fall.

"But before the first round ended, I got a tremendous hold on Wilkins. And when the bell rang to show it was over, I wouldn't let go. I had the advantage and I just couldn't see giving it up. The referee and different ones tried pulling me off and they finally had to call in the police before I would quit.

"The bout was thrown out and I had to appear before the commission and give a practical demonstration that I was capable of hearing a bell sounding the end of a round. I had to prove it against another wrestler in a private test in a gym. I remember how nervous the local promoter was because he had a big investment in me. Luckily, I satisfied the commission and was given an okay to stay on."

From the start of his fan-rousing career, the now fortyish Killer—born Walter Kowalski in Windsor, Ont., across the border from Detroit—has been a ruthless contender revelling in his invidious behavior and taking perverse pride in being excoriated by thousands of furious viewers.

"I never wanted to be anything else," he is fond of saying. "I love being the kind of wrestler I am," his expression reflecting an air of sincerity plus a note of sadism.

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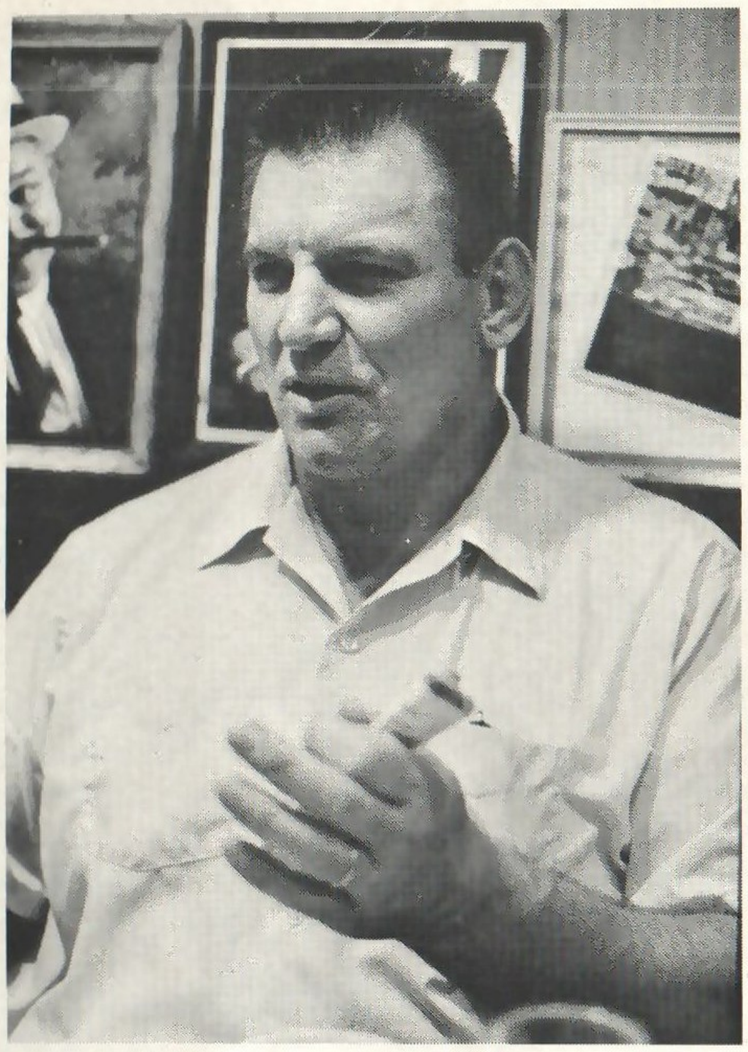
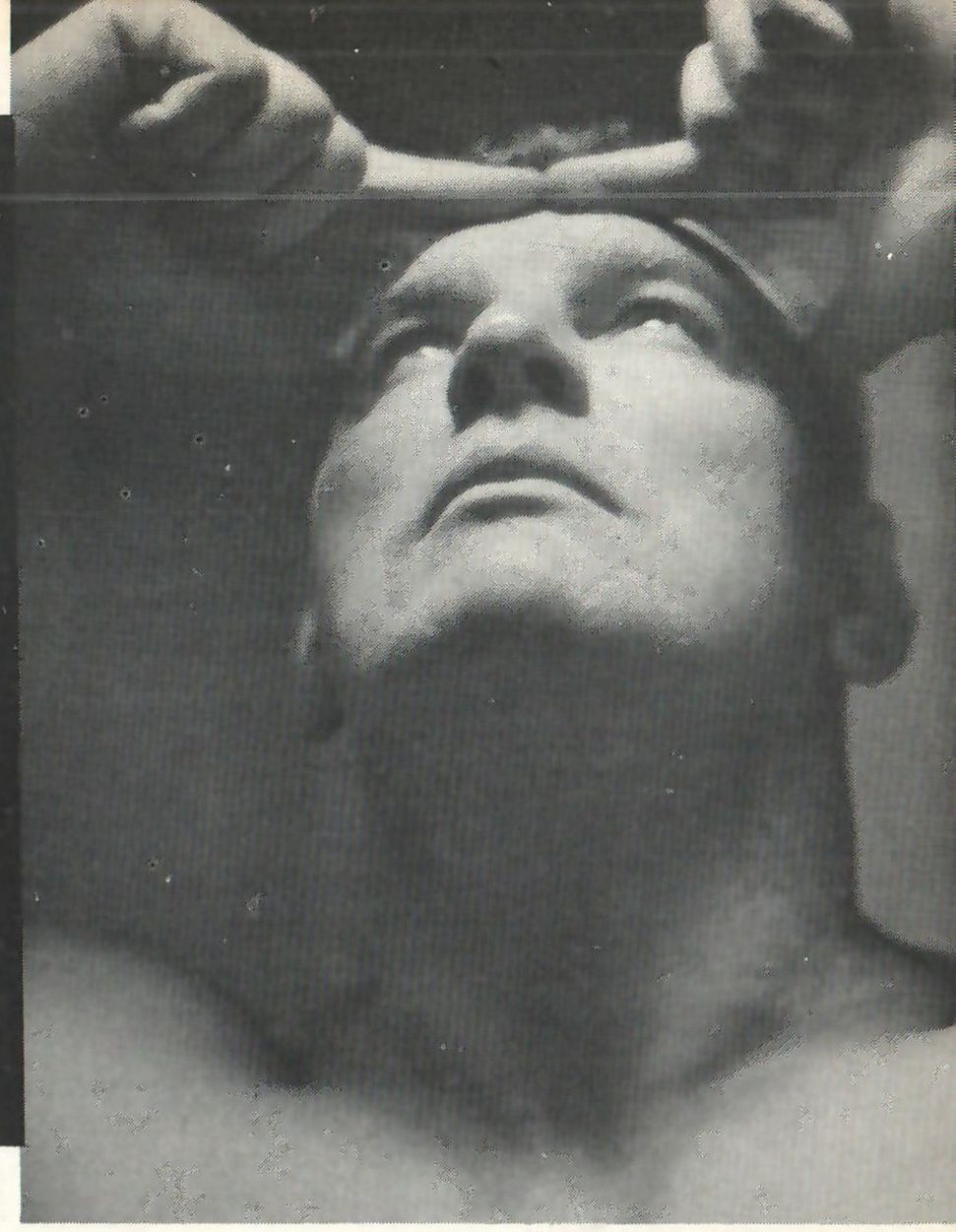


Dr. Bill Miller and the Surprise Package



(Above) Dr. Bill Miller discusses the effects of hypnotist Robert A. Bellus' "surprise package." (Right) Here is the behemoth of the ring during self-hypnosis. (Photos by Dave Sloan)

By ROBERT A. BELLUS

AS a hypnotist, I have learned over the years that it is necessary to completely understand the subject's characteristics in order to complete a successful hypnosis. I have seen numerous phenomena resulting from trances and hypnotizations of various people, but one particular trance I shall always remember was the case of Dr. Bill Miller.

Several years ago, when the good doctor was becoming a trancer as well as a hypnotist of exceptional quality, I learned and advocated the value of apparently "loose talk," whereby the medulla obongata or subconscious brain, often expresses itself allegorically to me. Readers would have loved to hear the highly intelligent Miller brain reveal its deep inner secrets. Bill is far more intelligent than he lets on. Likewise he is far stronger than he pretends. I have seen his tremendous strength during a trance and I can assure you that it is indeed awesome. In our soft talk between trances, Dr. Bill Miller surprised me with the statement that he is part Indian. The American Indian, as any hypnotist worth his salt should know, is one of the world's greatest trancers. It was this lead which later caused me to excite the subconscious of Dr. Miller, veterinarian, wrestler, hypnotist.

Shorty after learning of Bill's Indian ancestry, I was trancing the doctor on energy cells of the body when suddenly I injected a "surprise package"

"... And you will surprise yourself with your added strength at tonight's wrestling event. You will suddenly fill with effortless energy ..." Bill accepted these suggestions while unconscious, completely trusting my good judgments. The trance continued and Bill awoke refreshed as if he had just experienced a long sleep. There was no outside sign of the "surprise package." The friendly giant looked as harmless as a lamb.

That evening on a Pennsylvania wrestling card, Bill was matched against a popular local wrestler, Johnny DeFazio, known for his quick, acrobatic style of wrestling. Bill and DeFazio made a good match and the crowd yelled its approval. For a full 15 minutes both men performed well—until a certain something took place—the "surprise package" was delivered. In an effort to throw Miller, De Fazio fastened himself to Bill's left arm so as to gain an advantage, thereupon lowering the torso, swinging his feet upward, and pivoting Bill up and over in an arc.

Unfortunately for DeFazio, his tactics backfired. While fastened to the arm of Miller, Bill, with astonishing ease, lifted the 230-pound DeFazio and threw him into the ring post, some five feet away. The stunned DeFazio dropped from the ring, striking his head on the wooden floor below.

The capacity crowd hushed. Was DeFazio seriously injured? The ring physician immediately began attempts to revive DeFazio, who was carried to the dressing room for further treatment. Bill was baffled to say the least. He simply couldn't understand what had happened.

Fortunately, DeFazio made a speedy recovery and is still among wrestling's top names. But I had learned my lesson—never again to trust Bill's great strength with a potentially dangerous "surprise package"!

Dr. Bill Miller may look like a gentle giant, but with the power of hypnotic suggestion, watch out!

Ring Wrestling correspondent Bob Leonard (left) and grappler Bobby Christy flank Jerry Christy, the 1970 winner of this magazine's ninth annual "Most Outstanding Wrestler Award" at the Calgary Stampede. Jerry happily exclaimed, "This is one of the highest points in all my years of wrestling."

Dory Funk, Jr. recognized in many parts as the heavyweight grappling champion, says a warm Teras "howdy" to the 30,000 rodeo fans massed for the wild west event at the Stampede.

ABDULLAH AT HIS CREST BUT FUNK'S TYPE OF MAYHEM STIRS STAMPEDE

Third Fall is Needed In Calgary Championship Riot

By BOB LEONARD

"EEEEEEEYAAAAAA . . . . . HOOOOO!"

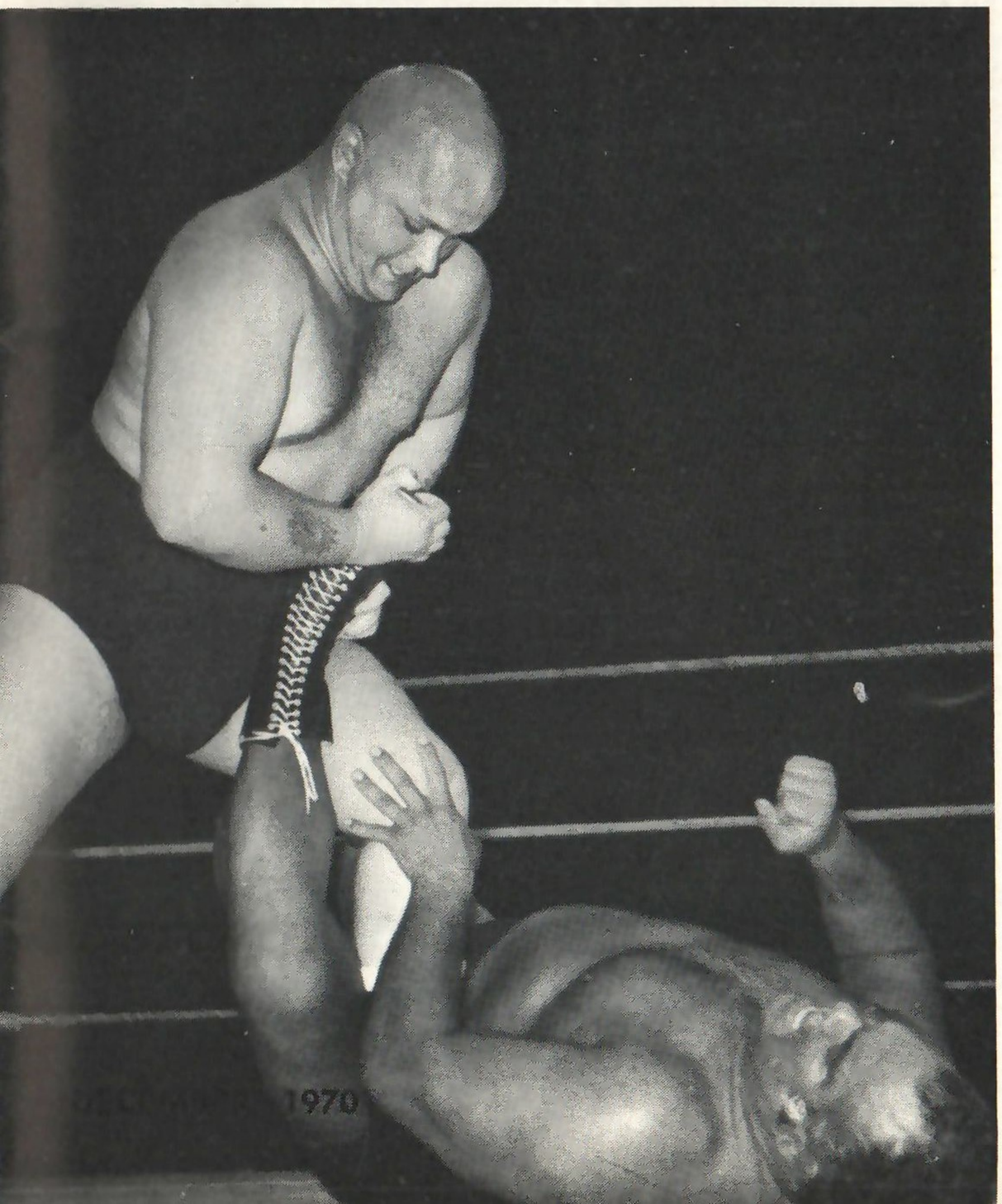
The piercing cry from under the sombrero knifed across the tarmac of the jetport, cutting through even the screech of the engines of the Boeing 720 as it braked to a halt. A dozen throats joined in the chorus of cowboy yells, a dozen wide-brimmed white Stetsons sailed into the air as the door of the jet opened. A wave of promoter Stu Hart's hat signalled the appearance of heavyweight wrestling champion Dory Funk, Jr. The annual extravaganza that's known the world over as the Calgary Stampede Tournament of Champion was under way.

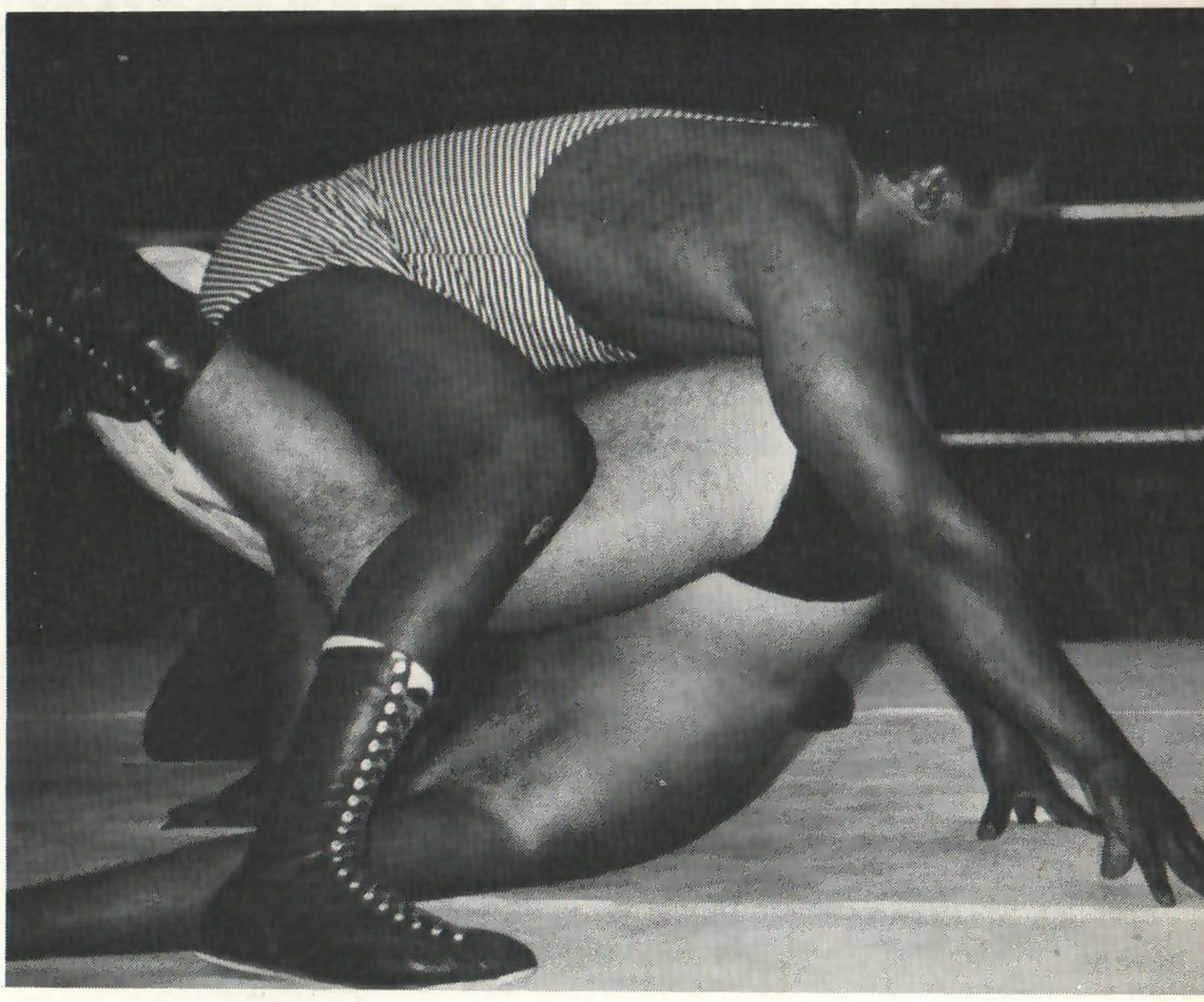
Hart's canvas carnival spiced the internationally-known Stampede for the 15th time. It blended with the bronc-busting, street dancing and midway merriment that characterize the summer festival. In the biggest presentation of his long tenure at the Stampede, the veteran promoter enticed 26 of the top ring performers to star in eight bouts.

"There'll be little rest for you at the Stampede," Hart warned the tall Texan when he telephoned him weeks earlier. Stu's Cadillac rolled direct to a crowd of nearly 30,000 rodeo fans massed at the Stampede grounds, where an elated Dory took a bow and shouted his warm Texas 'howdy' to "the biggest crowd of people I've ever seen in my life!" . . .

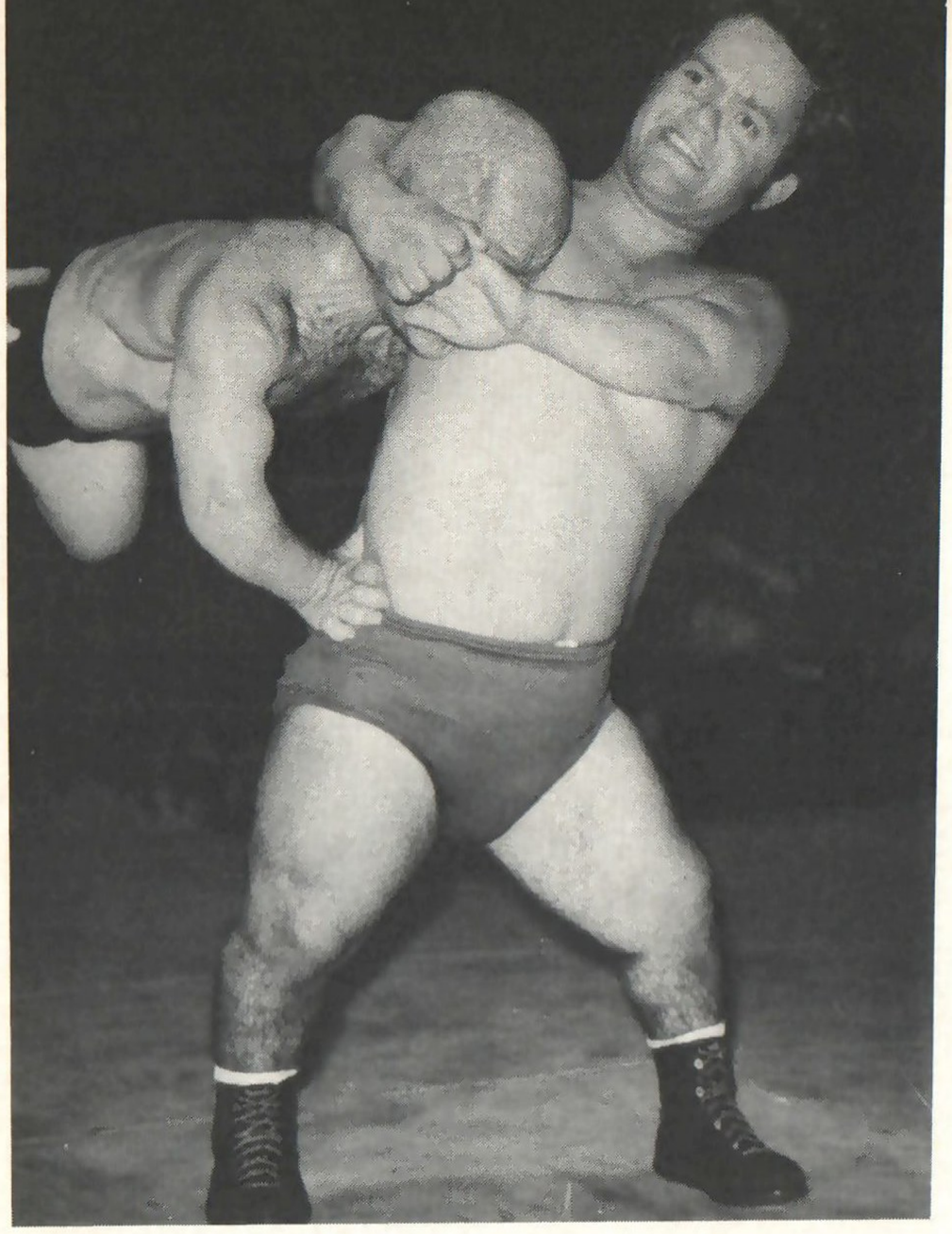
Funk went to the Calgary Inn, headquarters for stars attending the western event, for a roast beef and baked beans

Bob Leonard, the author of this article, is caught between two champions, Marie Vagnone (left), and one of the all-time great women wrestling titleholders, Mildred Burke.

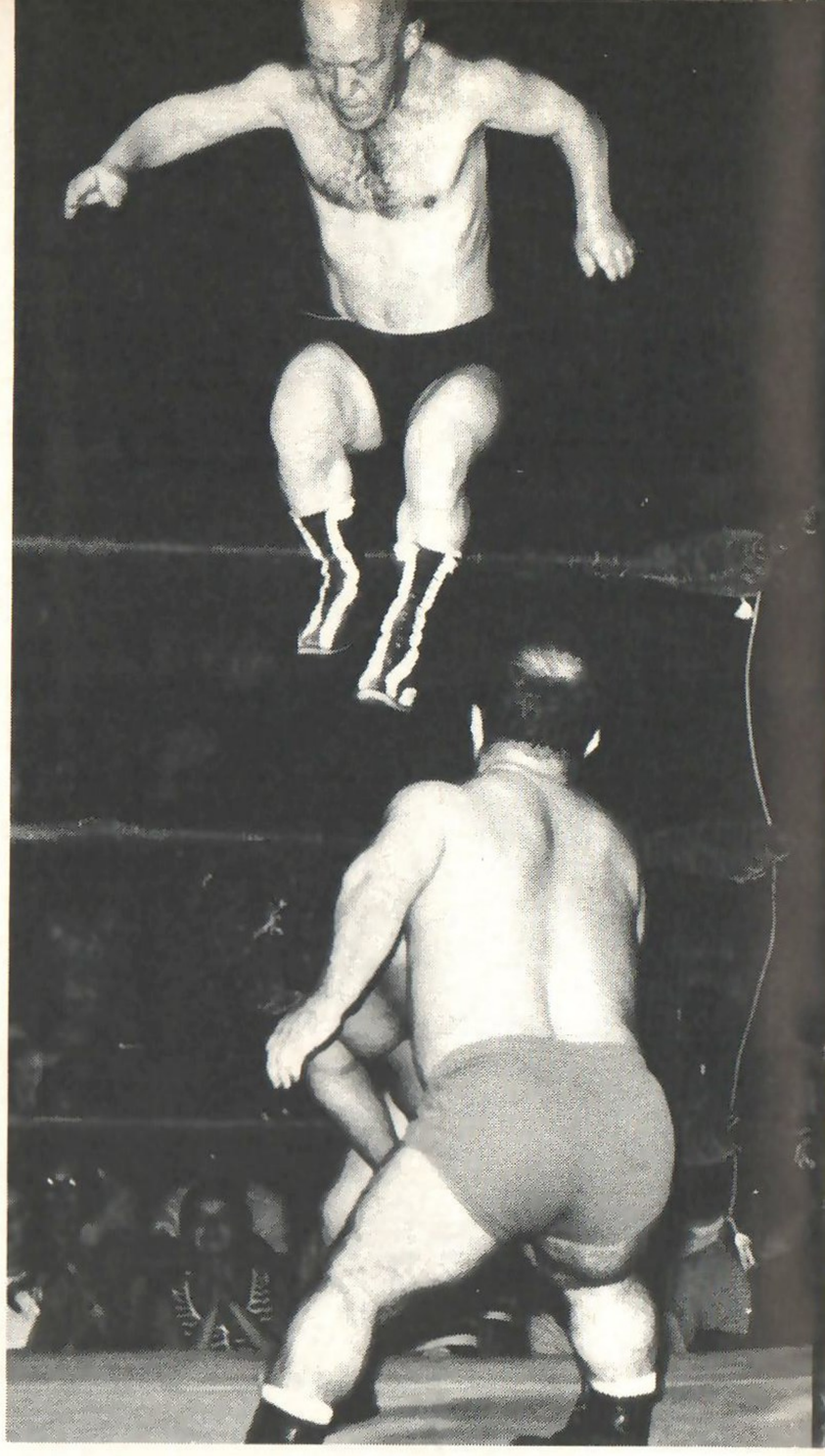




(Left) In the first of five tag team events, Thunderbolt Cannon traps The Mighty Ursus in a stepover. (Above) The world appears upside down for tough Jack Bence as Carlos Belafonte nails him for the pin and the win.



(Left) Though trying his mightiest, the inimitable Sky Low Low couldn't kick free of Russell Miller's tight headlock in the early going of a midget bout. (Right) It's bombs away as Little Brutus holds Sonny Boy Hayes by the hair as Low Low zooms off the top strand for a one-point landing, directly on Hayes' head.



repast. Then to C.H.C.T.-T.V., for an interview listened to by thousands, with Ed Whalen, host of Hart's "Stampede."

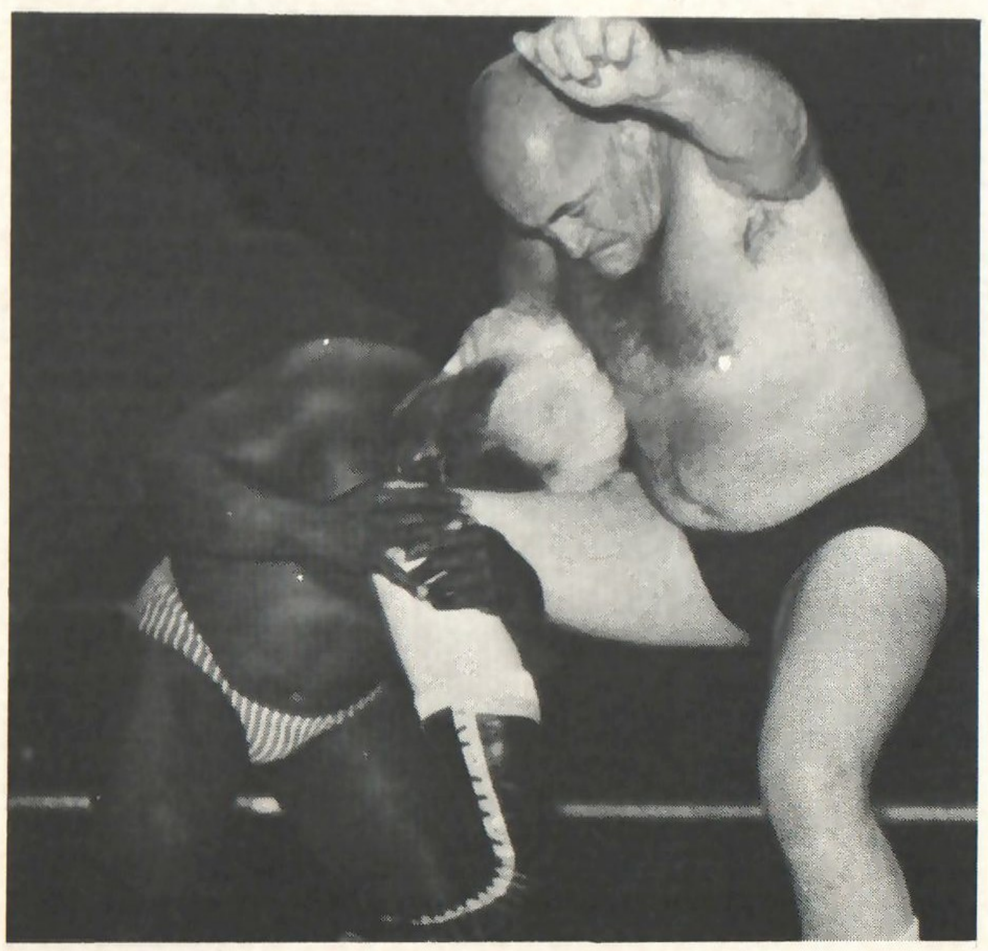
That was all the time Funk had to appear outside the ring, though. That night he staked his championship against Abdullah the Butcher, the dark-skinned 'king of the bloodbath' from Africa's Sudan. After a good night's rest and a fresh dose of Stampede hospitality at breakfast, he was off and into a full schedule of appearances. Funk beat the Butcher, two out of three.

'Late to bed and early to rise' is the motto of Stampede-goers, and Dory was no exception when the clock roused him for another round of bows the next morning. Canada's colorful Senator Harry Hays greeted the champion at the gates of his sprawling Calgary ranch to start the day at 7:00 a.m. with his fabulous "Sillabub Breakfast"; alongside television star Arthur Godfrey, veteran western singer Rex Allen, beauteous Dorothy of the McGuire Sisters and U.S. astronaut Jim Lovell.

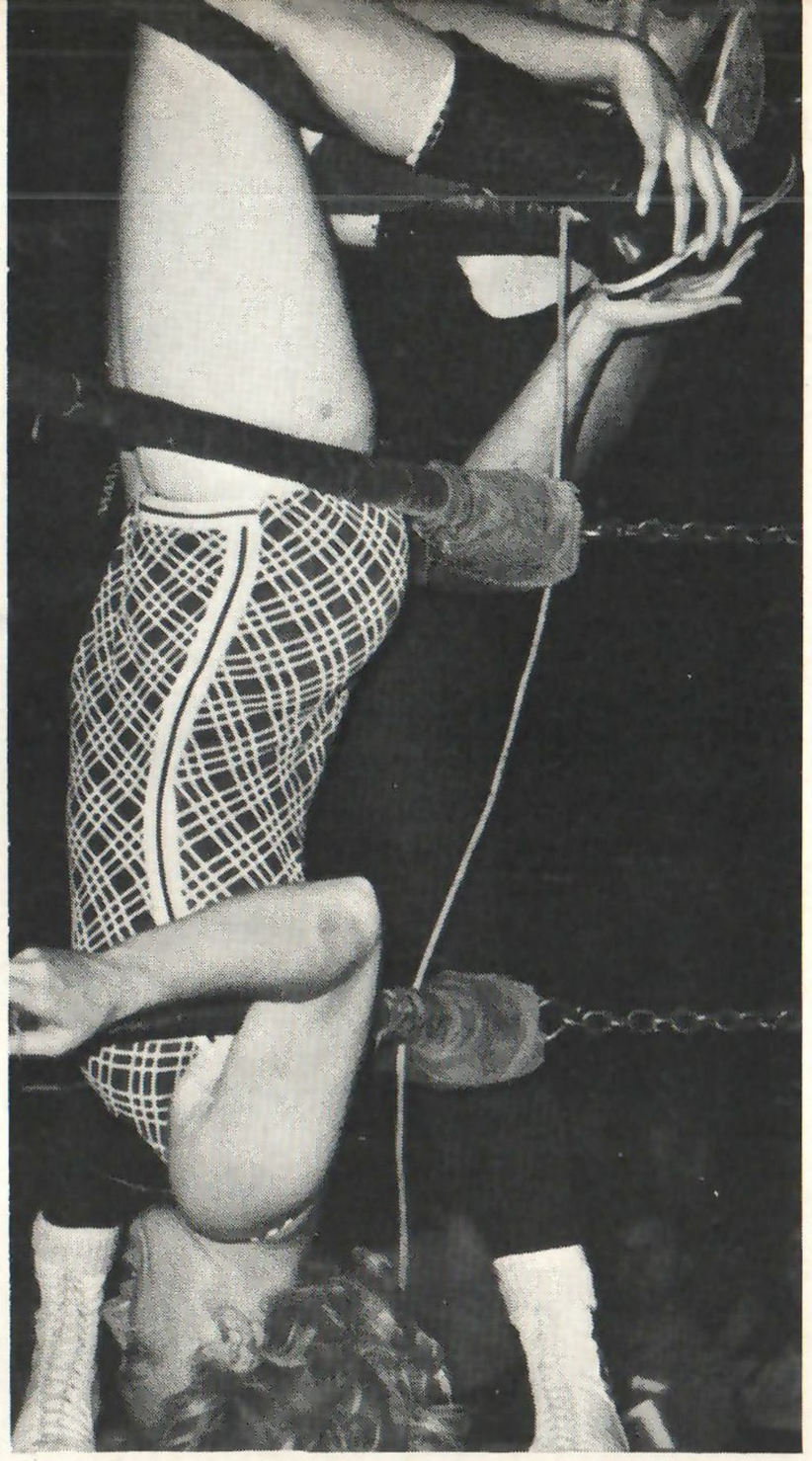
Dory became a charter member of the select "Sillabub Club" too, when he gulped down a mouthful of the Senator's famous brew that's topped off with fresh cow's and goat's milk in an elaborate and hilarious ceremony . . . "One more mouthful, and Dorothy McGuire could take my title away!" Funk gasped after the swallowed the potent mixture.

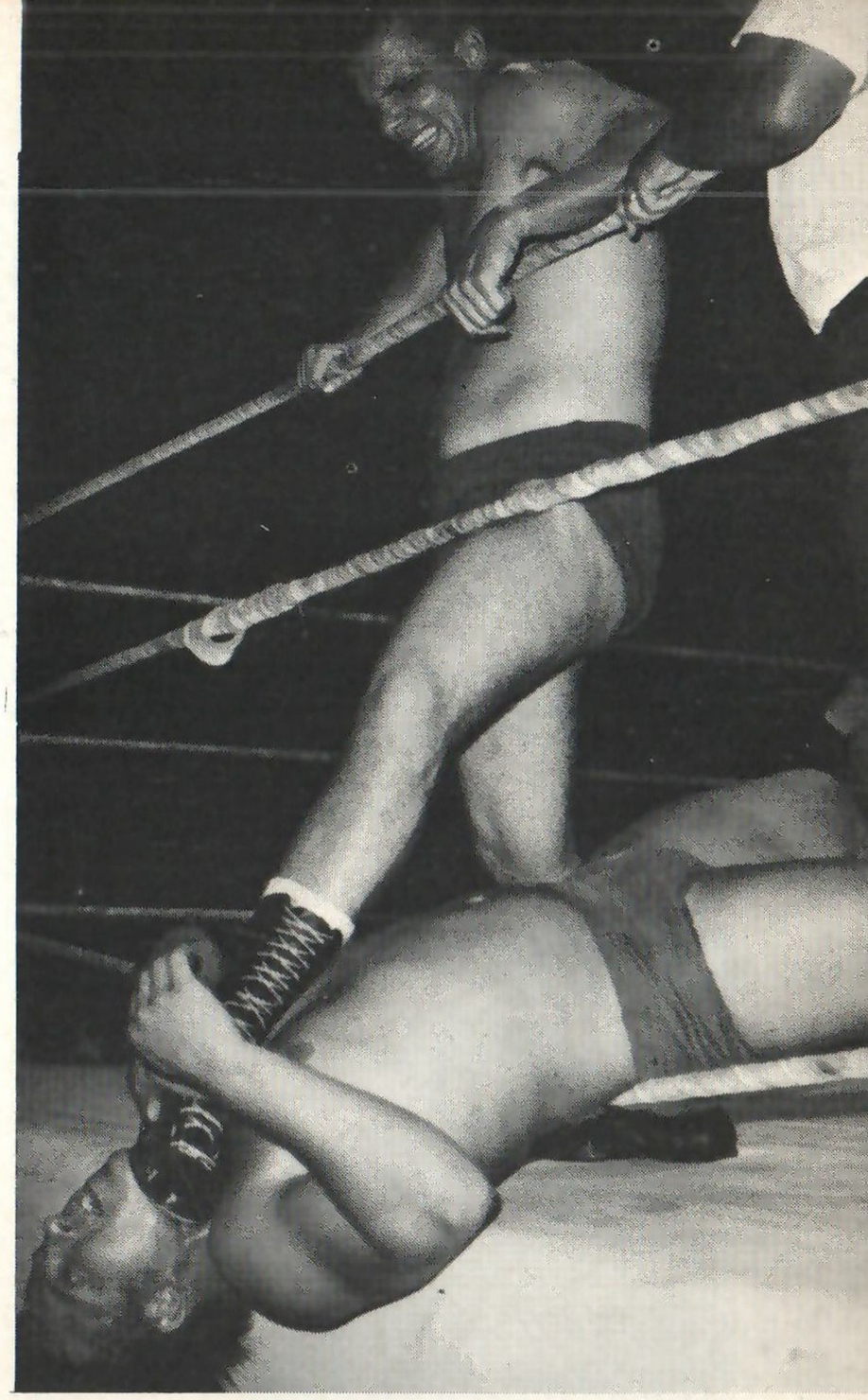
The day was long as Dory smiled his way through other appearances at the big show, but the Texas sunshine was still there when he arrived at the hill-top ranch of George and Dave Ho-Lem for their annual steak-and-potatos cook-out. The Ho-Lems rank as two of the finest hosts at the Stampede. They outdid themselves this year as they feted the mat ruler along with former pro football star Don Luzzi, Stampede City mayor Rod Sykes, well-known western songstress Debbie Lori Kaye, the Stampede Queen and her princesses, and rock star Bobby Curtola.

The champion showed he excelled in more than wrestling too, when he thrilled several distaff visitors by dancing to the

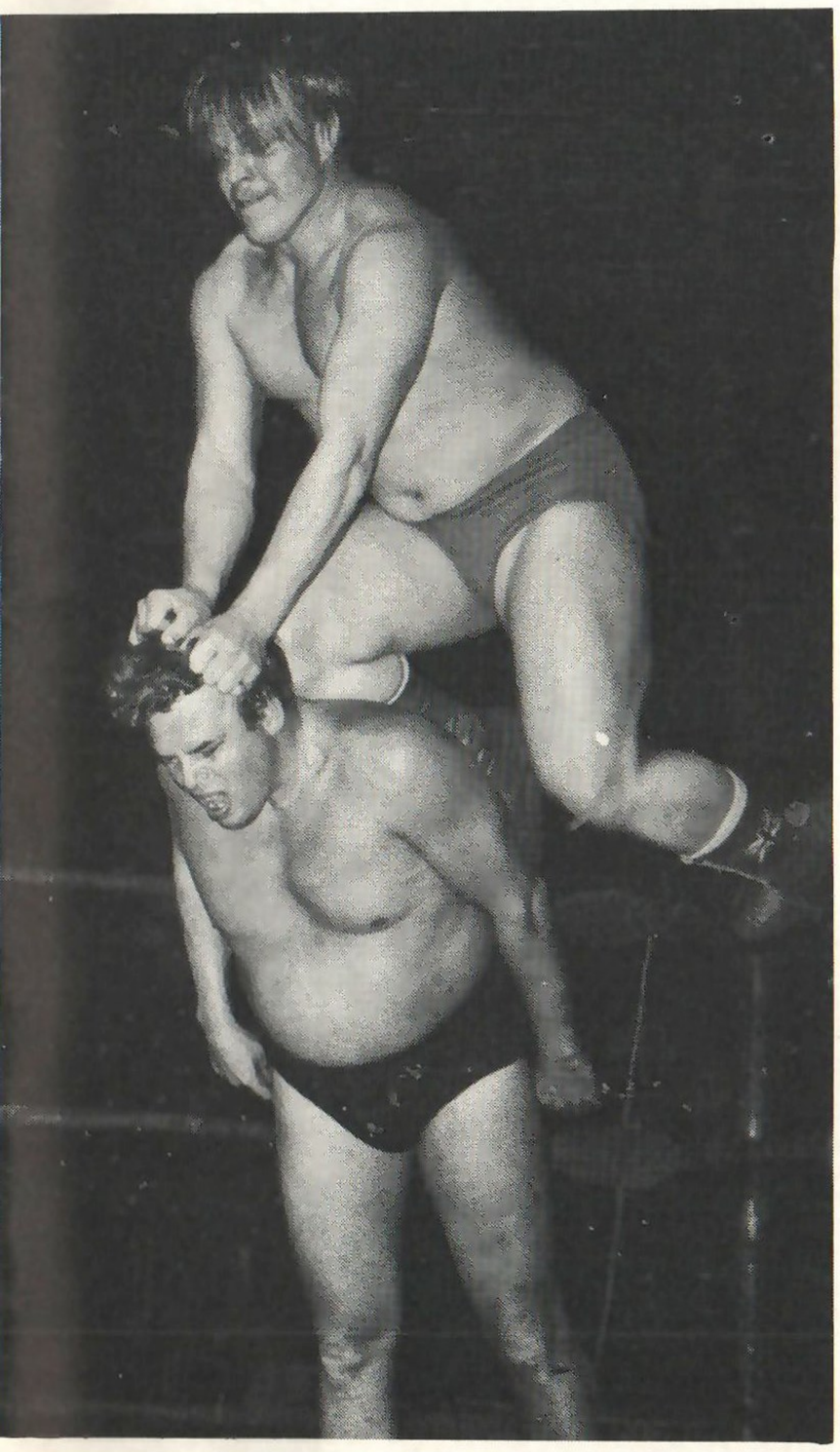


(Left) Sweet Daddy Siki wasn't so sweet when Big Bud Osborne teed off on him with a knee stomp. Siki won, though. (Right) In distaff action here, with Marie Vagnone larruping a screaming Jane O'Brien with this scissors.





(Left) Marie proves that they ride more than broncs at the Stampede by steering Jane around the ring by the hair. (Above) The beginning of the end as Patty Stevens laces Betty Fredericks' ankles around the chain. (Above right) The Christy Brothers fought fire with fire against Gil Hayes and Bob Sweetan, especially when Bobby dug his foot into Hayes' throat as he hung him over the ropes.

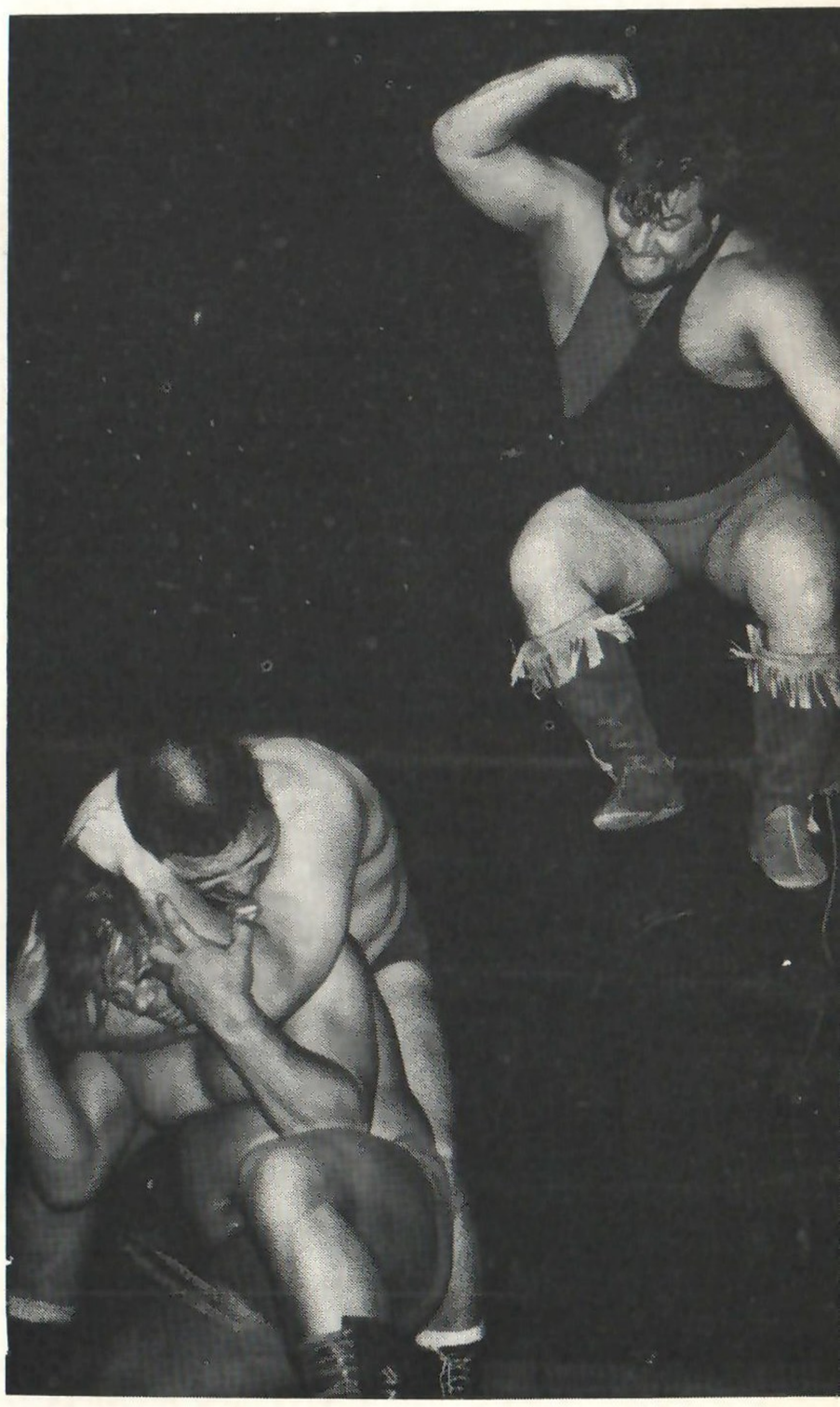


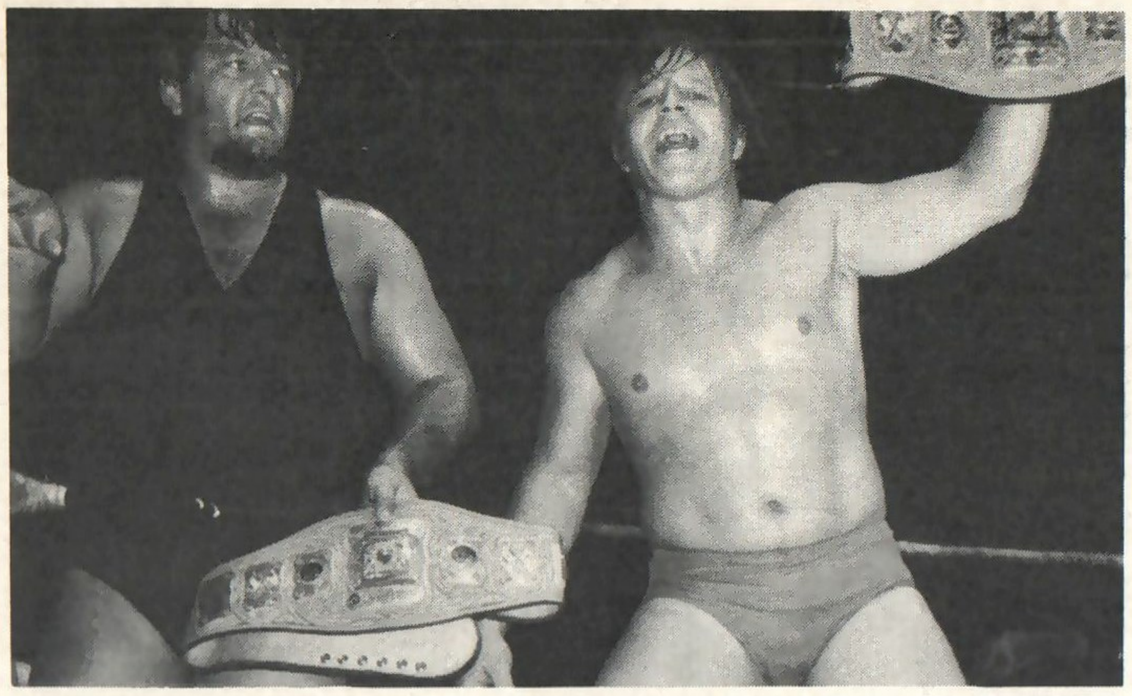
sound of The Cliff Holland Trio. Dave Ho-Lem hailed Funk to the balcony for an introduction.

Sizzling steaks at the ranch overlooking Calgary brought his second Stampede to an end for Dory Funk, Jr. He boarded a jet for Hawaii. "I'll be back next year and bring dad and my kid brother Terry," the champion said, "because they just would not believe the great time you can have at this show . . ."

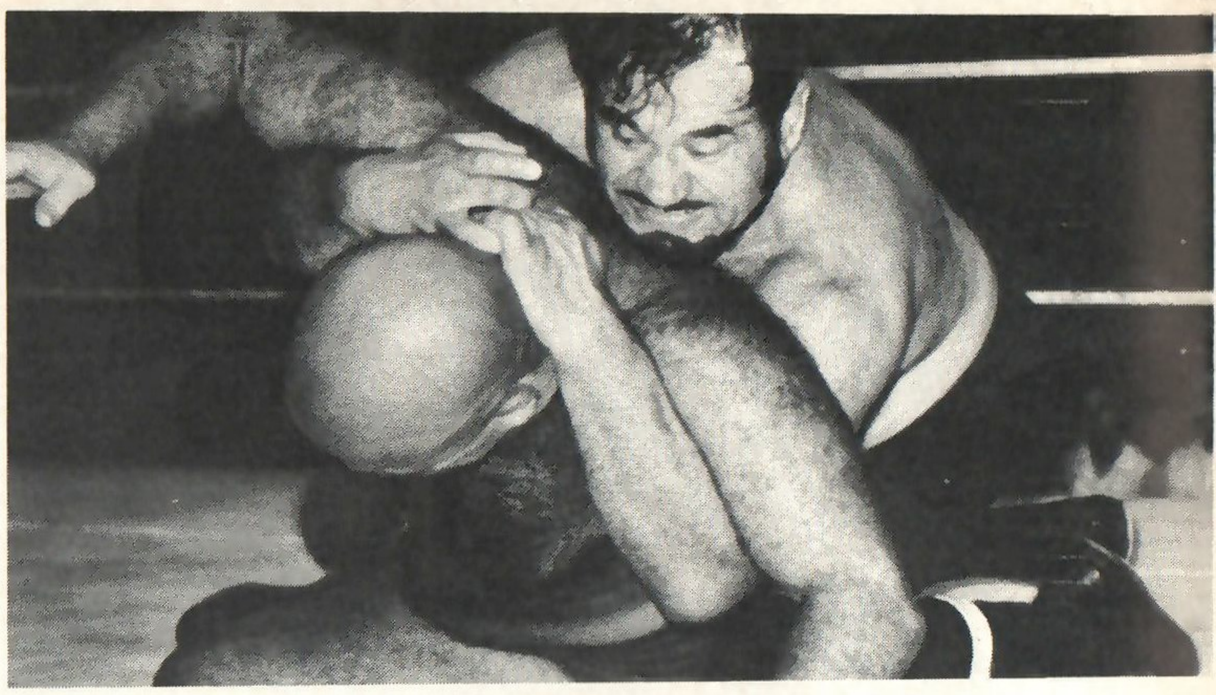
Mexican grappler Mighty Ursus migrated from sunny California to Calgary for a lot of reasons . . . not the least of which was that he liked winning matches in the Stampede City. The 325-pound Latin lost no time in trying to grind out an early win in this kickoff event to the 1970 "Tournament of Champions," when he bounced rugged Gorilla Marconi and Thunderbolt Cannon all over the mat be-

(Left) Gil Hayes shows what a rough fellow he is here as he is about to ride Jerry Christy to the mat with a knee driven into his back. (Right) Bobby Christy is locking a sleeper on Hayes but in turn will get a king-size headache from reckless Bob Sweetan's carom off the top rope with an elbow ready to strike.





Hayes and Sweetan triumphantly display the belts after being declared winners of their match.



In a tag team match, Dave Ruhl, who had whipped Big Buck Jones in a handicap battle previously, locks Gorilla Marconi in this full nelson.

Ruhl needs assistance as he's being helped from the ring by Carlos Belafonte (left) and referee Bob Frank.

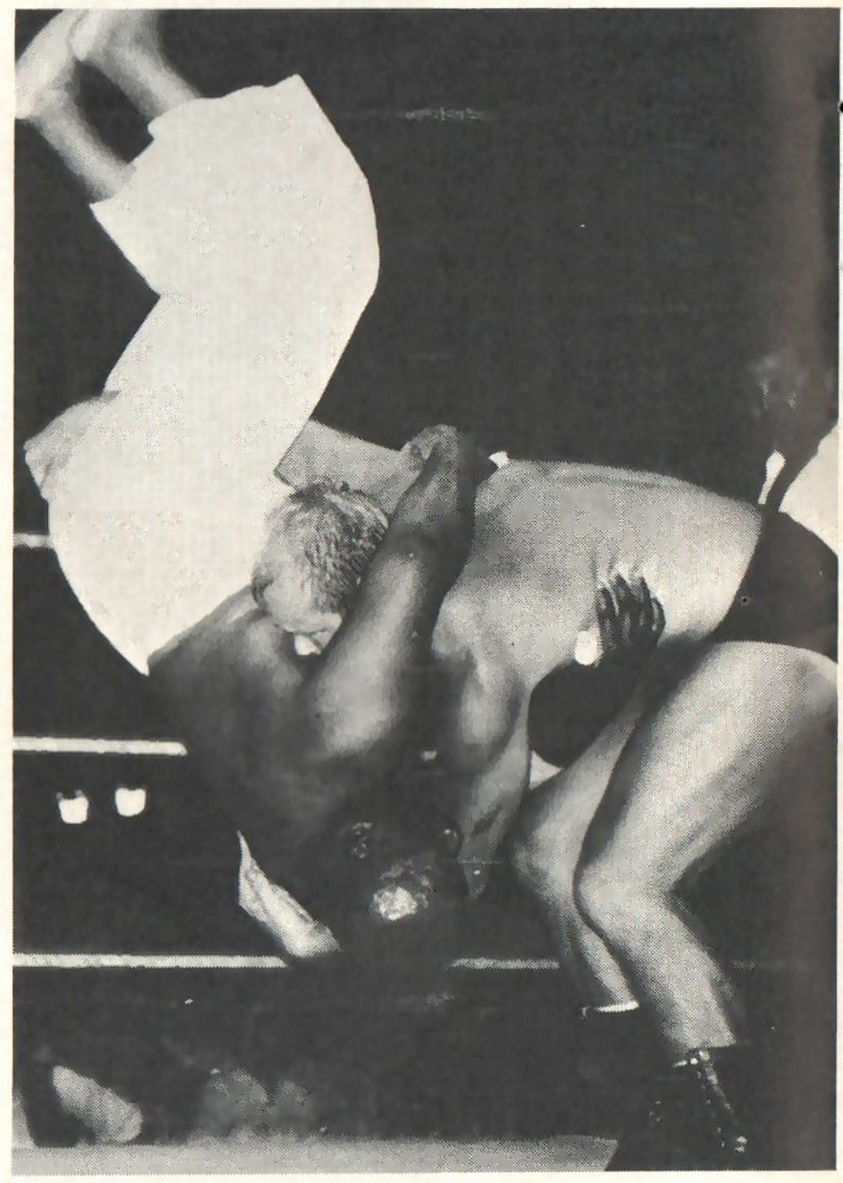
fore his partner even had a chance to get into the action!

Ursus' crushing punches and spine-snapping bearhug almost did the trick a dozen times, bringing the fans to their feet every time he locked onto Marconi and Cannon. They didn't stop cheering when young Danny Babbich sliced into the rough pair, leg-diving them to the mat, tying them up with scissors, bending their bones with a dozen intricate holds.

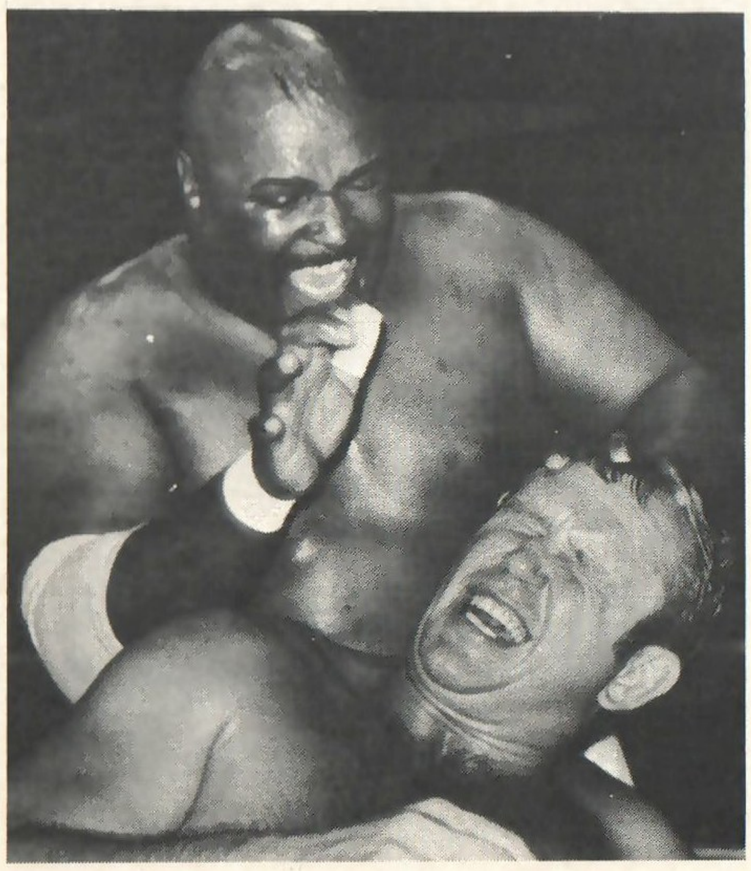
The cheers turned to jeers as Cannon came on strong to dump Ursus, then bear down on him with a step-over toehold that he repeatedly traded off with Marconi to keep the pressure on full; doubled when the shaven-skulled pair double-teamed Ursus to short-circuit his offense.

Finally struggling back to his corner to tag Babbich in, Ursus worked the kinks out as Danny barged into their foes, whipping them into turnbuckles, catching them with blocks on the rebound, straining to hold them down for the count . . . then roared back to the attack!

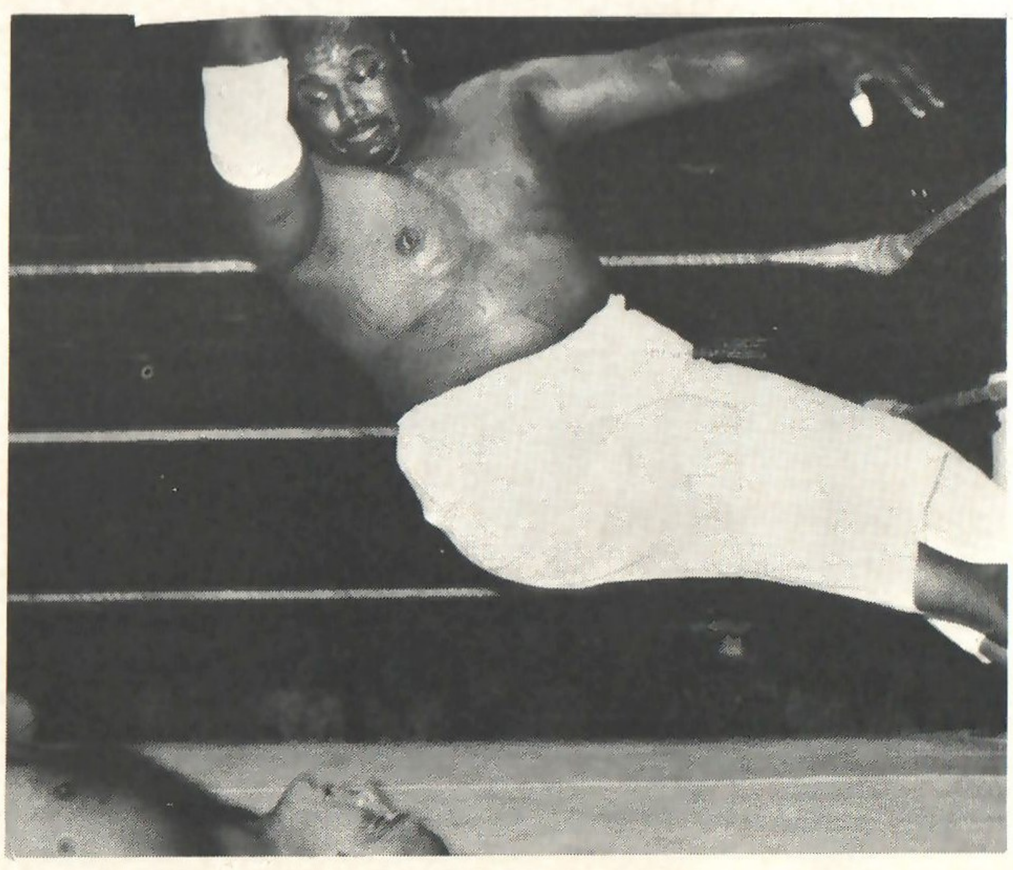
A body slam floored Cannon, a right hand stiffened Marconi, and left him wide-open for the Mexican's thundering

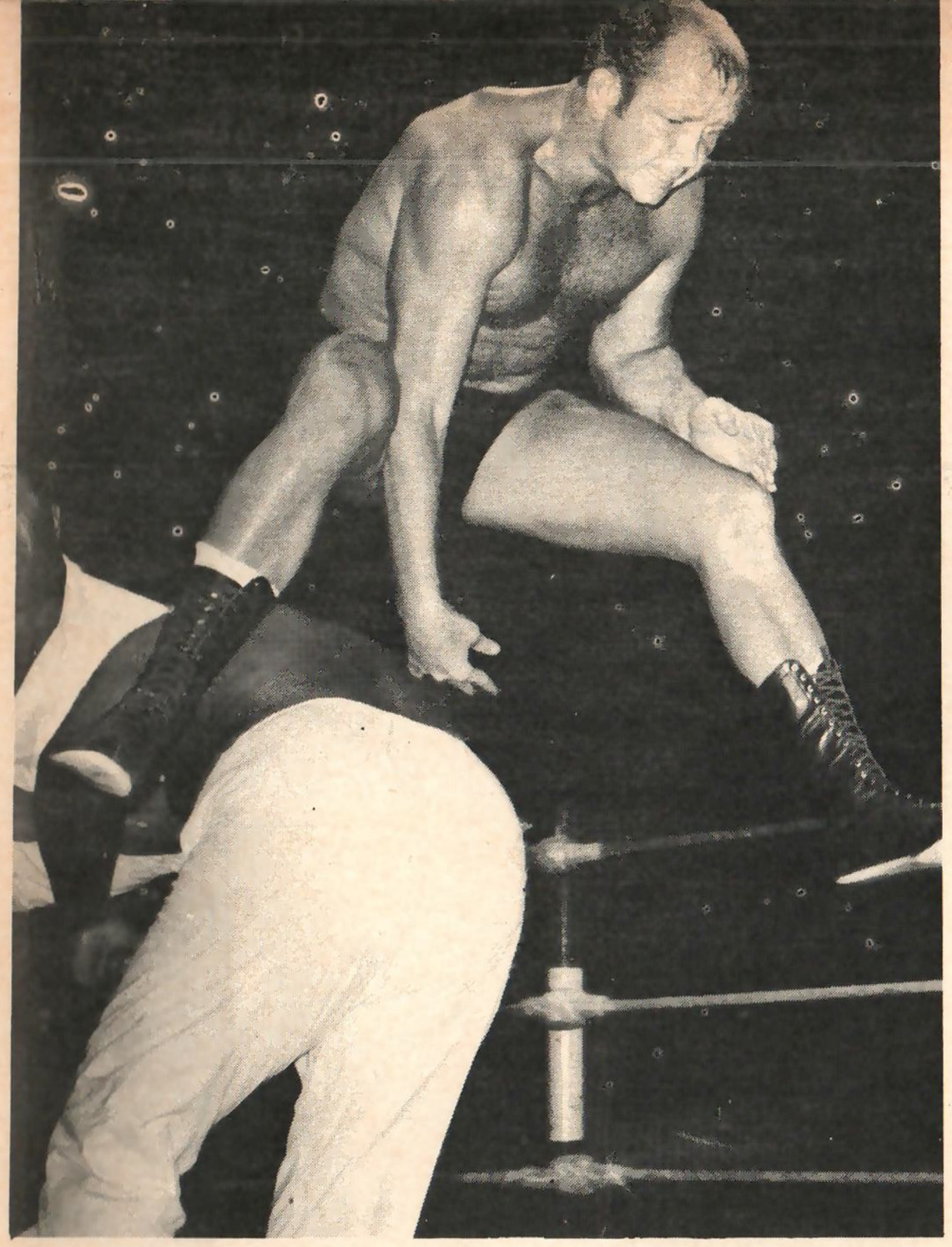


Dory Funk wasted little time feeling out Abdullah the Butcher. Here he lets him have a hard body slam, shaking every one of Abdullah's 268 pounds.

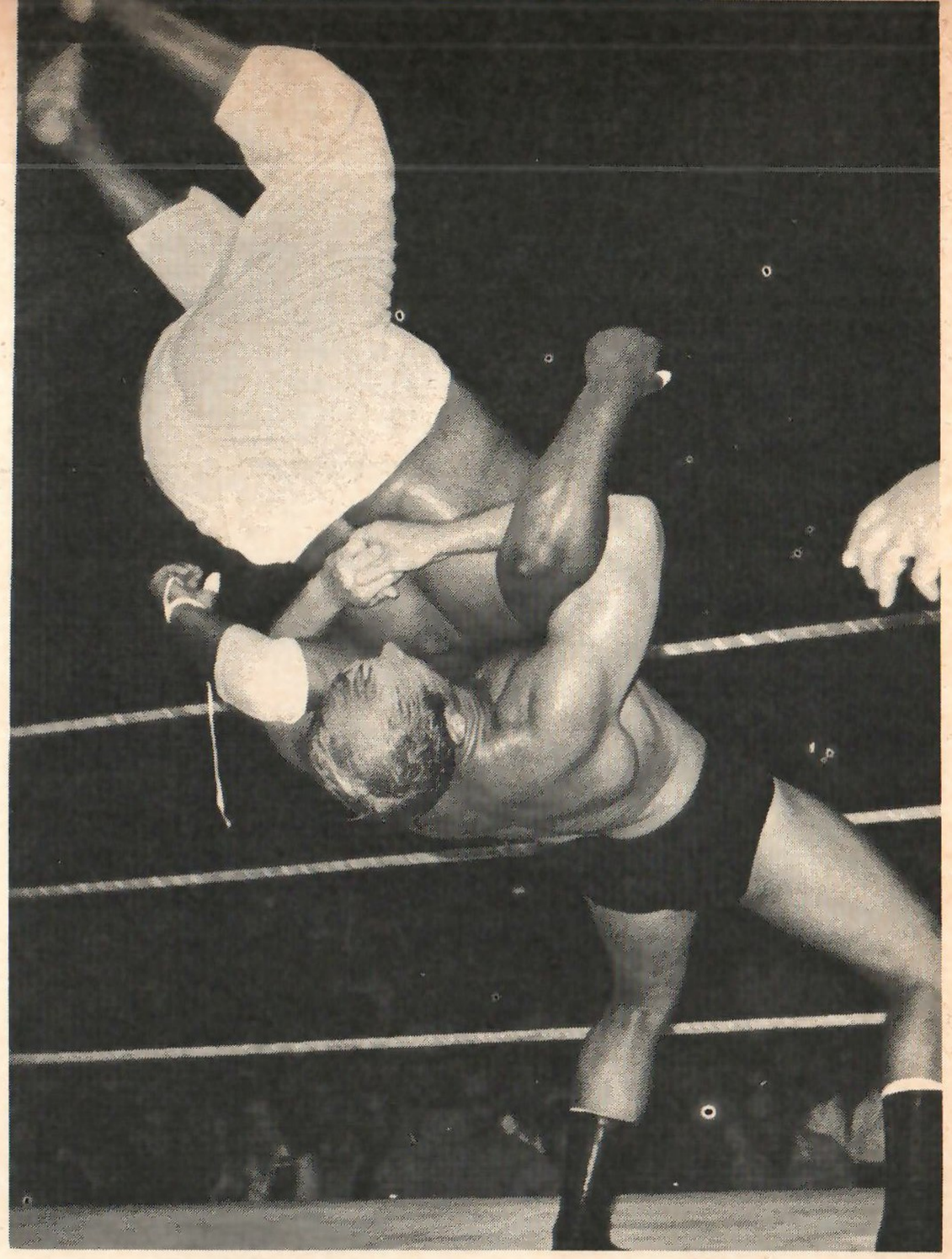


(Left) Pain is clearly etched on Funk's face as he absorbs a karate-slashing attack by Abdullah. (Right) This elbow drop by Abdullah won the first fall over Funk at the eight-minute mark.





Funk takes to the air to escape Abdullah's mad rushes as The Butcher rams into referee Gordon Grayston, catapulting that official to the floor.



Funk locks Abdullah's huge frame in his powerful arms and heaves him to the canvas with this giant suplex, which almost ended the bout after Dory took the second fall.

charge off the ropes that climaxed when he crashed across Gorilla's chest full force, for the pin and the win to put another Stampede opener into the books.

There's only one thing more popular than Puerto Rican aerialist Carlos Belafonte in the Calgary ring . . . and that's Belafonte and Canadian dropkick expert Dan Kroffat when they zoom into a tag match! The screaming loyalty of ringside regulars here proved contagious to the hundreds of out-of-town visitors when the cavernous Corral exploded in cheers as the pair hammered out a win over rugged veteran Jack Bence and native Alberta grappler Big Buck Jones.

Bence and Jones got their licks in first and fast, crushing first Kroffat and then Belafonte with their fast tagging and faster rough grappling in this bonus event. Getting their second wind though, Carlos and Dan blazed back with an attack that ranged from dropkicks through flying head scissors to Belafonte's skull-splitting coco butt that chased Bence and Jones right out of the ring. They stayed out too, because every time they climbed up on

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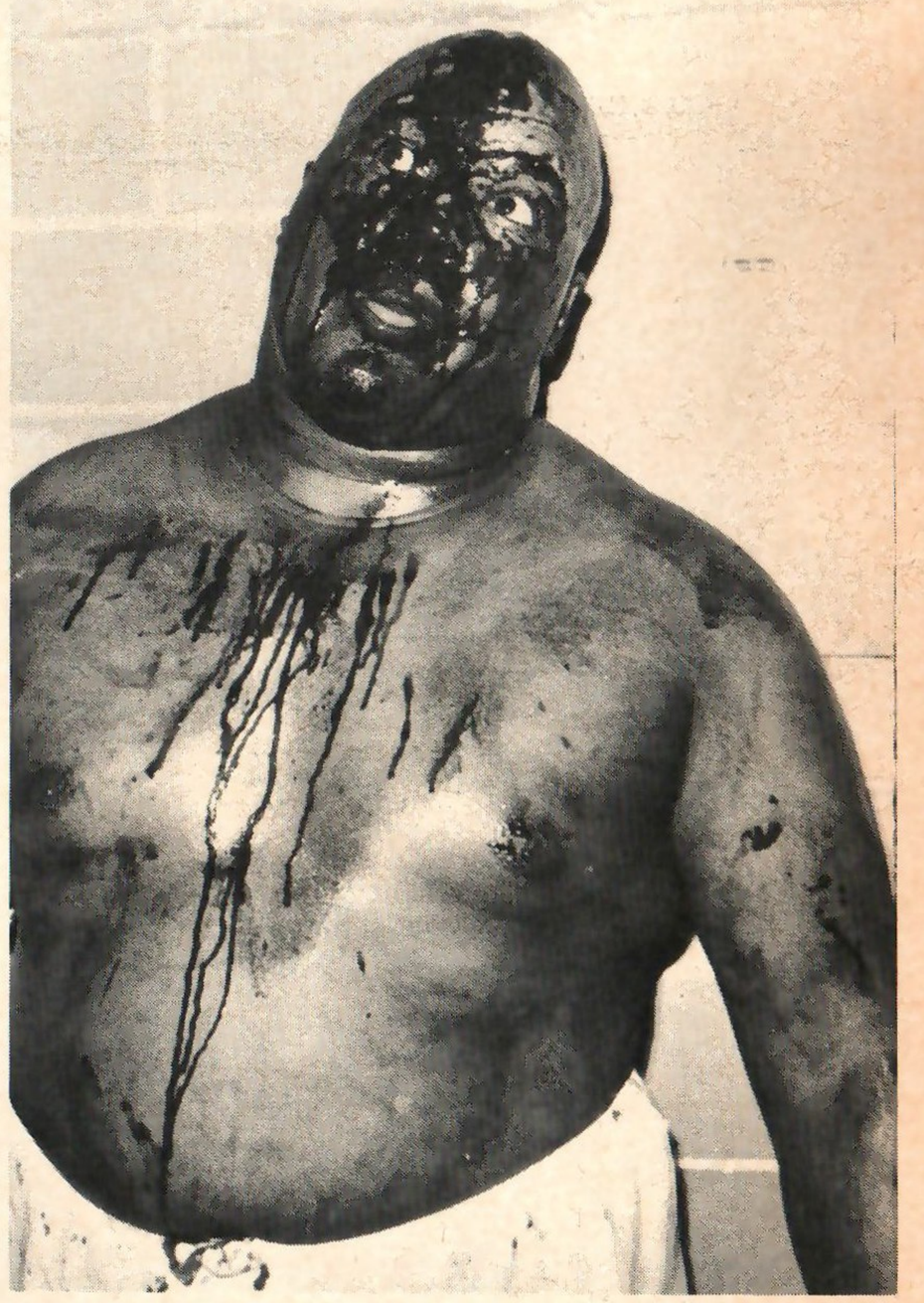


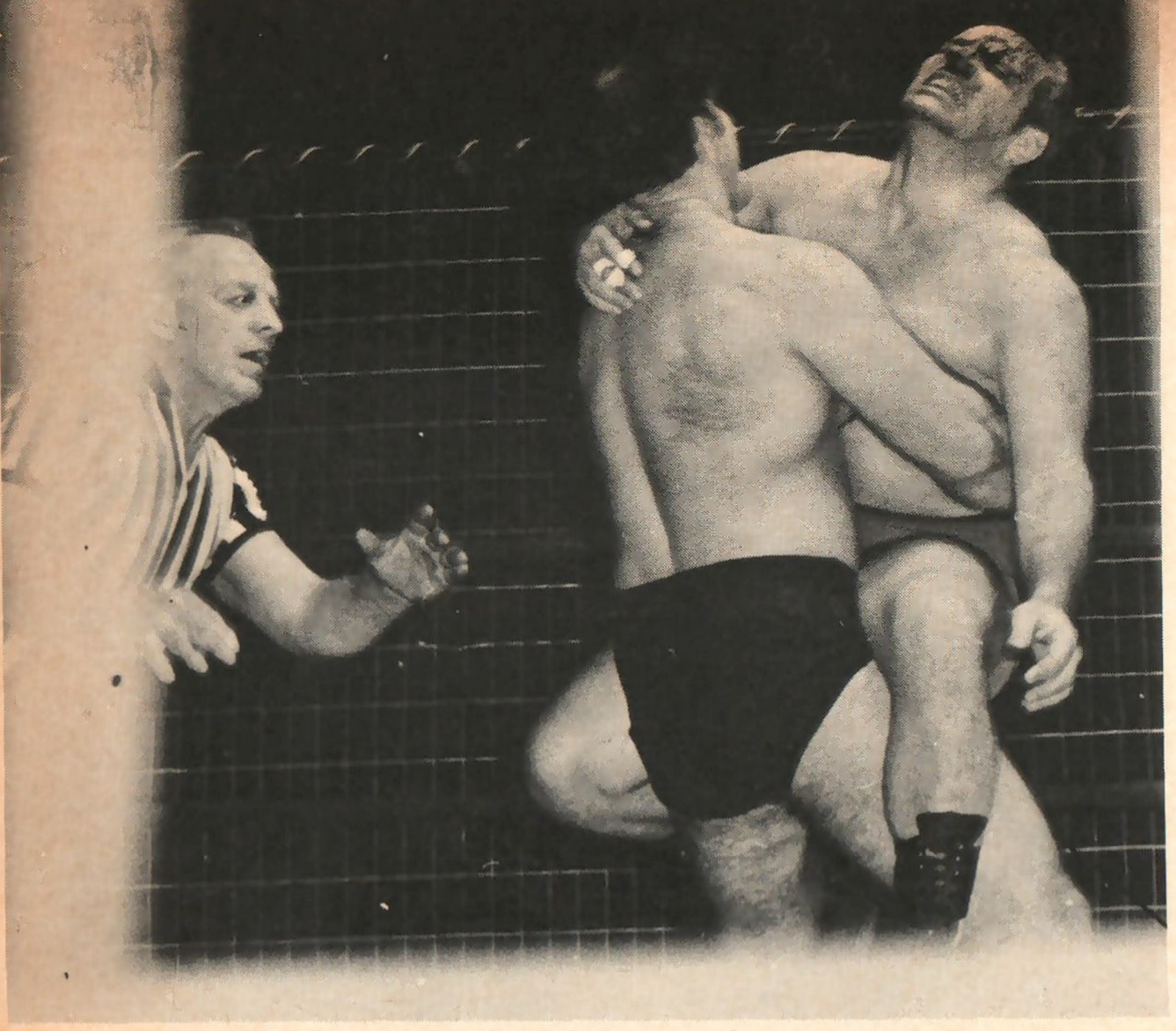
Abdullah was disqualified for his terror tactics but continued to maul Funk. So Dory punched him with a vengeance, splitting the Butcher's scalp open. Here he is, standing wild-eyed, covered with his own blood in the dressing room following the contest.

"Most Outstanding Wrestler" Award Presented In Ring

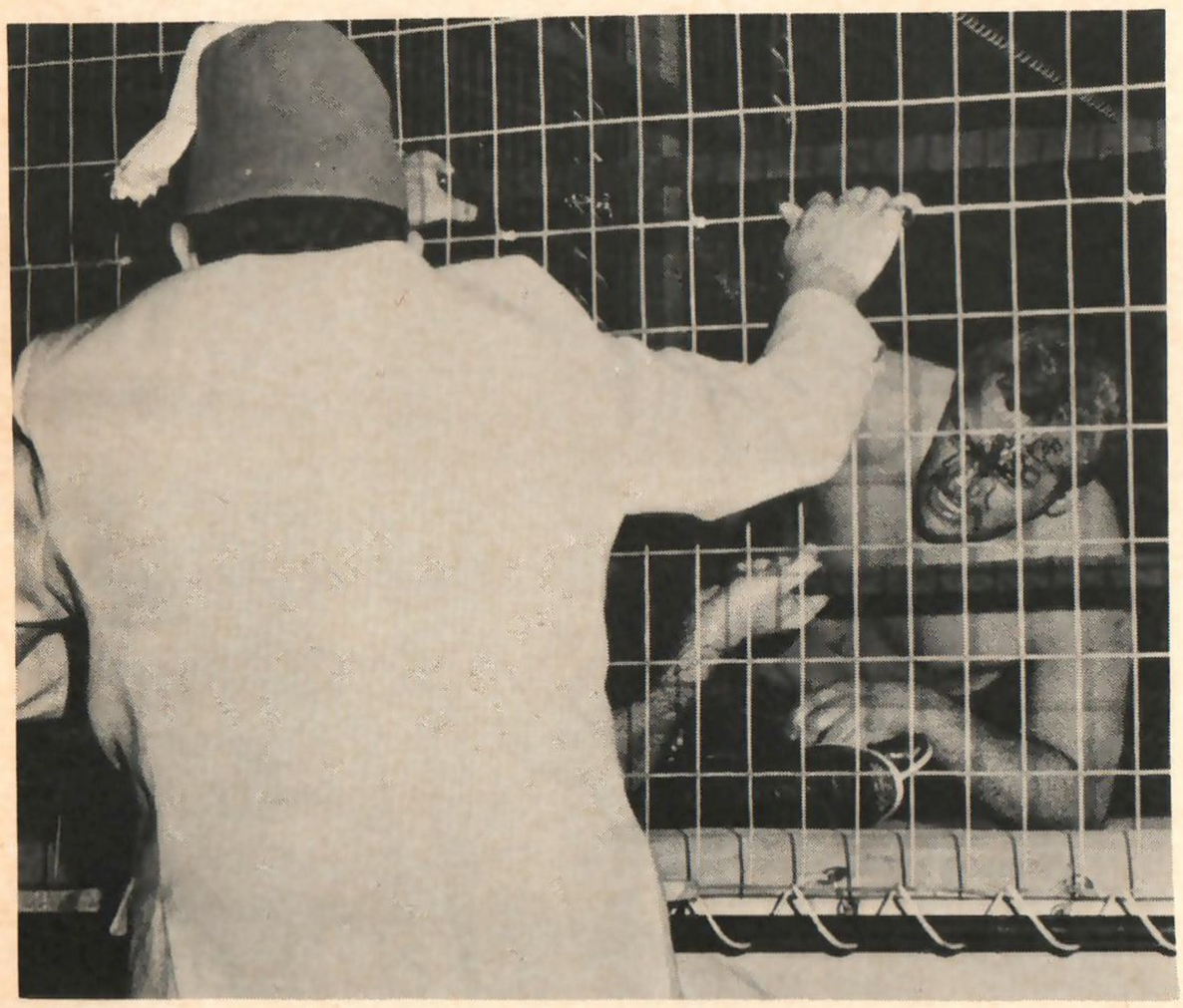
Television cameras and thousands of cheering spectators were on hand this year when veteran correspondent Bob Leonard handed the ninth annual R. W. "Most Outstanding Wrestler" Award to a pleased and proud Jerry Christy in the ring at the Stampede "Tournament of Champions."

"It's a real pleasure to present this year's award to one of wrestling's finest gentlemen and athletes, Jerry Christy," Bob said in announcing the choice. The cheers couldn't have been louder when the California sleeper hold expert took possession of the sparkling trophy symbolic of the honor. A broad grin creased his face as he received a warm handshake from his brother, Bobby.

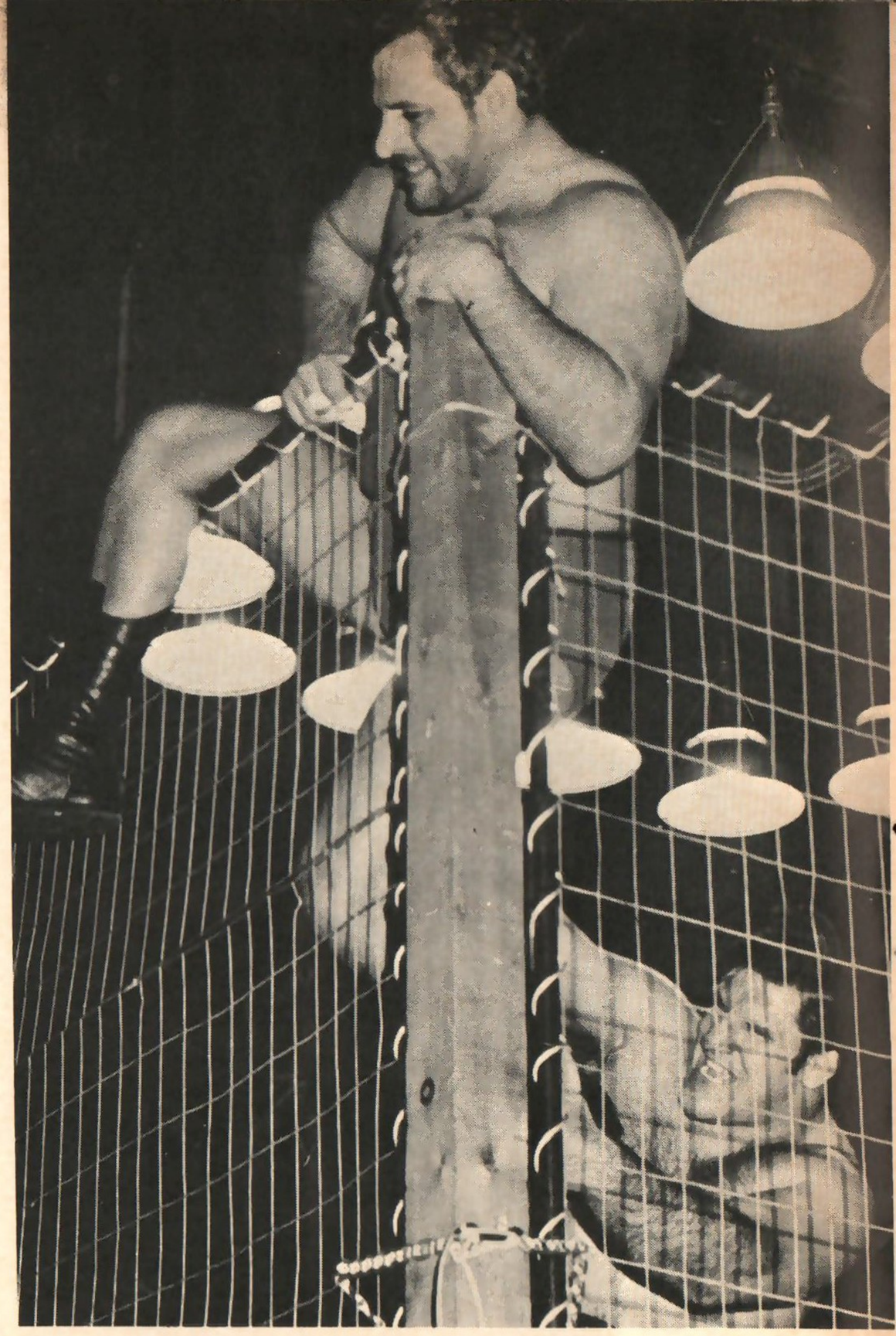
"And you can be sure that trophy will be placed front and centre in Jerry's den back home," Bobby tipped us off after the presentation, which makes R. W. just as happy as Jerry Christy!



In a special steel cage-ring match, Bruno Sammartino is about to end matters in his favor with a powerful bear hug over The Sheik to the delight of some 8,000 cheering fans in Baltimore.



Bleeding from a cut on his forehead, The Sheik tries to reach the nearest exit but is blocked by the big body of Sammartino. That's The Shiek's manager watching the proceeding.



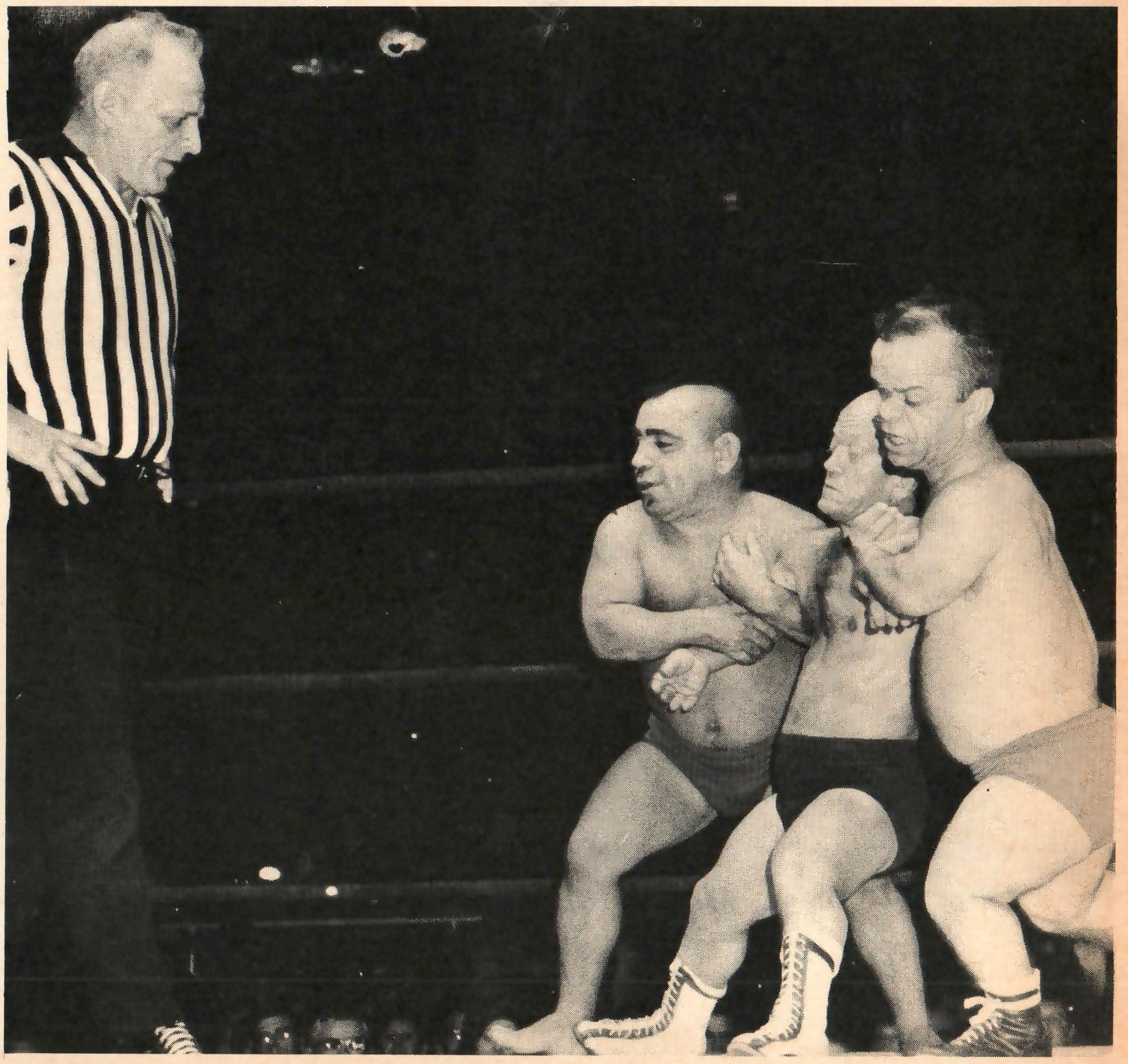
With Bruno at his heels, The Sheik tries to vacate the enclosed premises by climbing out, but he was unsuccessful.

OF HUGE STEEL CAGES AND THE LITTLE MEN

Photos by Jack Goldstein

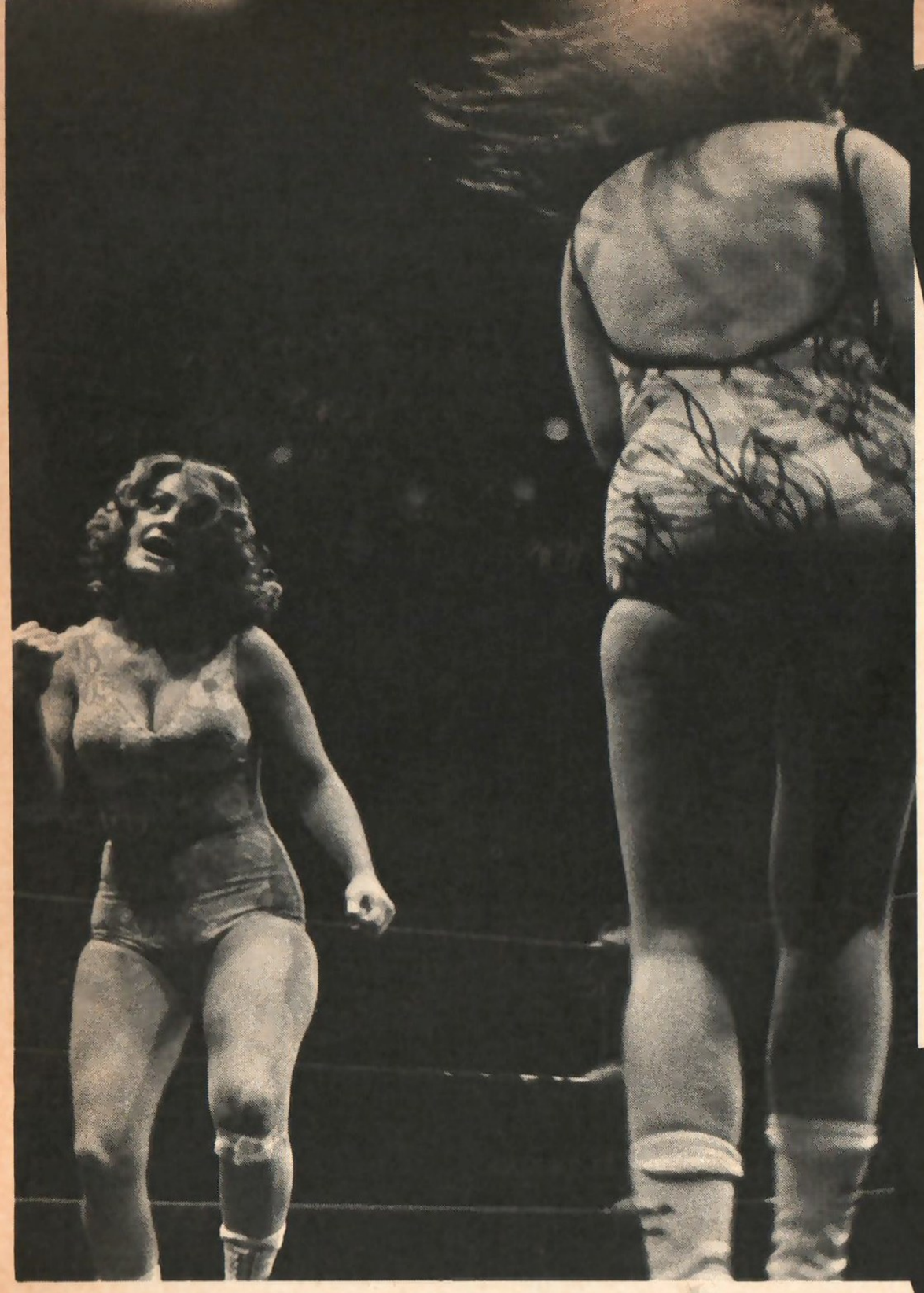
This special match was handled by two referees. One of them watches from the outside of the steel cage.

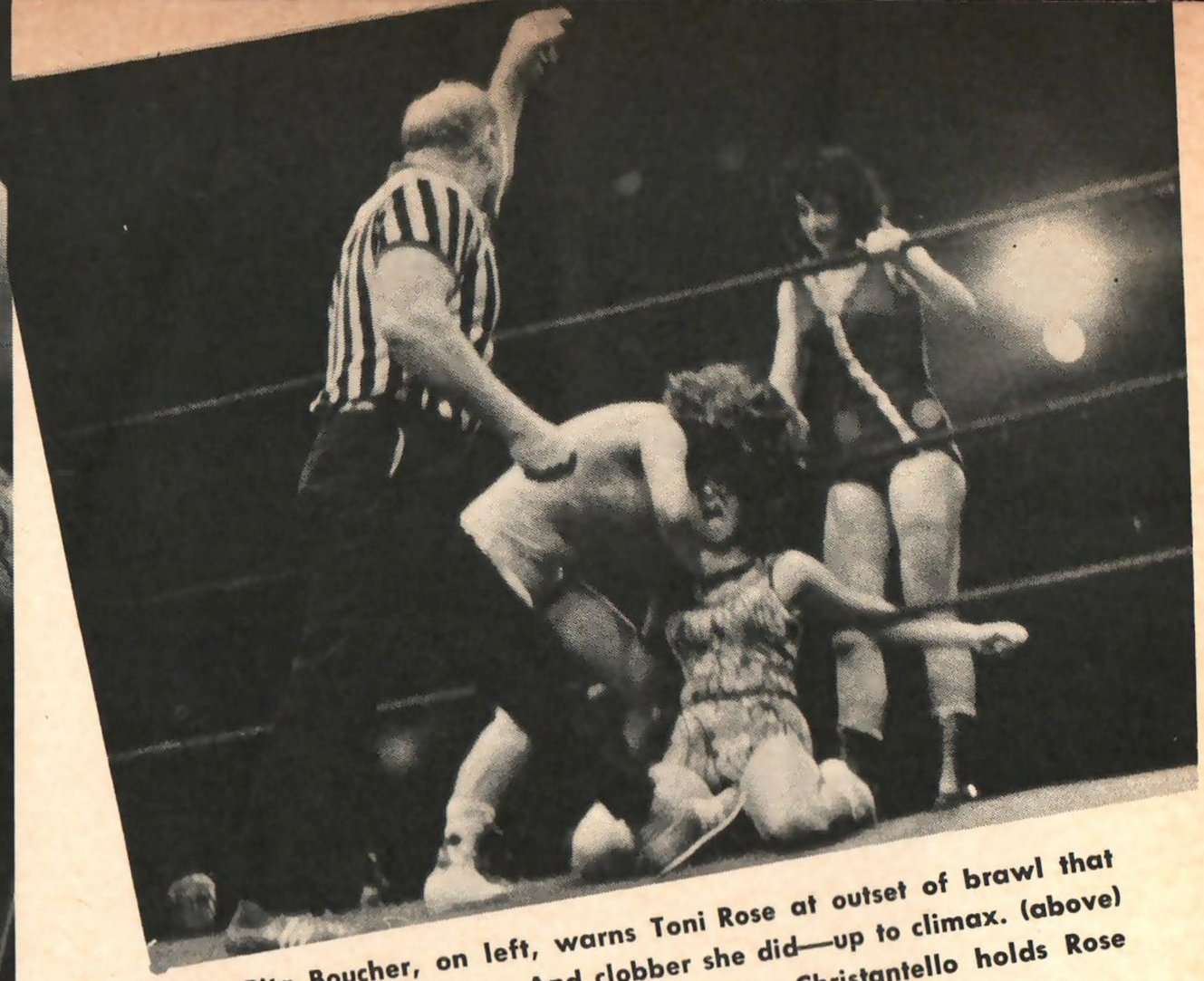
(Left) Attempting to aid his partner, Little Beaver, Irish Jackie leaps smack into the referee's arms. During the confusios bearded Little Brutus hangs onto Beaver. (Below) There is practically nothing else Sky Low Low can do except hang on as Irish Jackie performs his upside down Irish Jig.



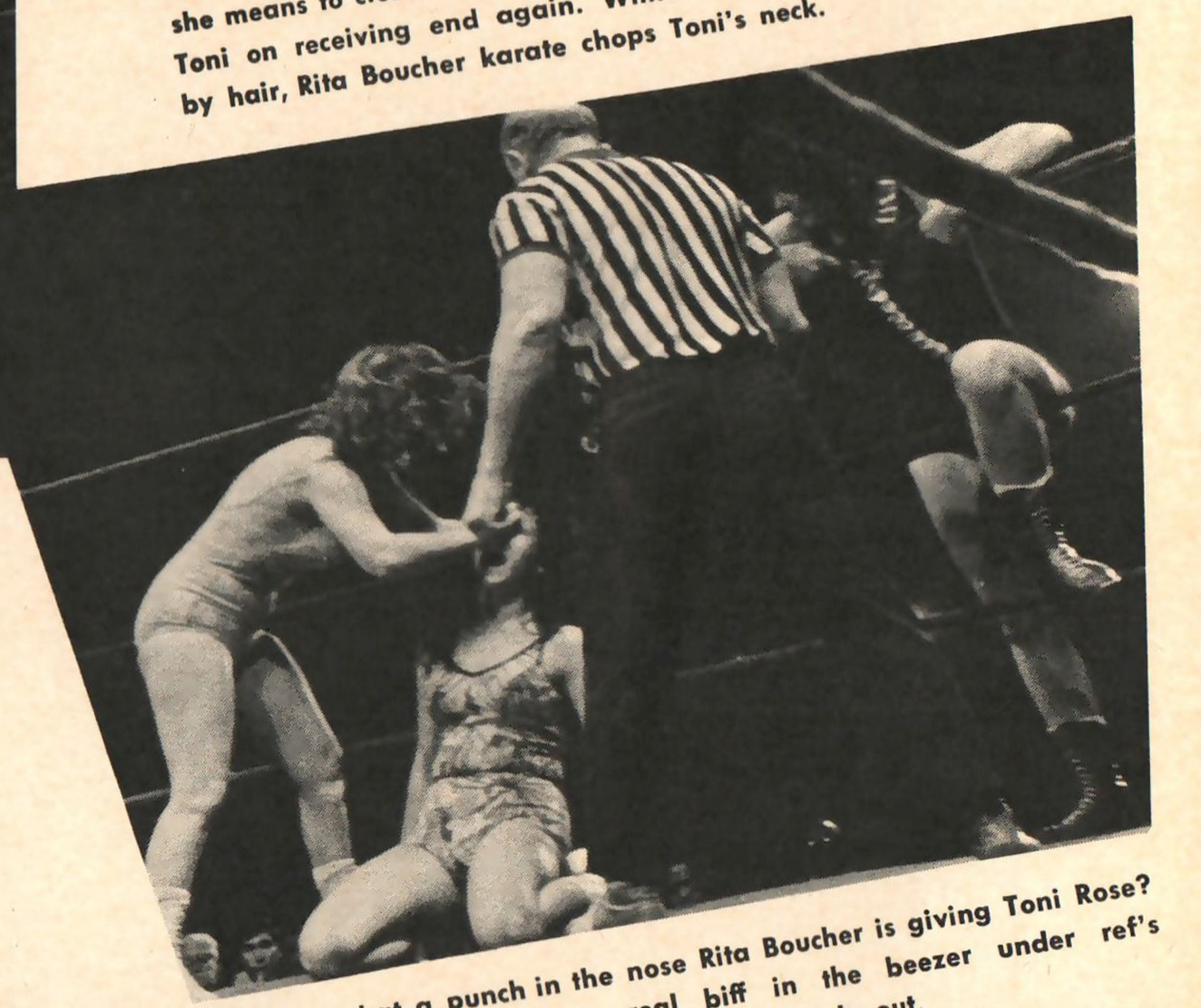
(Above) Irish Jackie forcibly marches Sky Low Low over to Little Beaver who lectures the bald-headed midget in no uncertain terms about the tactics being used. (Right) Tag team winners Little Beaver and Irish Jackie assist Sky Low Low to his corner at the end of the match.

Game Toni Rose Proved Herself In Brutal Tag



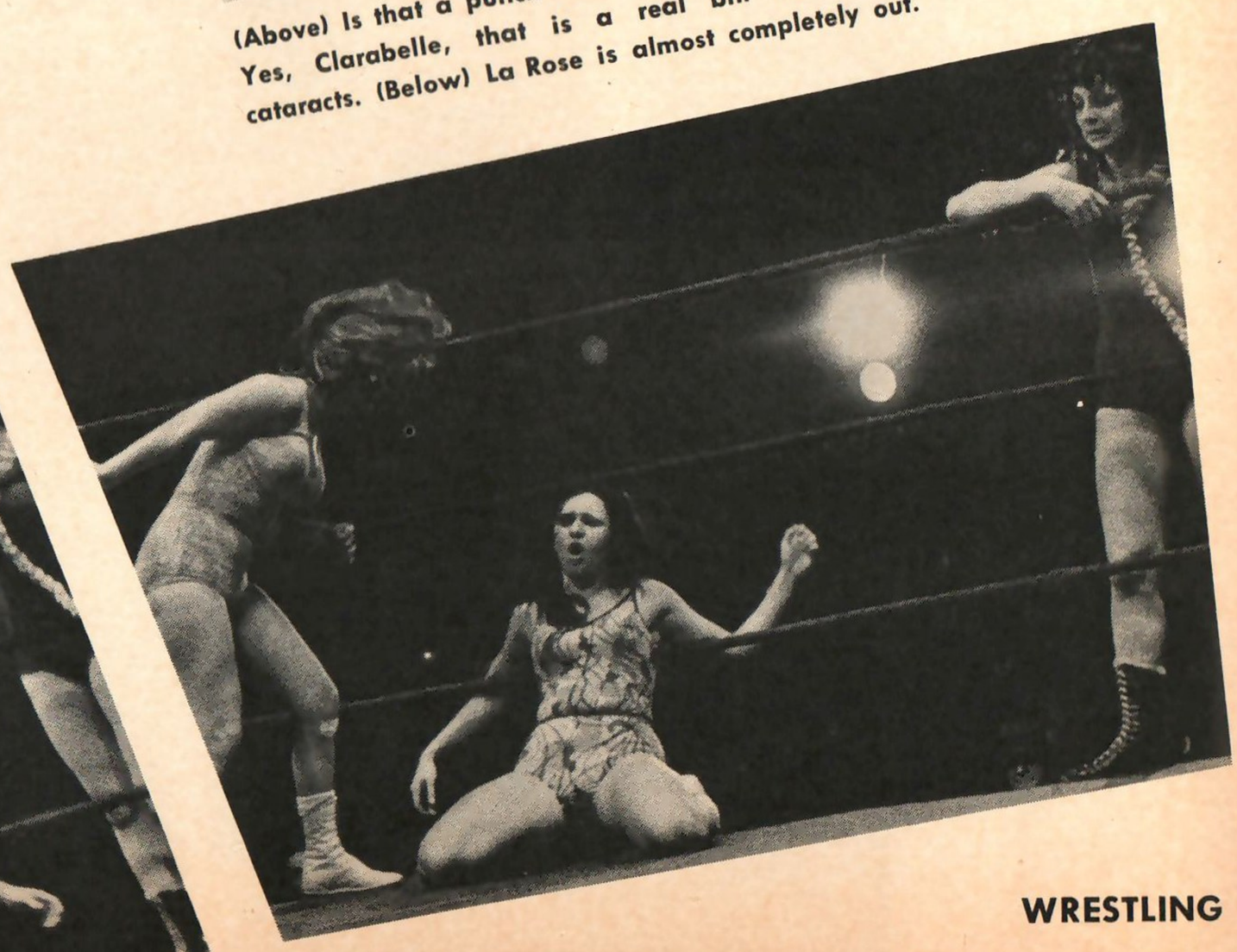


(Left) Rita Boucher, on left, warns Toni Rose at outset of brawl that she means to clobber her. And clobber she did—up to climax. (above) Toni on receiving end again. While Donna Christantello holds Rose by hair, Rita Boucher karate chops Toni's neck.



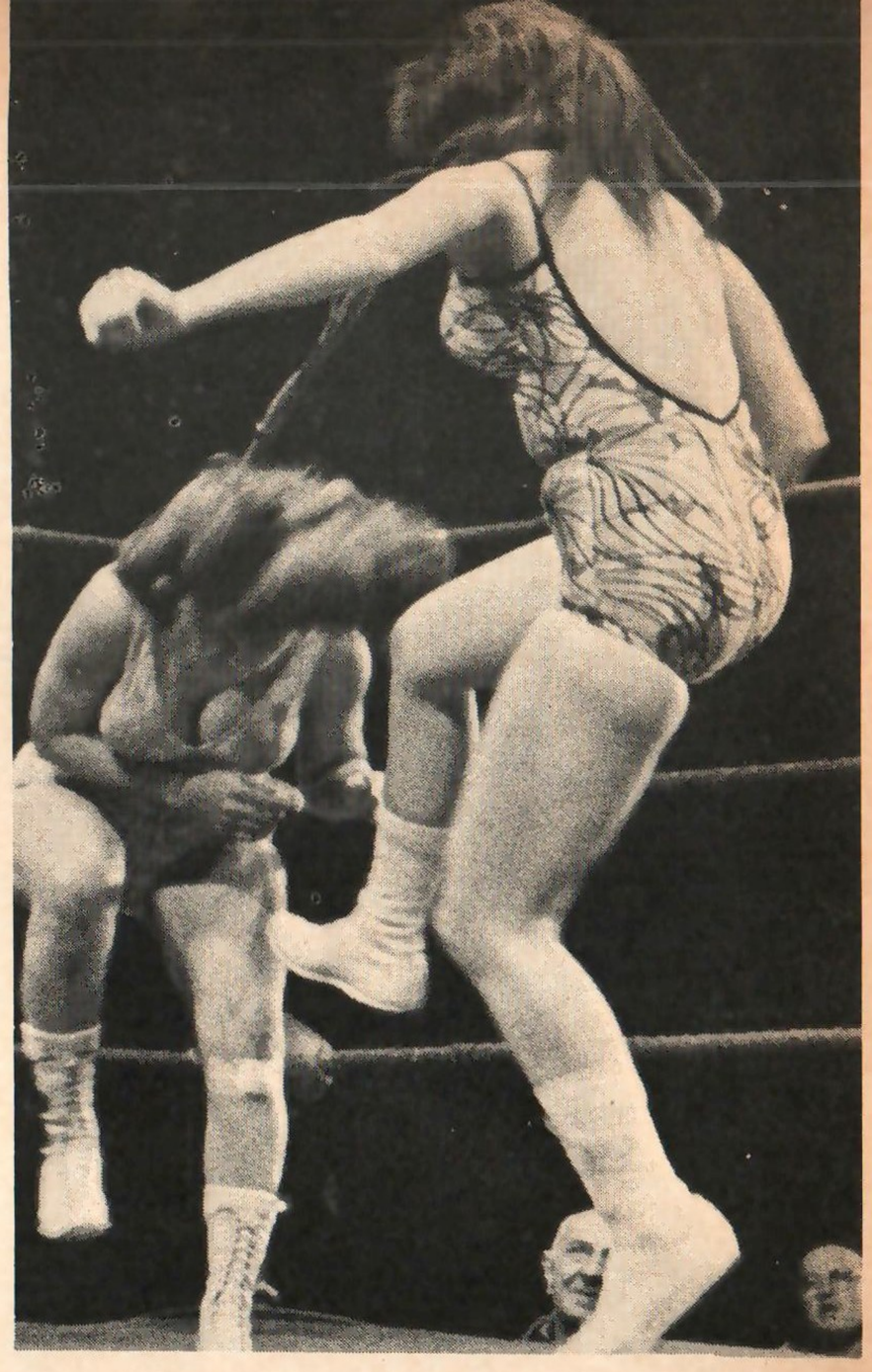
(Above) Is that a punch in the nose Rita Boucher is giving Toni Rose? Yes, Clarabelle, that is a real biff in the beezer under ref's cataracts. (Below) La Rose is almost completely out.

What you see below is not ladylike. Rita is kicking Toni again and again, until Rose succumbs.



Debonair Donna airplane spins La Rose dizzy and then heaves what is left of Toni into a ring post. Wrestling? Maybe, Hepzibah, maybe!

Now Toni Rose is getting hunks. She has recovered her strength and is busy booting Boucher in the belly. Such fun!



By BOB HICKMAN

Below, Toni Rose and Paula Kaye acclaimed the winners in one of the most violent matches in the history of gal grappling.

THE top-rated girls' tag team in wrestling is that of Toni Rose and Fabulous Moolah. When Moolah was injured against Bette Boucher, Toni was forced to take another partner for tag matches already contracted for. Toni chose blonde cowgirl Paula Kaye, a relative newcomer.

Before the match in Washington, D.C. that was Toni's and Paula's first team effort, I interviewed their opponents, Rita Boucher and Donna Christantello.

"This is what I've hoped for a long time would happen," said redhaired Rita, "a chance to trap Toni Rose and feed her some of her own medicine!"

"Yeah," joined Donna, pushing back her jet black hair, "with a new girl on Toni's side, she won't be able to double team us like she and Moolah always do. Those two have worked together so long they have more schemes than the Kansas City Chiefs."

"Tonight we'll do the double teaming," Rita continued, "we'll trap Toni in our corner and spill her guts all over the ring. We won't pin her until we're sure we've weakened her so she won't be able to come back in the scond fall."

"Paula Kaye hasn't had a tag team match," explained Donna, "She won't know how to get in to help Toni. We'll win the second fall by making Paula tag out quickly so we can go to work on Toni again while she's still weak."

The plan sounded reasonable. I wished they hadn't told me of it. I like Toni Rose. Even if she is the most brutal girl wrestler, you have to admire her skill, strength and courage. I felt like going to Toni's and Paula's dressing quarters and telling them of their opponents' plan. But that would have been dirty pool.

The Rita-Donna scheme worked well in the first fall. They did trap Toni and prevent Paula from getting to her aid. If Moolah had been in the ring, no referee in the world would have stopped her from pulling her hurt partner to safety. Paula, however wasn't as yet wise to the tricks of tag game and couldn't get by the referee.

Along the ropes on Rita's and Donna's side of the ring, Toni Rose was getting the beating *(Continued on page 62)*

Don't be fooled by that smile on Kinji's face. If you can translate the Japanese decorations you are welcome to them.

SHOOTER SHIBUYA OUT TO WIN EVERY TIME HE GRAPPLES

By GEOFFREY HANSEN

KINJI Shibuya has been in pro wrestling for ten years, appearing mostly in the United States, even though he was born in Japan.

The burly grappler stands only 5 feet 6 inches in height but packs a muscular 235 pounds. He is a former contender for Oriental physique titles, including Caribs Japan (Mr. Japan), as well as Mr. Universe and Mr. Olympia. His career as a bodybuilder was disturbed by his decision to become a wrestler.

Kinji broke into the pro ranks under the banner of Mr. Hito. He later changed to Sato Keomuka. After some success he returned to his homeland for more training and experience. He returned to the mainland as Kinji Shibuya and brought Mitsu Arakawa with him.

Shibuya and Arakawa billed themselves as cousins. They won the American Wrestling Alliance Tag Team championship and held the title for three years; finally losing to Ray Stevens and Dan Manoukian.

Shibuya returned to Japan for a brief rest. Upon return to the United States he met Ray Stevens. The match was held in San Francisco's Cow Palace. Shibuya won two out of three falls.

How would you like to get up out of a sound sleep and find the above glaring at you, in person? The shot below shows Shibuya applying the Japanese claw (karate), to helpless Dom De Nucci.

During the next year and a half he beat Pepper Gomez, Bobo Brazil, Don Chuey, Jim Hady and Rene Goulet. He defeated Ray Stevens for a second time.

Now Shibuya thought he was un-beatable. He was, until he grappled with Bill Watts, at Cow Palace. Shibuya lost.

Losing "face" is an Oriental blow of serious importance. To regain pride he would have to regain the titles. But he wasn't able.

He found a great man in Ciclon Negro. Together they became Murder Inc. and challenged tag champs Pat Patterson and Ray Stevens. They won the title, but lost it in the return match.

Searching for another partner, the Japanese discovered Skull Murphy. In three bouts in San Francisco and Fresno, they didn't take the title.

Shibuya quit California. He headed for the Texas-Arizona area. He defeated Joe Blanchard for the Texas State Belt. However, he lost the re-match.

He gained a title shot at Blanchard but didn't want it. He continued his winning spree and beat Fritz Von Erich. He won back his "face".

Von Erich had earned a title match. In their Texas battle, Shibuya was disqualified. In a re-match the result was similar.

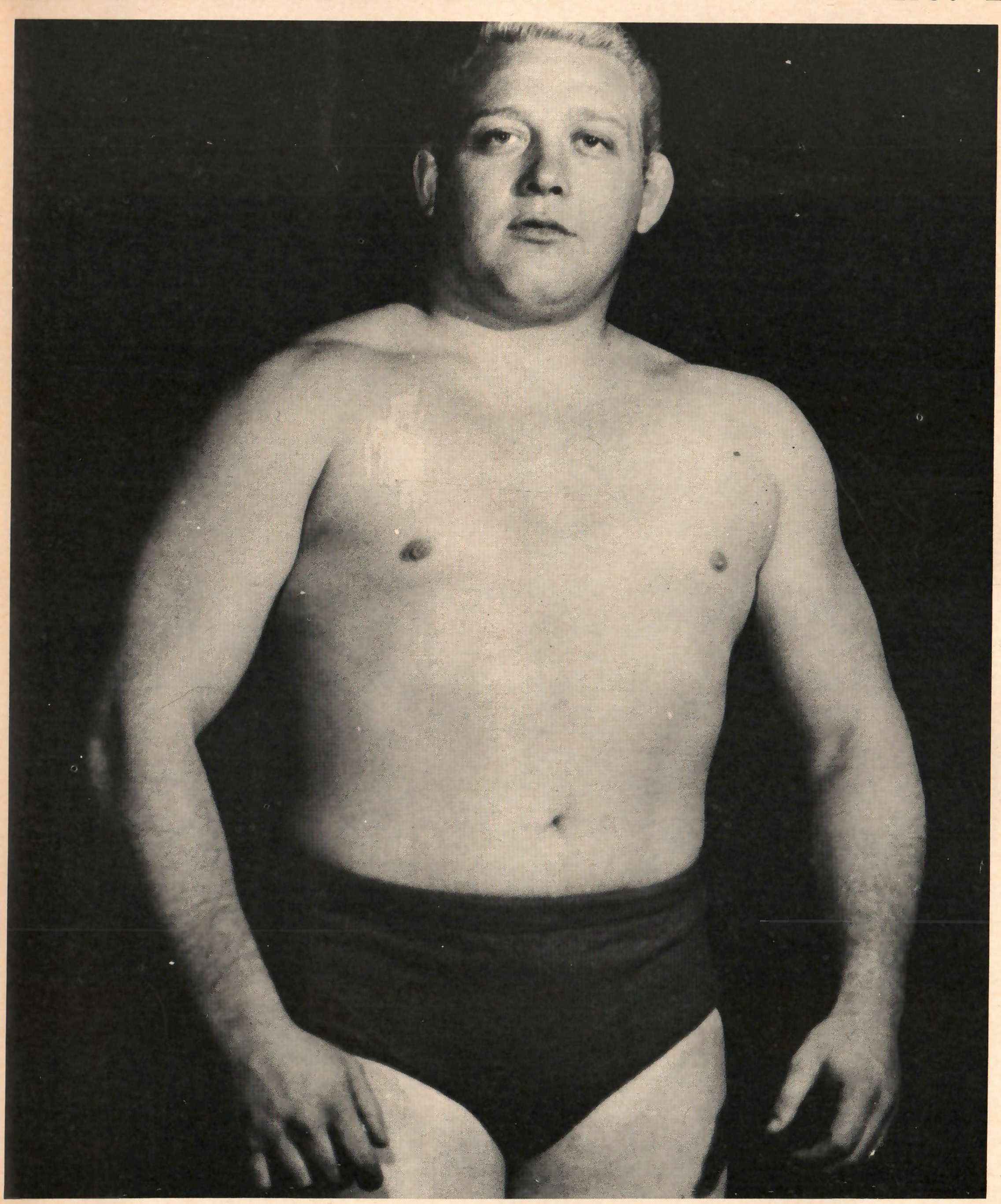
After the loss he went to California with newly found partner Haru Sassaki. The new champions were Pepper Gomez and Pedro Morales. The Japanese lost their bout.

Searching for a new companion, Shibuya was lucky in finding Mr. Siato. They were un-beatable. They had style and class.

They wrestled Gomez and Morales in a non-title match and won. In a title match they took the championship. In a re-match they were still the champions.

Japanese wrestlers of prominence always are shooters. They cannot stand the mental blows of defeat and are out to win at all times. Remember this when you see Kinji Shibuya next.

RW COLLECTOR'S PINUP No. 15



RAY STEVENS

Above we see Thunderbolt Patterson clamp what looks like a stranglehold on Ellis. The Cowboy is in real trouble. Below, how it ended. Both out after crash.

SAN ANGELO FANS WON'T FORGET GORY STALEMATE

PATTERSON, ELLIS CRASHED HEAD-ON

By FRED ROGERS

(Photos by Travis Burgess)

SAN Angelo, Tex.—The big attraction was spelled out in large letters on the posters around town: "BOB ELLIS WRESTLES TONIGHT."

There was still enough magic in the name to lure three thousand hometown fans through the Coliseum turnstiles. Ranchers, businessmen et al, were treated to a fine card by Don Slatton. The crowd hollered and it had plenty to holler about in a gory draw and particulars later.

The participants were San Angelo's own Cowboy Bob Ellis and Thunderbolt Patterson of Watts, California. The name Ellis was familiar to the crowd, Bob's dad having been a successful rancher for many years in this West Texas area. Bob made the sports pages in high school as a football player for the San Angelo Bobcats.

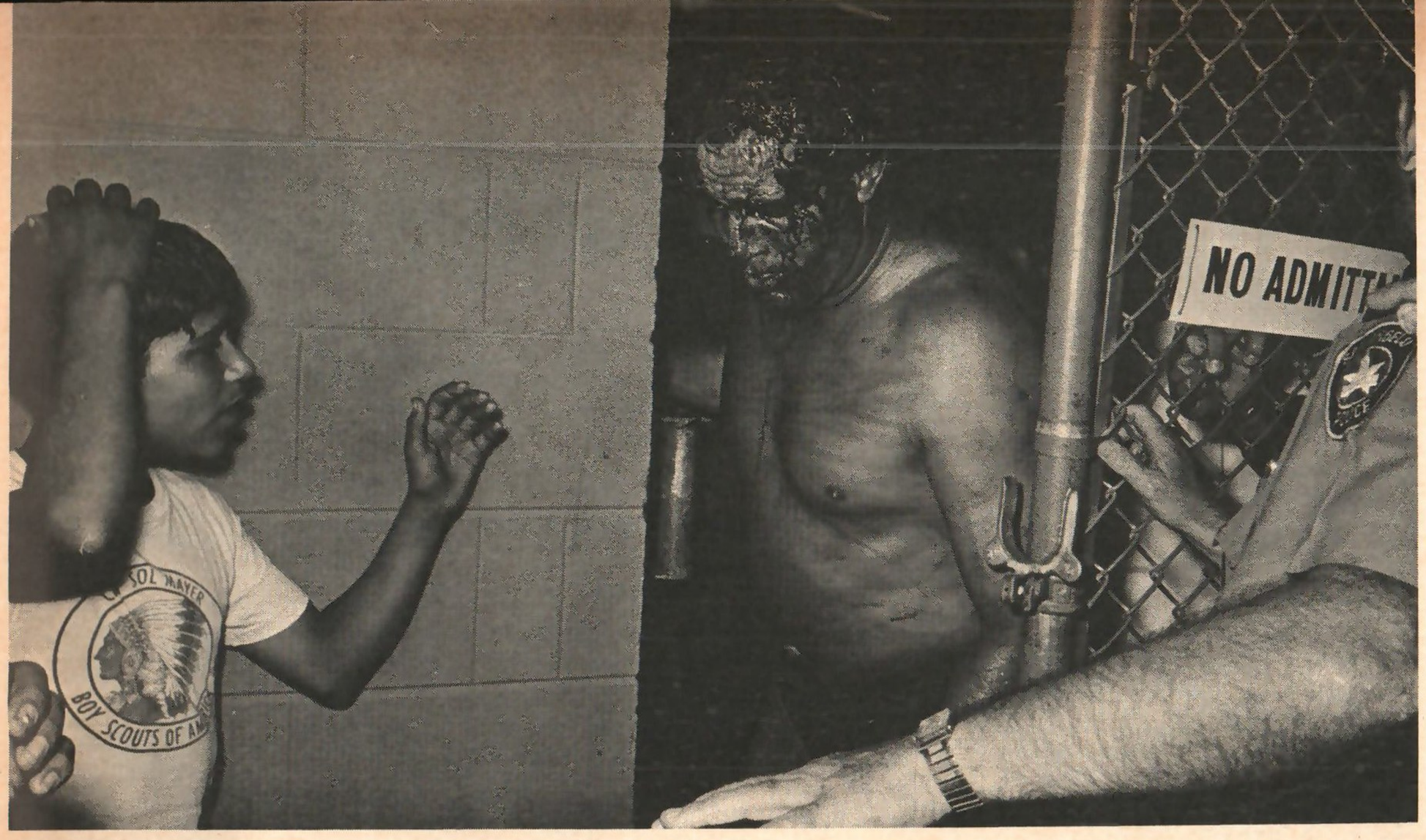
Bob credits his high school days as the deciding factors in choosing wrestling instead of business.

"I learned a lot playing football," says Ellis. "An athlete has to take the losses right in stride with the wins. You usually profit more by a few defeats than from a no-loss season. Wrestling is the same way, If a man wins all the time human nature tends to make him cocky, even arrogant."

In the ring Ellis resembles a Greek God with just a touch of buckskin. Credited with perfecting the bulldog headlock, Ellis traces its history as follows:

"Back on the ranch I was a child among many rough men. Cowpunchers always fascinated me but rodeo time possessed me. One year I entered the steer wrestling competition. This could be called my first wrestling battle since that steer fought me in every imaginable way. Finally I got a headlock on him, then I had to cope with the problem of bringing him down.

"Try as I did he just wouldn't fall. Suddenly he began to push me forward. I took the hint and began to move, but, just a little bit faster than he did. Utilizing all the strength I had, I jumped into the air, still holding the beast in a headlock. I lunged forward, bringing my weight down on his head. It took them five minutes to awaken the stunned animal."



On left, clubhouse boy refuses to believe it is Ellis he is looking at as Cowboy comes from ring. Below, a typical scene in the course of the violent struggle which reached no winning verdict. What looks like gore is not ketchup.

Thus was born a maneuver which has been doom for many a grappler.

Not many in the San Angelo crowd were familiar with Thunderbolt Patterson. Here stood an individual who thought of Texas as something out of a Hopalong Cassidy movie. Patterson lost no time in making enemies. On his way from the dressing room to the ring Thunderbolt encountered a group of citizens who had ventured forth for a closer look at the wrestlers. Patterson promptly dispersed the crowd with threatening gestures.

As the participants were introduced one brave youth jumped up on the ring apron and aimed his Sunday punch at the man from Watts. More amused than infuriated, Patterson stepped back as cops grabbed the nut.

Ellis, meanwhile, was surrounded by well wishers. Men, women and children stood in line to shake the hand of Cowboy Bob, Local Hero.

"It's impossible to say how many people made the request 'Bulldog him, Cowboy'. I told myself that if this is what my people want, I sure enough intend to give it to them."

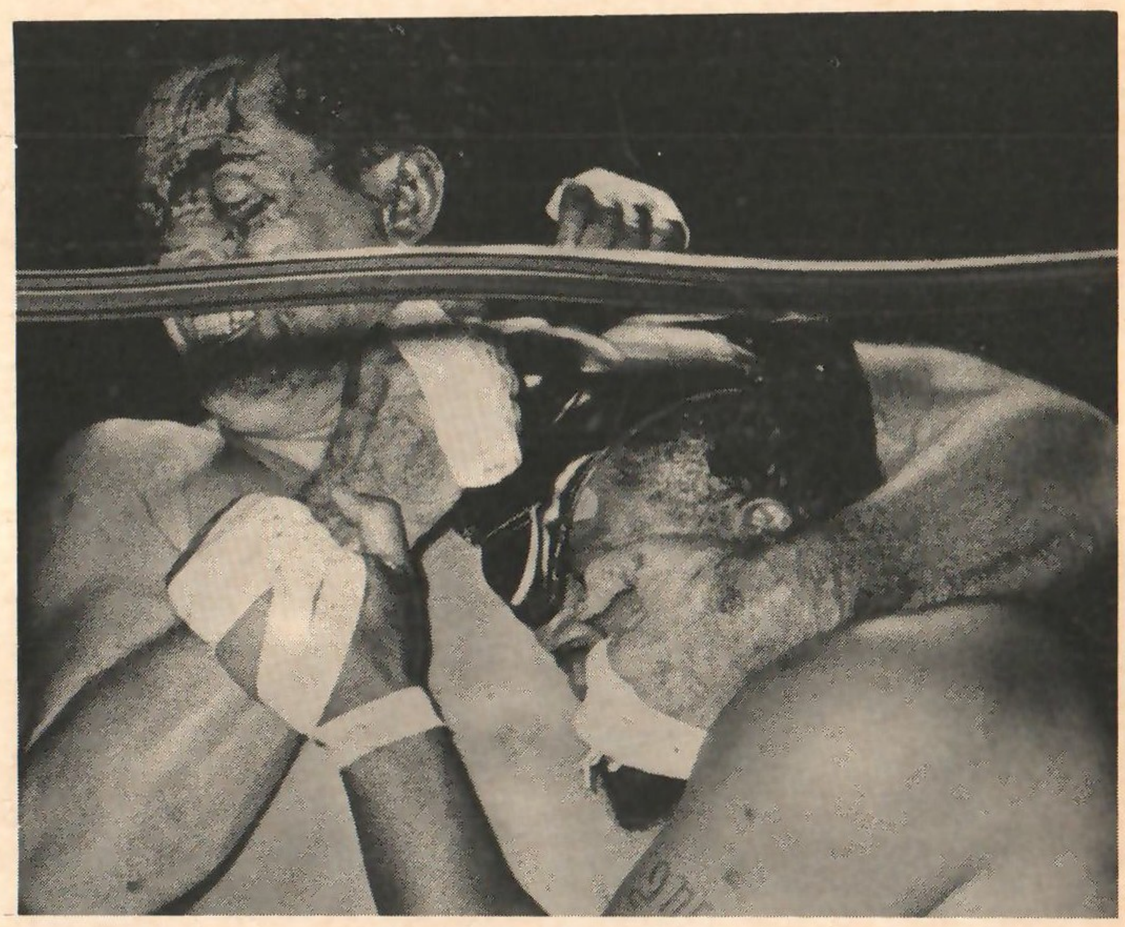
The bell sounded and action commenced. Even at this point in the bout it was evident that these men were at their best. Patterson let loose with a barrage of forearm smashes that would have fractured an ordinary man's jaw. The Cowboy grunted and took them in stride.

Then came the moment that will always be remembered by those who were there. Thunderbolt threw Ellis out of the ring and, while referee Dale Stewart counted out the stunned Cowboy, Patterson reached into his trunks and produced a foreign object which resembled a large coin.

Climbing out of the ring Patterson proceeded to grab Ellis in a side headlock and began raking the object across Bob's forehead. Patterson gouged the Cowboy eight times before he opened a two inch gash over Ellis' left eye. Thunderbolt leaped back into the squared circle.

At the count of fourteen a tremendous cheer arose from the crowd. Bob Ellis was up! Not only had he risen but Bob had a look of his face which would spell disaster for Patterson.

"I seem to go hog wild at *(Continued on page 62)*



Ringside cops grab boy who had jumped into ring and assaulted Patterson. The grappler refused to press charges against the overwrought Ellis fan.

RW Reporter Finds Negro Material Shy

Sweet Georgia Brown, one of the better Negro girl wrestlers around today.

Bobo Brazil is a veteran of the wrestling wars and still ranks with the top echelon.

By KELLY LAGRAVE

ST. Louis, Mo.—After making a grand tour of 11 states in the interest of Ring Wrestling, my report is this: wrestling has not yet been affected seriously by inflation or unemployment.

This does not signify that there will be no eventual effect on the gate next Winter. But bankers and business men, industrialists and promoters, predict an upturn before another Christmas. Come on, Kris Kringle!

It would appear to be the wise thing for promoters to build now against a possible letdown, and for the wrestlers to give out with everything they have in stock.

In past years promoters dug up gimmicks to stir the jaded appetites of the customers, and keep them coming in. I have seen nothing like that on this trip.

Wrestling publicity is poor. Public relations men are hard to find. Some clubs have nobody giving out information except the promoters. Individual publicity men do not exist, in so far as I have been able to find out. The grapplers now rely on fan clubs to spread the word of their fame and achievements.

I found these shortcomings even in rallying New York, where my tour started. This is hard to believe. They need another Jack Pfefer, who at an age nearing 80 is in retirement in Boston with Santos. New York papers virtually ignore wrestling.

Pfefer thought up all sorts of ballyhoo gimmicks—bald angels, hairy grizzlies, two ton menaces, strong men and contortionists, elephants and lions.

With all his gimmicks, Jack did arrange title matches of note, and he did import some of the greatest foreign stars the game has produced.

Which brings us to an important subject. Wrestling, male or female, in the USA needs not only more intelligent promotion but an infusion of new blood.

There are girl wrestlers in France and Germany and latterly in Australia, as well who would excite our enthusiasts.

There are male wrestlers in Europe, Japan and Australia who while no threats to Sammartino and Kiniski, would bring out the fans.

There is one field, in particular, which disappointed me very much, right through the eleven states.

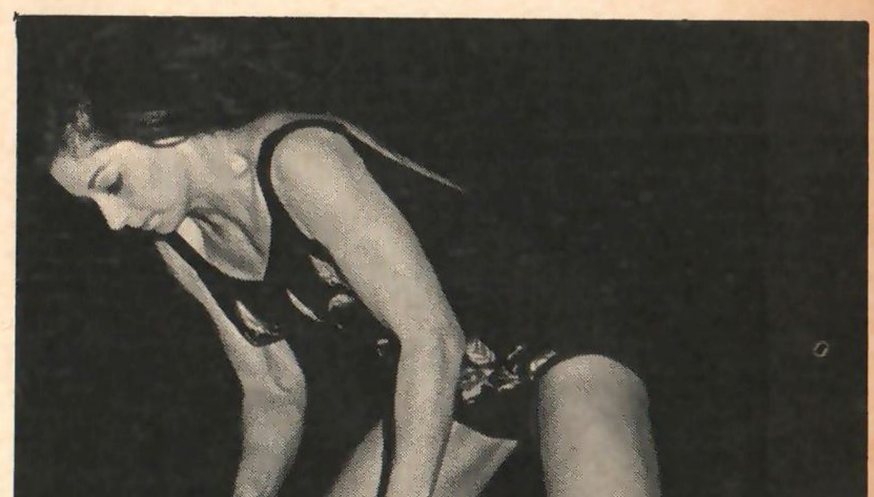
Wrestling has failed to recruit Negro men and women with the requisite attitudes toward wrestling, and the will and determination to fight it out on the long trail.

There are more Negro men wrestling in France than we have in the United States. *(Continued on page 63)*

This is Donna Christantello, who is seldom beaten but had to bow to Paula Kaye's brawn.

La Kaye, out of Oklahoma, who had too much power for the lithe and skilled Donna to withstand.

Donna flips the startled Paula, who finds that the Pittsburgh gal has a large bag of tricks.



Miss Kaye at times looked the tyro when the sprightly Christantello leap-frogged her.

Oklahoma Cowgirl Pins "Mafia" Of Top Skills

By MIKE PYRGAKIS

IT was a battle between Paula Kaye, a big blonde cowgirl from Oklahoma, and Donna Christantello, the "Mafia" of girls' wrestling, a pretty brunette from Pittsburgh.

Experience was on the brunette's side. Donna has wrestled professionally for more than five years. Paula had been in the business only a few months.

Size was on the blonde's side. Paula is 5 foot, 7 inches tall and weighs 140, compared to Donna's 5 foot, 4 inches, 120 pounds.

There was one other factor that should have been taken into account when guessing the winner. Paula Kaye's ring idols, the girls she patterns herself after, are Barbara Galento and Toni Rose, the meanest, most violent girls in wrestling.

Donna, a clean fighting grappling expert, gave Paula a lesson in wrestling early in the fight. Donna's dropkicks and monkey-flips bounced the blonde around the ring like a jack-rabbit with his tail on fire.

When Donna splattered Paula on the mat and tried for a jack-knife pin, she couldn't hold the big blonde for the three count. Paula's muscular legs were too strong for the lithe but lightweight brunette.

For a while it looked as if Paula were going to tire herself out chasing Donna around the ring. Every time the blonde grabbed for the brunette, Donna would escape Paula's grasp, often simply using her speed to leapfrog over the cowgirl.

When Paula did catch Donna, she staggered the brunette with a punch to the jaw and followed up with a knee to the stomach. More punching and kneeing by Paula put Donna in trouble.

Paula grabbed Donna's arm, twisted the wrist and bit *(Continued on page 71)*

Miss Kaye's wearing a ring and biting her rival both violated the rules, such as they are.

TRUST-BUSTER PLESTINA NO MATCH FOR JOHN PESEK

By TED CARROLL

THE late Bernarr MacFadden, one time newspaper publisher, physical culturist and octogenarian parachutist, didn't miss an involvement in the grappling game.

MacFadden, then publishing the New York Graphic, a daily best recalled for its eccentricities; decided that wrestling was being run by a "trust" and that this monopoly was among the worst afflictions of the time.

MacFadden, one of the most bizarre personalities of the Roaring Twenties, came to this conclusion during this period and decided to do something about it. Figuring that the most logical way to combat the cartel was to come up with a contender for the champion, Ed Strangler Lewis, MacFadden's agents dug up a semi-obscure Polish grappler, Marin Plestina, as their trust-busting instrument.

Inclined at first to laugh off the MacFadden menace, the syndicate headed by the bizarre Jack Curley, were forced into a re-evaluation of the situation when the publisher deposited a certified check for $50,000 with the New York State Athletic Commission to show he wasn't kidding.

Plestina's career had been nebulous but there was enough potential danger in his record to cause the monopolists to proceed with caution. In 1929, Ed Strangler Lewis was still a great wrestler and it would have taken an extraordinary matman to top him. But the combination, taking no chances, slyly suggested a test match with an established "shooter" for the newcomer. If successful, they assured the commission, a bout with the champion would be readily arranged for Plestina.

More knowledgeable wrestling operators than Plestina's backers would have thought a long time before they accepted the Curley nominee, for he turned out to be John Pesek.

Among wrestling insiders Pesek was considered a grappler of folk hero dimensions; a mat magician of such skill he eventually was driven out of the country and across the wide Pacific to far off Australia to get work.

The Plestina people apparently were not aware of this. If they were they had such faith in their own tiger that they figured the chance was worth taking. Plestina turned out to be an able wrestler and using his weight bulge—232 to 184 pounds for Pesek—to good advantage he put up a rugged struggle against the Tigerman before being tossed.

In encapsulated version, the Plestina ploy was the story of Pesek's grappling life. During the greater part of his career only the toughest or the most unwary would go to the mat with him. Once his services against the Plestina threat had been disposed of, the Trusters turned a deaf ear to his own pleas that he be given a chance at the aging Strangler, with the championship on the line.

For John Pesek it had always been that way ever since he came off a Nebraska ranch to launch his wrestling career back in 1912. Along with being one of the most gifted, he was also one of the smallest leading matmen of his time—weighing as little as 170 pounds.

Extremely quick and aggressive, his tagline of "Tigerman" was one of the best known nicknames in wrestling. He helped the image along by affecting a severe expression on the mat and in photographs but in private life he was a mild mannered, even-tempered family man with three children. He was of Bohemian extraction.

Pesek's first ambition was to be a boxer, but, inspired by the great fellow Nebraskans Joe Stecher and Earl Caddock, he turned to the mat instead. He patterned his style after that of Caddock, famed as "The Man of a Thousand Holds" and succeeded so well that he was often advertised as "The Man of a Thousand and One Holds."

Bulky local opposition was easy for the well coordinated ranch boy with the quick reflexes and when he defeated the touring Wladek Zbyszko in Nebraska in 1914 he moved into the top ranks.

In the years that followed, defeats were few and far between for John Pesek. For all of his skill, one man he did not beat was Ed Strangler Lewis, who he concedes, defeated him honestly and squarely. He charged this loss to Lewis' weight advantage, while admitting that the Strangler knew how to use his heft expertly.

Stecher also defeated Pesek. A return match developed one of the great wrestling controversies of the era. In Los Angeles in 1927, before 17,000 people, the pair battled grimly for more than an hour with each scoring a fall in the two out of three contest.

Pesek finally applied a neck hold, forced Stecher to the mat, and Joe surrendered. Wherewith the referee declared Pesek winner of the championship, then claimed by Stecher. Pesek went to bed that night with all the euphoria of a man who had realized a life long dream. He awoke to bitter disillusionment the following morning.

His fleeting reign as mat king had disappeared with the dawn's early light, for in a day-after decision, the referee reversed his ruling. He now said Pesek had been disqualified for "strangling" the "Scissors King."

The third man's tardy verdict stood up, and John Pesek never again got a chance to win the championship.

Bitterly frustrated, Pesek sought surcease in a long ocean trip to Australia, where he remained for more than a year. His skill and science far outclassed the Aussie opposition. He was undefeated in 47 successive matches and with competition vanishing, he returned to the United States.

The rest of his career was spent in a futile chase after the champions of his fading years, Ed Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos and Henri DeGlane. Pesek claimed to have engaged Londos 8 times, losing twice and pinning the charismatic Greek on the six other occasions.

In 1932 Pesek directed a continuing barrage of defiance to Londos to meet him. But to no avail. In commenting on the Greek's avoidance of him, the practical minded Pesek—a money conscious saving individual himself—conceded that since Londos earned more than a half million dollars in depression ridden 1932 against less formidable foes, why should he risk all against a tough problem like Pesek?

As champion, Lewis saw great prospects in Pesek as a "policeman" keeping troublesome challengers at bay, than as a prospective foe. Curley and cohorts were of like mind so, with little choice and a promise of steady work, Pesek felt it was to his best interests to go along with the proposition. It was in this role that he had sidetracked Plestina. He was called upon to play the same part in

(Continued on page 65)

..STAY OFFA THIS BEAT!

LEWIS AVE

..THE 'TRUST' MADE A COPPER OUT OF THE TIGERMAN..

..PESEK DIDNT GO IN FOR THE TRICK STUFF. BUT WAS A DYNAMIC GRAPPLER..

John PESEK

..THE NEBRASKA TIGERMAN.. TERRIFIED THE CHAMPIONS OF HIS TIME...

NEBRASKA TIGER MAN WAS ONE OF BEST

Here is the voluptuous Paulette Giret, mother of two, who now calls Melbourne, Australia her home. The Frenchwoman measure 42-26-36 and is rated the current queen of Australian rings.

FIREBRAND MRS. GIRET IS QUEEN OF AUSSIES

By L. MUIR

SYDNEY, Australia—Women wrestling is new to Australian mat fans. Only the most avid wrestling buff was aware of their tremendous appeal in both American and continental rings, so it came as a pleasant surprise when a troupe of American girls, led by Bette Boucher and Princess Little Cloud, proved to be a smash success in Sydney Stadium.

The appearance of the American girls in the big arenas sparked considerable interest in women in the ring. However it is a little known fact that for some time past Australian girls have been appearing in some of the smaller arenas and nightclubs in Melbourne. Paulette Giret, Liza Oliver, Rona Flynn, Lorraine and Christine Rose-Meyer, Bernice Kopple and Elfe Dengler are pioneers of Australian women's wrestling.

Queen of Australian rings is attractive blonde Paulette Giret. This voluptuous Frenchwoman who now calls Melbourne, her home, learned her trade on the European circuit, and boasts of success in the wild brawling nightclub rings of Hamburg, Germany.

The five feet six inch Paulette tips the scales at 143 pounds and is an eye popping 42-26-36. She is anxious to coax some of the American girls into the ring with her, and knowing Paulette's iron determination this will eventuate. Mrs. Giret is the mother of two teenage sons, and possibly the secret of her success lies in her remark, "When I fight I know I have to win because I would not like my boys to see me get beaten."

On arrival in Australia Paulette was disappointed to find she could not get opponents. She became a regular attendee at the stadium and one night, at ringside, was introduced to a husky young blonde, Elfe Dengler. The women agreed to a match. Giret and Dengler fought four times, their last encounter being stopped when Paulette applied pressure to an arm-lock, dislocating her rival's shoulder. Attractive blonde Rona Flynn and the big New Zealand girl "The Black Flash" have each tried unsucceessfully to wrest the crown from Paulette's golden locks. But the queen remains undefeated.

Paulette "loves to fight." On the horizon is a challenger who may whip (*Continued on page* 65)

The powerful Dick (Bulldog) Brower, who claims he's doing the fans a great service by playing rough in the ring, thus giving them an emotional outlet through heaping verbal abuse upon him.

Bulldog Insists He Gives Fans Money's Worth

By SAM COHEN

A PRO wrestling veteran whose tactics arouse viewers to wrath, Dick (Bulldog) Brower quaintly claims that while his brutal ways anger fans, he is actually performing a service.

"I provide an emotional outlet for the spectators," the powerful matman from Toronto asserts. "What I do in the ring not only entertains them but also lets them get rid of pent-up feelings. When it's all over and they've used me as a target for verbal abuse, they're relaxed."

And stirring up patrons has been a lucrative habit for the 34-year-old grappler during his first 10 years in the profession. It's brought loads of big-paying work throughout the U.S., Canada and foreign lands, such as Japan and Australia. But there's a price to pay, in the form of harassment by fans driven by extreme hate.

The Bulldog tells about it in a manner that indicates he shrugs it off as an occupational hazard that's more than offset by his consistently high earnings.

"I get all kinds of threatening calls and notes. I'm bothered when I stay in different hotels on the road. Odd things are mailed to me, like dog biscuits. But I take it all with a smile. I figure hate makes the turnstiles click—and I benefit from that."

Underlining the latter is Brower's proud report that, "I've had several years of earning $100,000-plus every year, including a gross of around $127,000 in 1962."

Being a big drawing card in Canada has had much to do with that. Typically, he had a run of three years where he was in the main event on each occasion as weekly shows were held in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. "They came to see me get beat —there and in other spots in Canada where I got a lot of work, like Vancouver, Halifax and Newfoundland," he asserts with an air of pride.

He is a native of Wilmington, Del., but settled in Canada "because I like the country and have made a great deal of money there." Back home in Toronto, he has a wife and two daughters, aged six and two.

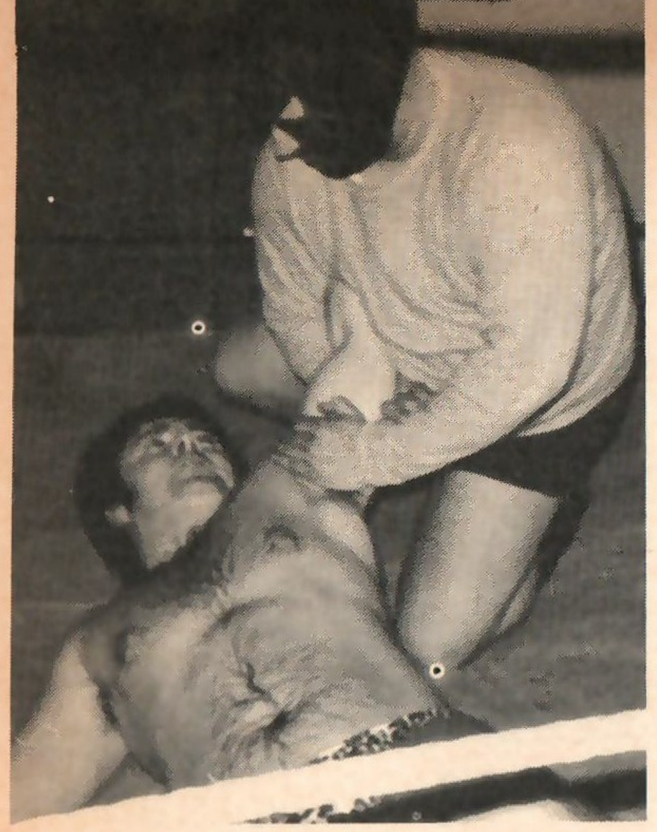
In physique, the Bulldog is the personification of sheer power. His 5-10 frame carries 283 pounds, with a barrel-chest that expands to 60 inches, standout pectoral muscles, arms that measure 21 inches in circumference and huge hips. Incongruously, this portrait of tremendous strength is topped off by a set of baby-blue eyes.

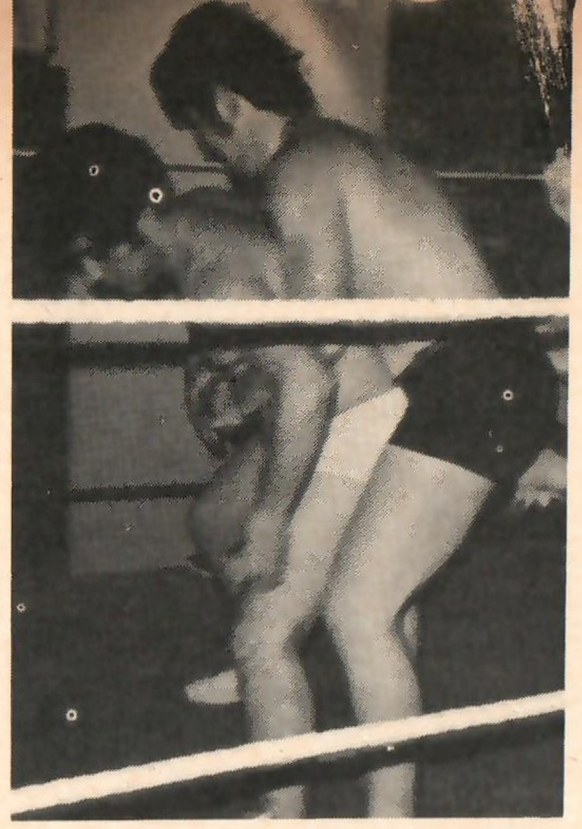
Recalling the start in his violence-packed vocation, Brower reveals; "I always wanted to become a wrestler, from kid days. I engaged in YMCA bouts and did a lot of weight-lifting. That helped me get ready. Working out against professionals at the Wilmington 'Y' helped me get a start as a pro—and I was on my way."

The Bulldog spent some time at the University of Delaware, where he played football as a lineman, but didn't complete his courses there. He learned the trade of steelworker during Summer vacations from school but gave it up eventually to turn pro wrestler.

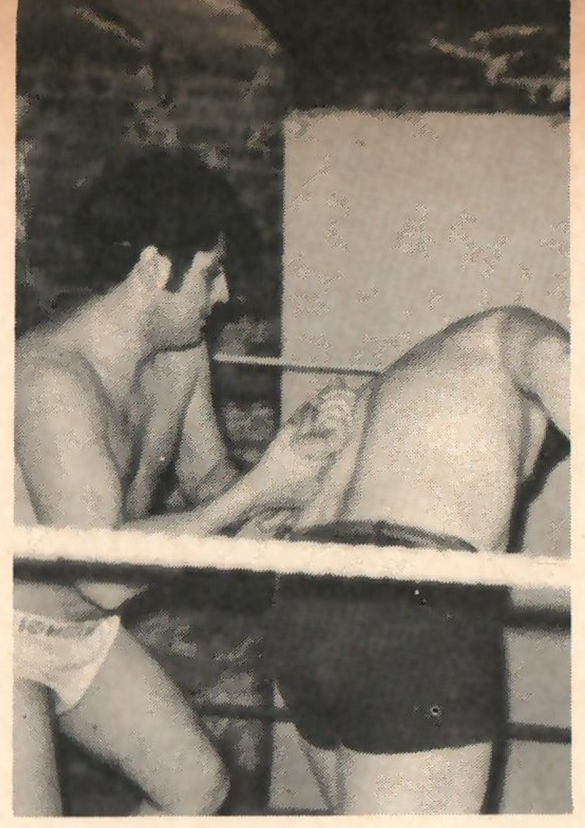
"I was attracted by the big money in wrestling—and I figured I had the size and ability to make good," he explains. "When I started working out with *(Continued on page 64)*

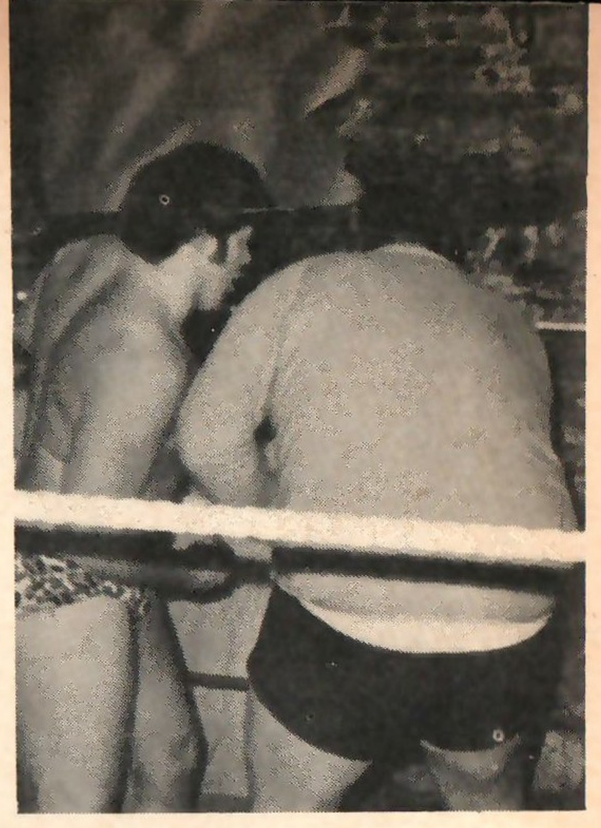
Brower listens closely as he gets a few instructions—or are they warnings?—from referee Eddie (Moore) Petrovick prior to a show at Bridgeport, Conn.





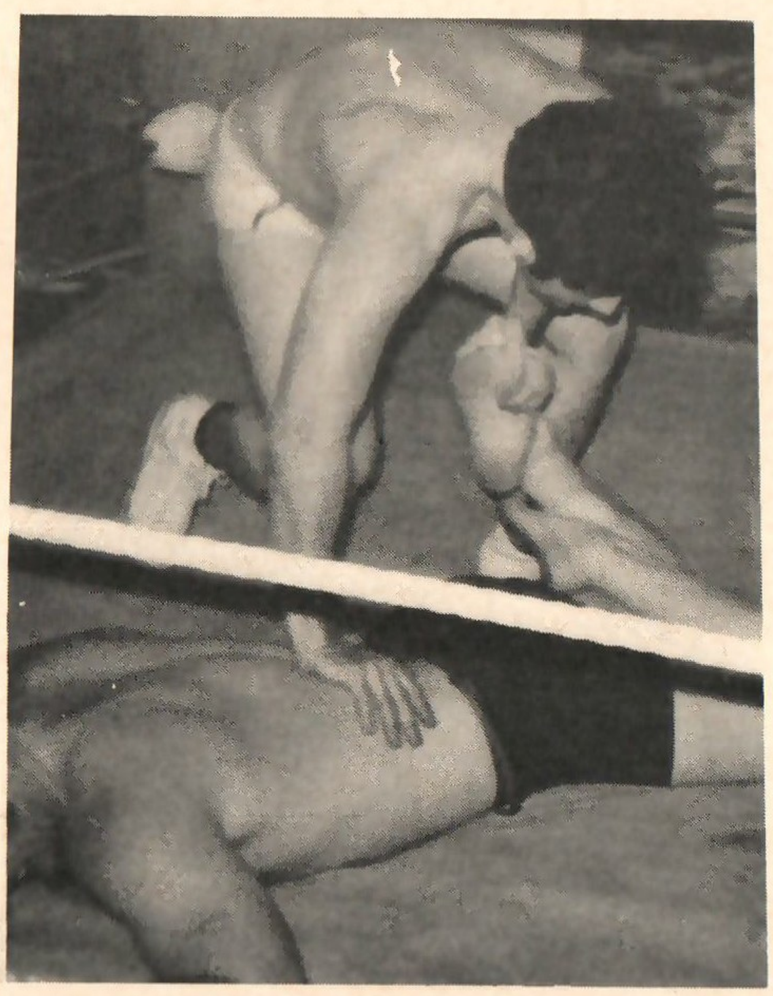
(Left) Pupil Kevin Sullivan being shown a few tricks with the arm lock by pro Masked Maltese. (Right) Scholar Vandell shows coach Del Monico that he is not entirely lacking in grappling knowhow.

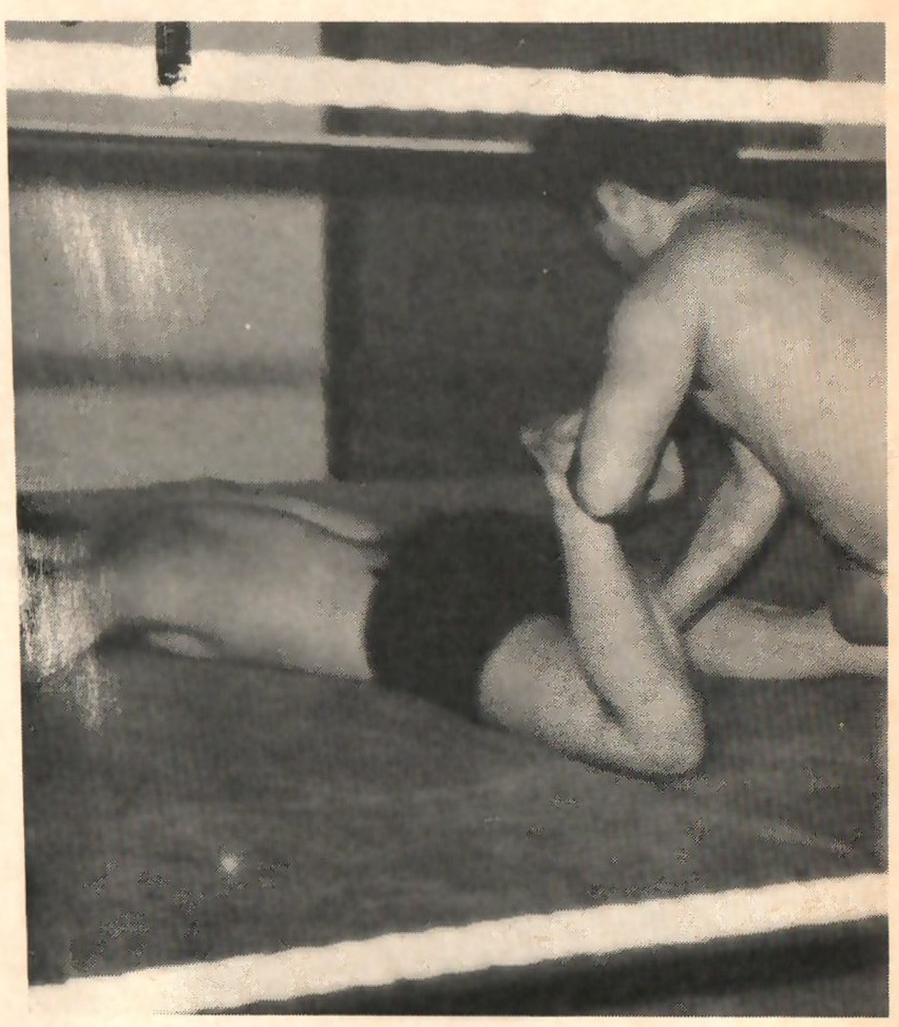




Teacher (Del Monico) turns on a painful interlude for tyro Vandell. Sullivan suddenly takes the initiative an pulls a couple of stunts on the Maltese.

FREE SCHOOL IN BOSTON





(Left) Surprise! Sullivan shows the Maltese that he knows about the head scissors. (Center) Professor Del Monico shows pupil Vandell how to apply the leg lock. (Right) Student Vandell may be starting to doubt his potential as a professional.

By FRANK SANTIN, Jr.

BOSTON, Mass.—There are schools for artists, schools for teachers, and for writing. So, why not for wrestling?

Ed May, owner and manager of the grapplers' academy, started his own school nearly a year ago.

Young men, midgets, and girls are taught to wrestle at no charge. For this, successful graduates will wrestle under the management of Ed May for two years, and then they will be on their own.

Paul Del Monico, a capable trainer, teacher the young men to wrestle. When he thinks they are ready to go out on the road he will let them know immediately. They train twice a week for three hours.

May has made arrangements with promoters through-out the country to use his wrestlers. Also if the wrestlers wish they may work in Canada and South America. May is now trying to make arrangements with promoters in Europe.

Del Monico and May will not let just anybody in the school. You must show wrestling aptitudes with-in the first two lessons before being allowed to continue in the school.

May received a quick response from one young man. He is Kevin F. Sullivan, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, 230 pounds in weight. Kevin says, "I want to wrestle my own style and way." He wants to wrestle all over the world. He would rather wrestle scientifically but if he has to, he will turn rough. Sullivan admires Bruno Sammartino.

MAYNE LATEST PRIDE OF NORTHWEST

Both as an individual and as a tag team star with Frankie Laine, Lonnie Mayne has made himself the favorite and the big draw in the Pacific Northwest country. He is a native of Salt Lake City.

By SUSAN LONG

LONNIE MAYNE is big, blond and popular. Only a year ago the fans were booing him. Now the cries are, "We want Lonnie!" or "Go, Lonnie, go!"

Maybe the von Steiger brothers, Kurt and Karl, or Beauregarde and The Claw make Mayne so popular. There are serious grudges involved.

Lonnie was born in Salt Lake City 25 years ago. His father, Kenny, was at one time highly rated and is still in excellent condition, even though he retired years ago. Mayne Sr. has been wrestling alongside of his son in the Pacific Northwest circuit.

Lonnie weighs around 285 and is six feet in height. He is managed by Tony Borne, a wrestler.

Mayne holds top billing in the Northwest, owning one-half of the tag-team championship. Cowboy Frankie Laine owns the other half of the tag-leadership. He has wrestled Stan Stasiak, Don Leo Jonathan, Pepper Gomez, Haystacks Calhoun, Gene Kiniski, Dory Funk Jr. and many others. Recently he wrestled Funk Jr. It went to a time-limit draw.

One of Lonnie's fiercest feuds, perhaps the longest the Northwest has seen, was against Roger "Rip" Kirby. Kirby came up from San Francisco and wrestled tag with an old partner-manager of Lonnie's, Beauregarde.

Kirby took the heavyweight lead from Mayne for a short time, and Beauregarde and Kirby were team leaders for an even shorter period before Lonnie and Tony Borne regained the supremacy.

Kirby blamed Beauregarde for the loss of their tag-team laurels, and threatened to hit him. Beauregarde extended his hand, wanting to be friends, or so Kirby thought.

When Rip shook his hand, Beauregarde threw his thumb into Kirby's throat. Kirby left the Northwest. Beauregarde remained and brought in another partner named The Claw.

Nobody knows anything about The Claw, and Beauregarde is doing his best to make sure it stays that way. The Claw wears a mask.

Lonnie does a lot of motorcycle racing and owns stock in a motorcycle shop.

Mayne takes part in all types of bouts, logger matches, cage bouts, battles royal and matches in which his partner has been chained to his opponent's partner.

He's a showman, but basically he's a great athlete.

Lonnie uses a large variety of holds. The stratagem most often used by Mayne to finish off an opponent is a leap off the top ropes. Sometimes Lonnie misses and the effect on him is, let us say, unpleasant.

Lonnie has won a place in the hearts of Pacific Northwest wrestling fans as their "favorite son."

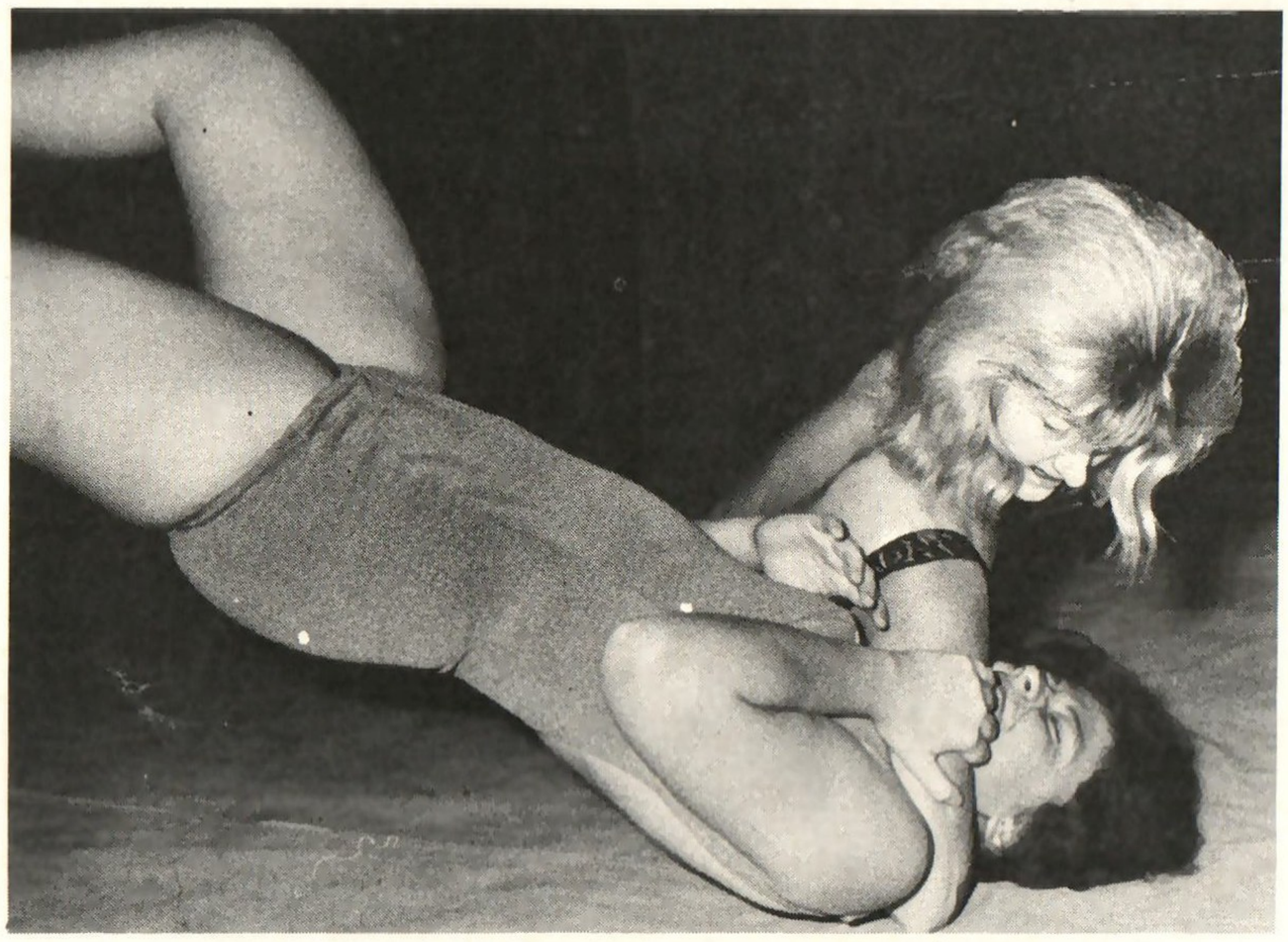
"One Mistake Is Too Many," Bemoans Sandy Stevens

By BOB HICKMAN

PRETTY blonde girl wrestler Sandy Stevens used her speed and skill on big, rugged redhead Kathy O'Day to gain the advantage in a recent match. Then Sandy made a mistake—the only mistake she made in the entire match. Kathy was sharp enough to capitalize on it and pull off an upset. We showed photos of the fight to the girls separately. Their verbatim comments are a better explanation than we could write. Here's what they said:

KATHY:

"This headlock she had on me was pretty solid. I couldn't kick out of it. She is a lot stronger than she looks."



SANDY:

"Well, I had a good headlock here, but I could not do anything with it. She kicked around so much I couldn't get on her for a pin. So, I decided to let her go and take her with my specialty, a flying head scissors."

KATHY:

"When I got loose, just as soon as I got on my feet, she hit me with this head scissors. Her legs were around my head and she was trying to make me fall, but she wasn't big enough and I just stood there and pried her legs apart to break her hold."

SANDY:

"I got her with the scissors OK. But I couldn't get her to fall down. Then I realized I didn't have enough weight to pull her down. She wouldn't let me get off her. She was holding me up and working her head out of my thighs."

KATHY:

"This was good. I put her in a leg lock and doubled it by pulling her head back. She could hardly fight back and the hurt was in her backbone. She was moaning and I just kept bending her double 'till she gave up. I felt real good because she gave up, that's why I'm kind of smiling in the picture."

SANDY:

"It felt like she was tying my spine in a knot. My head hurt and I was dizzy, too. I hated to do it, but I hurt so much and I couldn't get loose, so I had to give up. I learned one thing; even if you've got a girl almost beat, just one mistake is too many in wrestling."

KATHY:

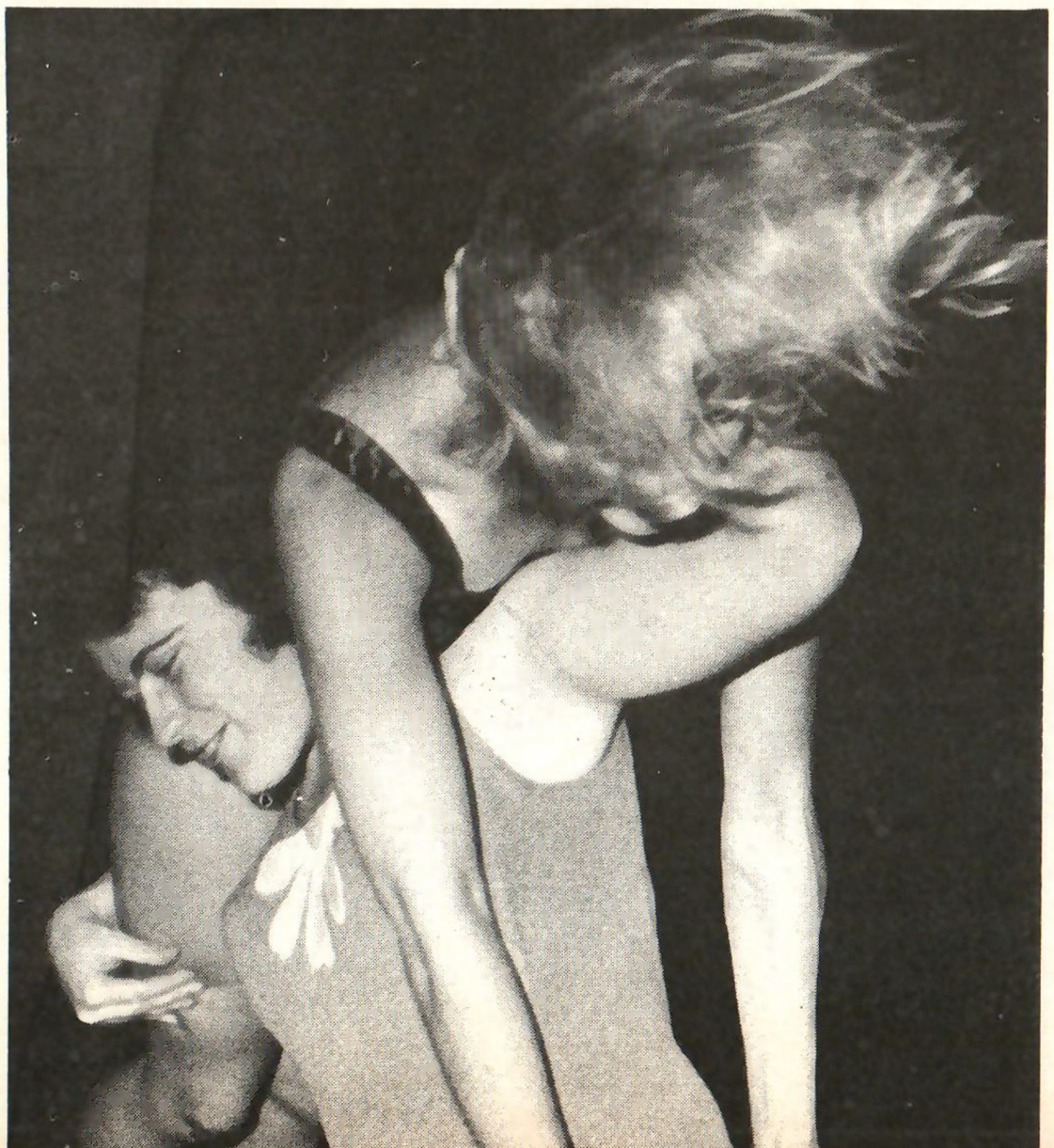
". . . Yeah, here's where I threw her off my back."

SANDY:

"That's where she body-slammed me. I hit on my head and neck hard. I saw stars . . ."

KATHY:

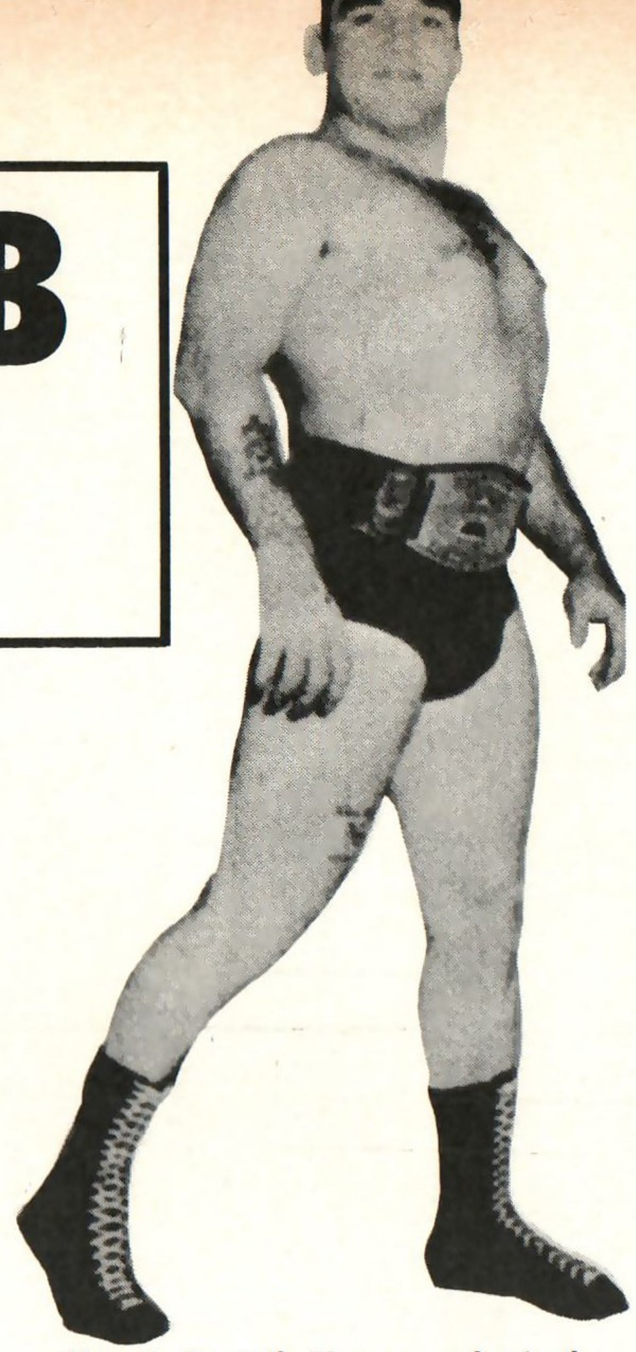
"I got her across my shoulders and tried to get leverage to hurt her and make her submit, but I could not get anything, so I airplane spinned her to make her dizzy."



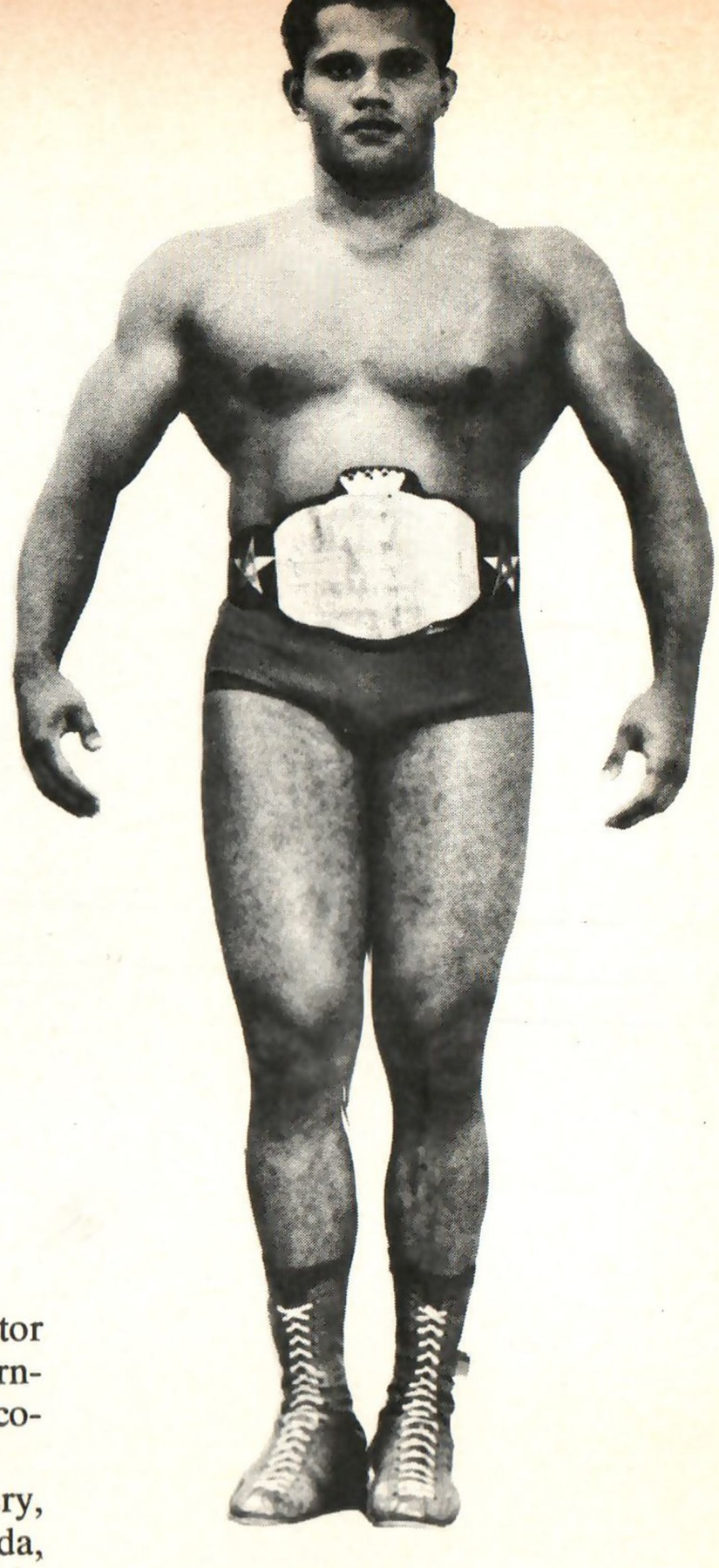
SANDY:

"I was trapped on her shoulders and she wouldn't let me loose. She spun me around and around and I got dizzy . . ."

FAN CLUB NEWS



Here is Sputnik Monroe, who is the honoree of a new Fan Club organized by Danny Goddard in Atlanta.



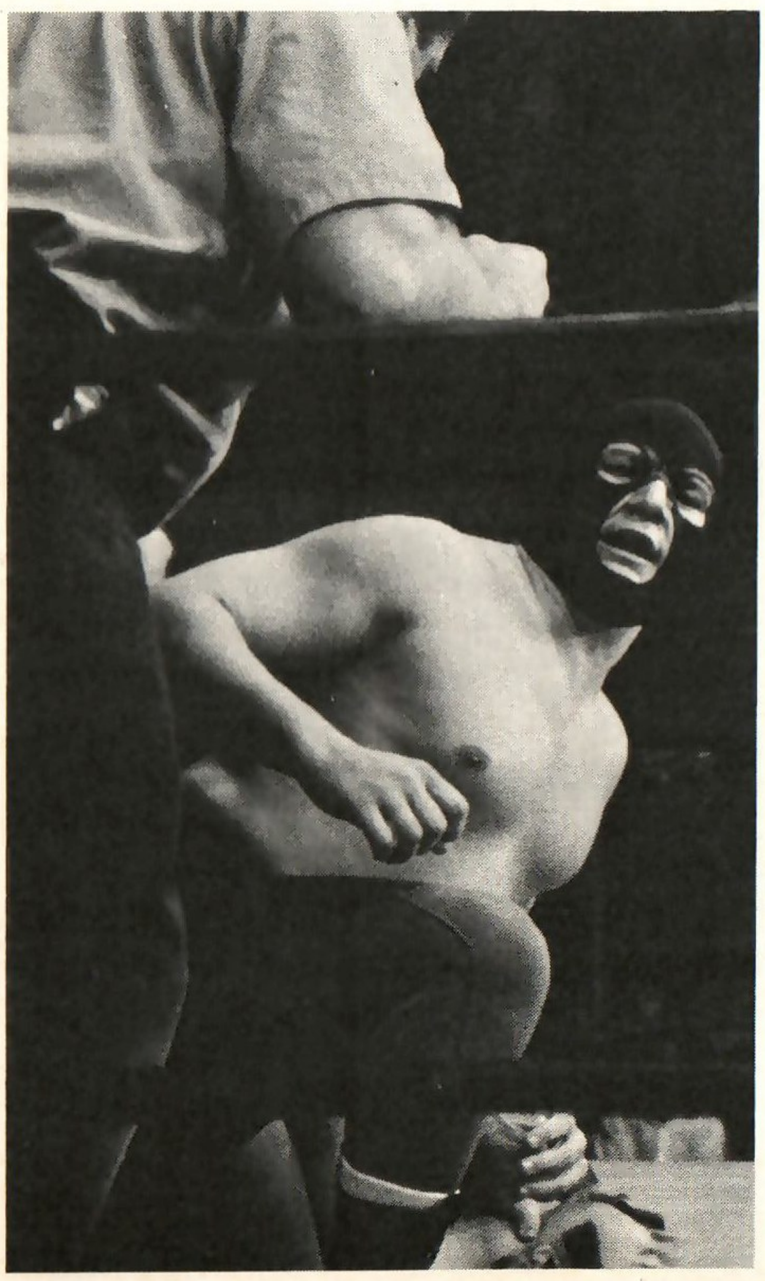
A well put together hombre is Victor Rivera, champion of Puerto Rico, who is the name guy of a club operated all the way in Brooklyn.

By DAVE SLOAN

THE wrestling world is still buzzing over the most recent Madison Square Garden cards presented in New York by Vince McMahon. The first card featuring Bruno Sammartino vs. Crusher Verdu drew over 20,000. The re-match attracted the unbelievable total of 21,000, the biggest crowd in either the old or new Garden to view professional wrestling. Congratulations are in order for Vince.

Next to Sammartino, Victor Rivera is the biggest hero in the East. He now has a fan club, run by Andrew Perlmutter, who lives at 1795 Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11234. Judging from the club's first bulletin, this club should go places.

The third annual WFIA Convention is over, but memories undoubtedly linger. The affair was held July 28, 29, and 30, at the Delano Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida. Wrestling Fans International Association Executive Director Don Wilson reported a splendid turnout. Miami promoter Chris Dundee cooperated to the fullest.



The battler on left in the mask is Pat Patterson, who has been honored with organization of a club with headquarters in San Francisco.

Diana Barry, General Delivery, Ladysmith, British Columbia, Canada, is looking for girls to oppose her in amateur wrestling. Interested gals should contact Diana at the given address.

A new club, "The North American Wrestling Scene" has been started by Erik Berry, 1360 Cornell Way, Sacramento, Cal. 95831. The club sends out bi-monthly bulletins of at least ten pages each and members also receive a photo with each issue. Dues are $2.00 a year. Erik also offers a printing service for fan club bulletins.

The Freddie Curry Fan Club is still flying high! Club president Chris McConnell wants more members. Her address is 801 Lafayette Street, Bay City, Mich. 48706. Remember, please, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope whenever writing to a fan club president for information or questions.

To all fan club presidents—join fellow club presidents, the group headed by Mrs. Henrietta O. Alden. She's the publicity co-ordinator and director of the National and International Fan Club Week. Henrietta can be reached at 1620 Hayes Street, San Francisco, Cal. 94117.

Russ Zarallean, Jr., 1143 Southwest 12th Court, Miami, Florida, 33135, offers wrestlers in action on tape!

Bruce Brill would like to hear from New York and Pittsburgh fans who are interested in trading results, bulletins, autographs, and programs from championship matches. Bruce is at 3900 Bailey Avenue, Bronx, New York, 10463.

The Danny Hodge Fan Club, Opal Mae Ronspiez, president, is celebrating its fifth anniversary. This club remains one of the top organizations year after year. Write to Opal Mae at Post Office Box 103, Kingfisher, Oklahoma, 73750.

Richard Laurence, 15031 Alma, Detroit, Mich. 48205, has approximately

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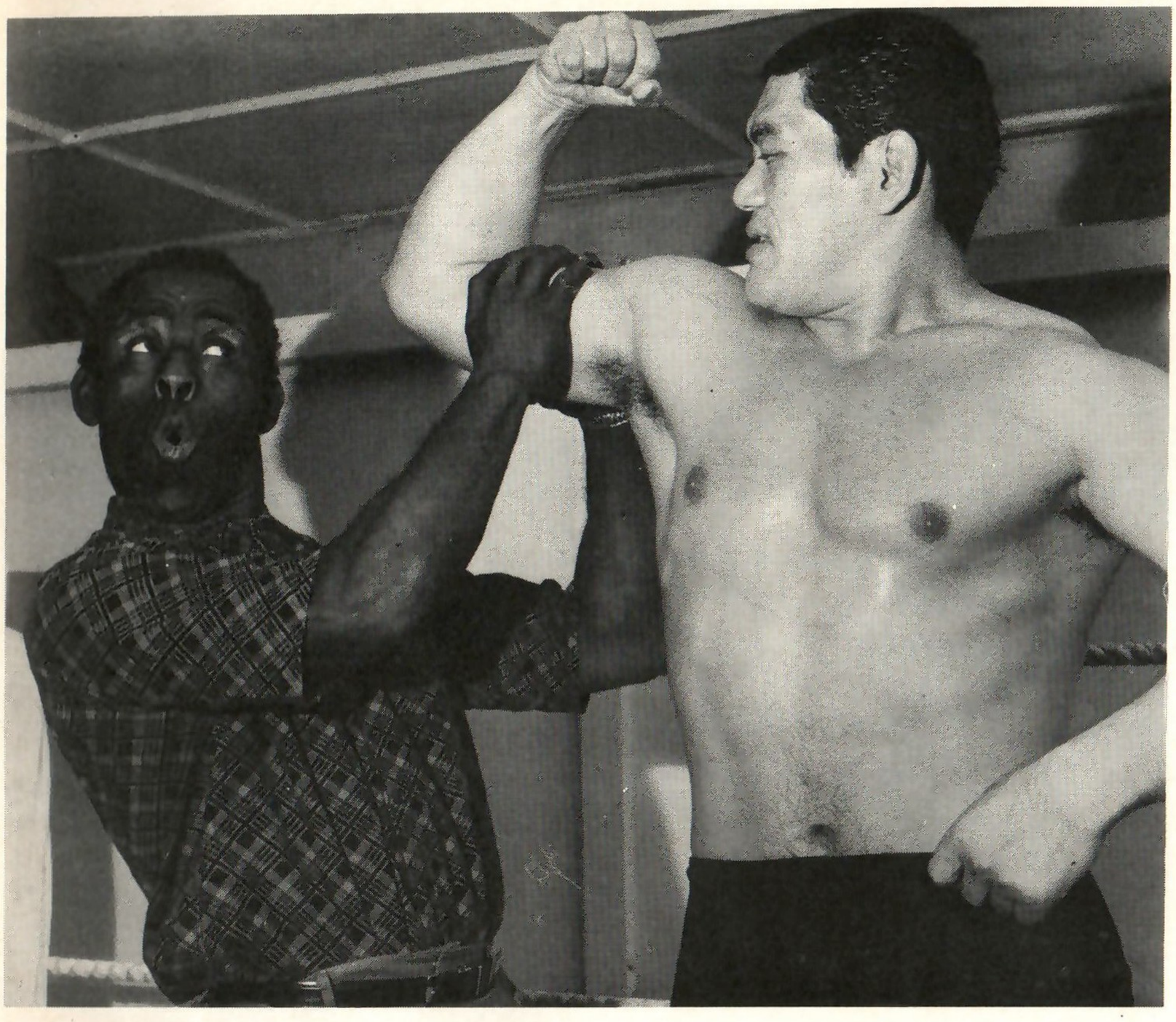
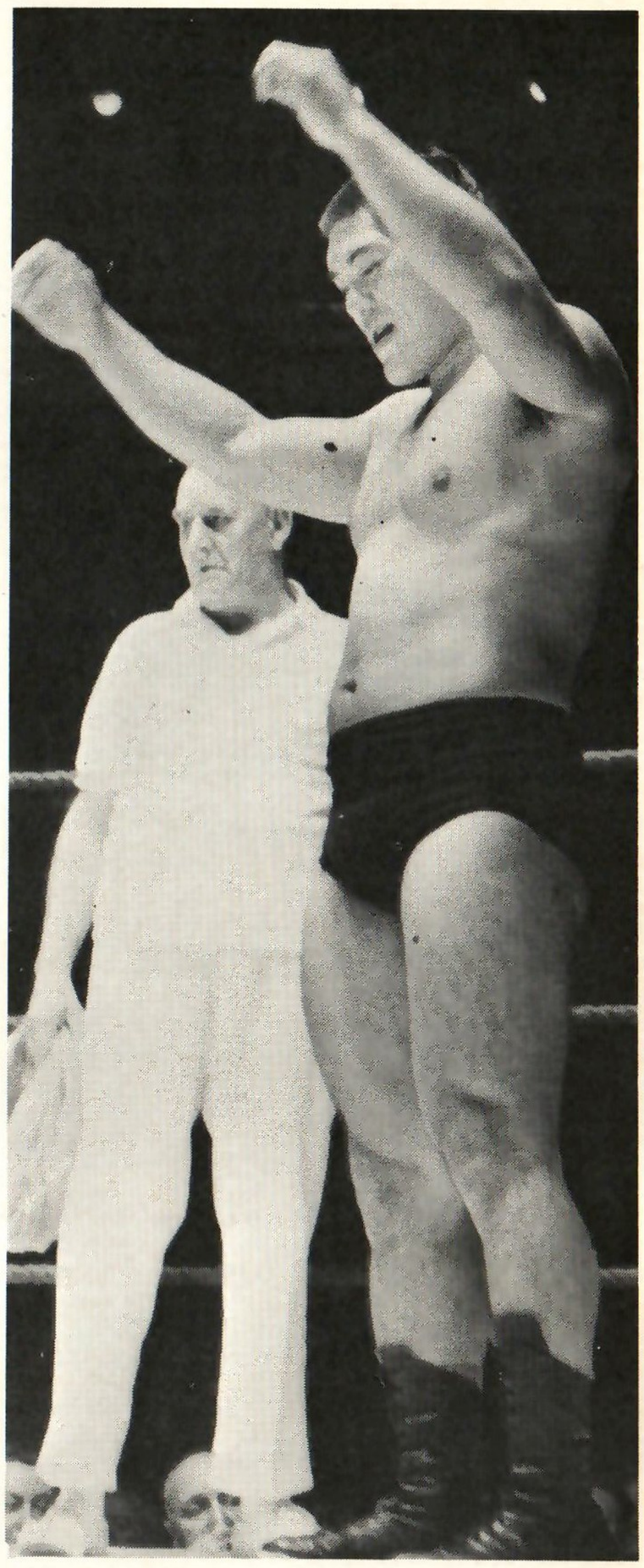




(Above) During a visit to Dale Martin's Gym in London, Shozo Kobayashi lets Johnny Kwango feel his muscle. (Right) Kobayashai takes the plaudits of the crowd after being declared the winner of a recent bout.

JAPANESE CHAMP A HIT WITH BRITISH

By MARIO MULDOON

LONDON, Eng.—The 6-foot 4-inch 260 pound heavyweight champion of Japan, Shozo Kobayashi, in the past few weeks has become one of the most popular wrestlers in Great Britain.

Within a few days of his arrival he was trying very hard to speak English and making friends everywhere he went. His charm and politeness certainly make him one of the best ambassadors we have had visit us for many years.

With only three years of professional wrestling behind him, Shozo has already pushed himself up into the world class of matmen and, on this his first trip outside his native country, he intends to wrestle in as many countries as possible and perhaps end up in America with a crack at the world title.

Since his arrival in this country, most of his contests have ended via the short KO route, and he remains undefeated.

Shozo is managed by George de Relwyskow of Relwyskow and Green Promotions. During a recent trip up to London where Shozo was to wrestle at the Royal Albert Hall for Dale Martin Promotions, Ltd., Mr. Relwyskow took Shozo on a tour of London that included Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London and Billingsgate Fish Market.

Shozo had his camera click, click, clicking all the time, and by the time he gets back home he should have plenty of photos of his world trip to remember in his old age.

Before turning professional wrestler, Shozo was a weightlifter of some note. As for his physique, perhaps the fact that he holds the titles of "Mr. Tokyo," "Mr. Japan" and "Mr. Body Beautiful" has something to do with that.

Shozo tries very hard to tell us that he likes England, and what's more we like Shozo.

That shiny, opulent-looking car belongs to the man backed against it. He is former wrestler Pretty Boy Floyd (Emerson) who now is the promoter at Corpus Christi, Tex. Below, we note that Emerson's success as a promoter traces to his experience on the mat. Here is one of his SRO crowds in the Corpus Christi arena.

PRETTY BOY FLOYD DOUBLES AS LAW MAN

By HERMAN MARSHALL

THE plainclothes cop knocked on the heavy door and then braced himself for action. On the other side of the door the owner of the gambling den started to open a "hamburger chute," a small sliding opening through which food was passed or visiters were looked over.

When he opened the door he received something quite unexpected as a detective came flying through the opening. This sudden move allowed Floyd Emerson to gain entrance before the evidence was destroyed. This incident took place years ago and led to one of hundreds of arrests Floyd has made.

One of Emerson's good ones. Valentine and McDaniel battling on left, with Val holding upper hand.

Floyd was a wrestler then. Today he is the Corpus Christi, Tex. promoter, detective sergeant of homicide, and a cattle rancher. Floyd's story is a long and colorful one.

Floyd was born forty-one years ago in Texas. He grew up in Oklahoma. In childhood he engaged in friendly gang fights unlike their current counterparts. In school he played basketball and boxed. At the early age of 16 he agreed to enlist in the army when he was 17.

Floyd's earliest ambition was to be a law officer. His grandfather was an Oklahoma deputy sheriff. But he would have to wait. When he reached his 17th birthday he joined the army. He was assigned to tanks. After he had served his time he enlisted in the Air Force. Here he served as a cook. After this hitch he enlisted in the Merchant Marine, where he served as a chief cook.

In 1952 after nine years in service, he landed at Corpus Christi, by the sea, and decided to stay. Floyd, who was also a movie projectionist, obtained a job at a local drive-in.

In 1953 he realized his ambition as he joined the police force. He was in uniform less than eight months when he was promoted to plainclothes the vice squad.

In 1956 he was working off-duty as a ring policeman at

Valentine and McDaniel still are at it, but the action no longer is confined to the ring. They are brawling Texas style.

Fritz Von Erich and Valentine are battling as if the world title were at stake. Both are rough boys.

one of the local arenas. One night a local wrestler, Buddy Rodgers, approached Floyd and asked him if he ever thought of being a wrestler. Floyd said no but thought it would be a good idea to stay in shape.

So Buddy Rodgers, Danny McShane, and Otto Kuss began training him. One year later he was ready for his first match. Floyd obtained permission from the Chief of Police to become a wrestler. His first match was with Fidel Torres. He also was in the eight man tag team main event.

He lost this bout but went on to win 80% of his matches. He used the Indian Deathlock to gain this record. His weight never went much over 200 pounds.

Floyd wrestled as "Pretty Boy Floyd." He fought throughout Texas and the South. He fought many stars including the Clawman, the Fields Brothers, the Mighty Yankees, Tiger Conway, Paul Boesch, and Mario Rios. His favorite tagteam partners were Col. Stu Gibson and Jack Donovan. His greatest match was when he unmasked the Clawman, Ike Eikens.

Pretty Boy Floyd was a popular wrestler. He appeared in Corpus Christi 18 successive weeks in 1964. He was also tough. He remembers the night in Alice, Texas when he whipped a wrestler so bad that he quit wrestling. Floyd said he beat him so badly that even Floyd's wife complained to him about it.

Floyd's career came to an end in 1965 when, in a match with Swede Karlsen, he was caught in a backbreaker hold. This started his back trouble which he is still bothered with. The Corpus Christi promoter, faced with loss of his biggest crowd pleaser, Pretty Boy Floyd, was forced to shut down several months later.

In 1966 Floyd came to the rescue as he and Florentino Sheldon bought the Sportatorium and began holding weekly matches. The Von Erichs, the Spoilers, the Kozaks, the Currys, Gene Kiniski, Johnny Valentine, Wahoo McDaniel, the Lotharios, Thunderbolt Patterson, and many more have appeared in that ring. Floyd is determined to make Corpus the wrestling capital of the world.

The pace in a Wahoo match got too hot even for Corpus Christi. Above we see Floyd and aids leading Wahoo off to the cooling room.

Floyd is still busy these days. Besides being a promoter and detective he also owns the Diamond Four-E cattle ranch. He also appears throughout Texas as a special referee. Floyd also trains local wrestlers. He donates his time and equipment free to these men.

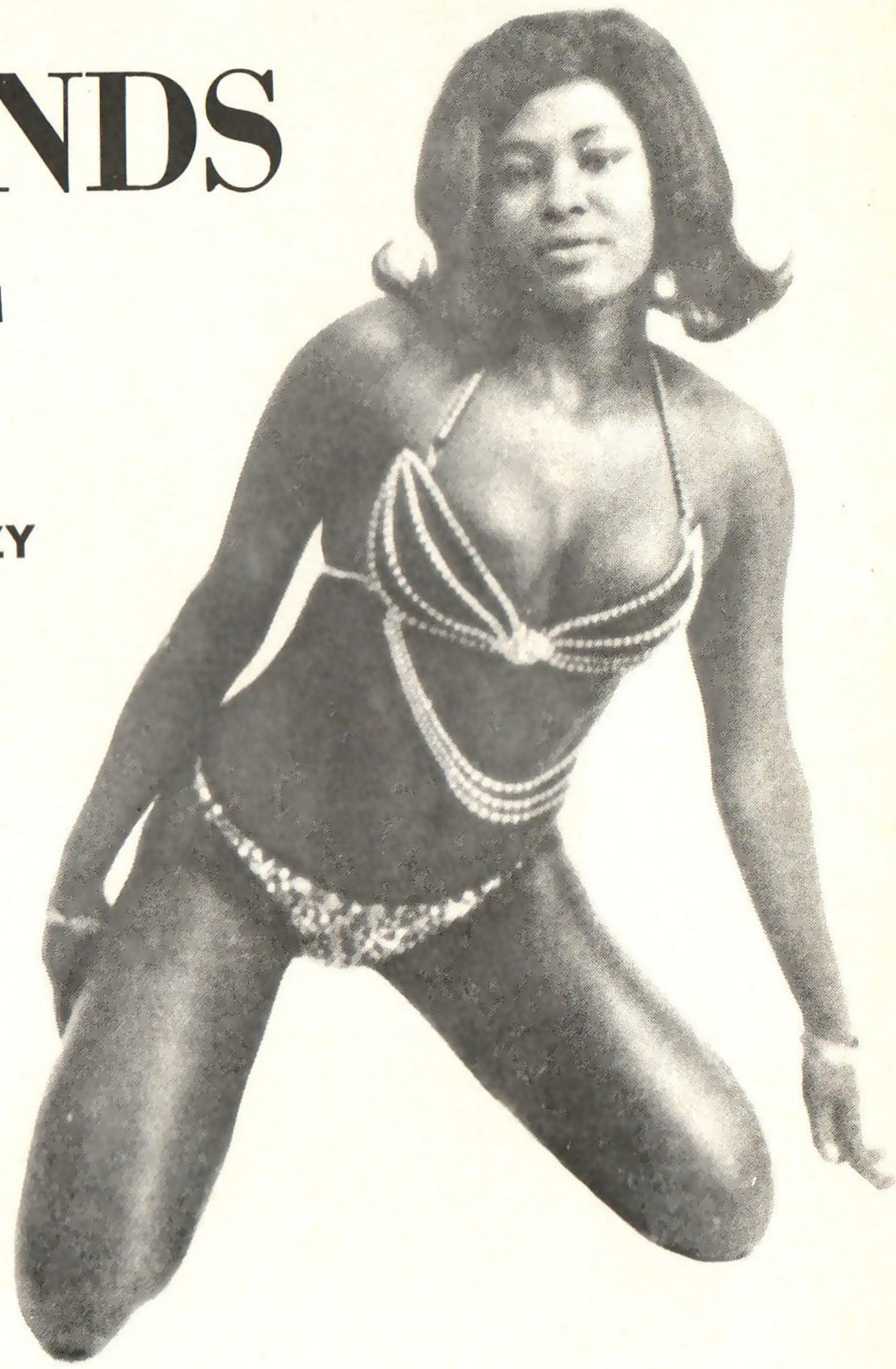
Floyd gets them bookings throughout the U.S.A. He predicts one of his newest discoveries will go far. He is Bob Windham. Bob is a former college star football player. He played for the New York Jets and the Denver Broncos.

(*Continued on Page 71*)

SQUAW GAL STANDS OUT

By MICHEL BEZY

The cat-like beauty of Kassandra graces the rings of France these days. This delectable dish can also wrestle with the best, it is said.



PARIS, France—With all of their skill and acumen, American wrestling promoters have to look to a small town in France called Nagaro for fresh ideas, and a gimmick which they would do well to imitate.

The new idea was demonstrated at Nagaro with a championship tag team tournament reserved for young female grapplers.

The tournament brought out 30 girls. Would a similar event in the United States attract anywhere near that number of entries?

The Nagaro tournament was devised and conducted by Henri Moolenaar.

The tourney lasted three days and attracted 14,000 persons, quite a showing for so small a venue.

The matches brought out a 22-year-old-Indian girl who works as The Squaw. She is supple, well conditioned, superbly formed. She should develop fast in wrestling techniques. She won with Princess Toomah.

The most ferocious tag team in the tournament was that of Ines the Gypsy, and Carmela Rodriquez. They showed the greatest violence and would outdo even the most ferocious contestants in American rings.

The celebrated Black Bomb is about as beautiful as any female wrestler you will find in all Europe.

The Russian female contingent is growing fast in France. Many of the Ruskies come from the steppes of the Ukraine.

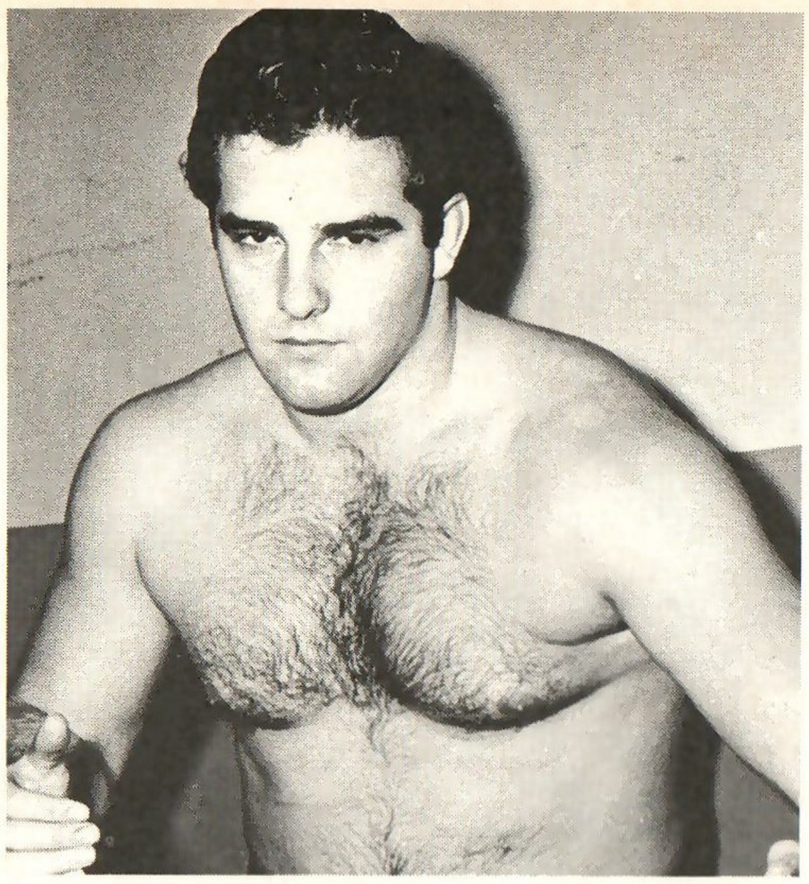
Mado Bianco, from Bordeaux, following in the footsteps of Camps and Jacki Robin, also from that city, has shown marked progress.

So has the widow of the tragic Harlem Jimmy Brown. Also of high promise are the Israeli girl Aycan Gul, who is a real beauty, and the Canadian Odile La Rose. Odile is as yet under-trained but she is determined.

Sylvia Morelli, who for years was a standout *(Continued on page 71)*

(Above) La Bombe Noire (Black Bomb) is one of the most attractive gals performing in European tournaments. She and Aycan Gul reached the semi-finals of the recent Nagaro eliminations.

(Right) Madame Louise Cean is a fine figure of a woman at the age of 57. She's 5-8 and weighs 170. She's participated in 600 amateur contests, emerging victorious in 565 of them, the latest being her triumph at Nagaro.



MARK LEWIN

OFFICIAL WORLD RATINGS

Ring Wrestling Magazine Ratings are based on performance not only between issues of this publication but upon the overall records of the wrestlers. Performances and evidence of skills are the paramount guides. There's no possibility here of mistaking popularity for technical merit.

MEN

1—BRUNO SAMMARTINO

2—RAY STEVENS

3—VERNE GAGNE

4—GENE KINISKI

5—MARK LEWIN

6—DORY FUNK, JR.

7—BILLY RED LYONS

8—DICK THE BRUISER

9—BOBO BRAZIL

10—THE SHEIK

11—CICLON NEGRO

12—NELSON ROYAL

13—JOHNNY VALENTINE

14—KILLER KOWALSKI

15—GORILLA MONSOON

16—PEPPER GOMEZ

17—PAT PATTERSON

18—THE GREAT PAMPERO

19—JACKIE FARGO

20—LONNIE MAYNE

WOMEN

1—TONI ROSE

2—FABULOUS MOOLAH

3—PENNY BANNER

4—VIVIAN VACHON

5—BARBARA NICHOLS

6—DONNA CHRISTANTELLO

7—BETTY NICCOLI

8—TAMMY JONES

9—SANDY PARKER

10—VIKI WILLIAMS

11—PRINCESS LITTLE CLOUD

12—LUCILLE DUPRE

13—JOYCE GRABLE

14—LINDA KLEIN

15—MARVA SCOTT

16—KAY NOBLE

17—CORA COMBS

18—JESSICA ROGERS

19—BONNIE WATSON

20—JEAN ANTONE

TAG TEAMS

1—THE SCOTT BROTHERS

2—MITSU ARAKAWA AND PROFESSOR TANAKA

3—BRUNO SAMMARTINO AND VICTOR RIVERA

4—BEPO AND GAETO MONGOL

5—EDOUARD CARPENTIER AND PEPPER GOMEZ

6—GORILLA MONSOON AND BIG BILL MILLER

7—GEORGE BECKER AND JOHNNY WEAVER

8—MAURICE AND PAUL VACHONE

9—RED BASTIEN AND RED LYONS

10—RIP HAWK AND SWEDE HANSON

11—THE MASKED INFERNOS

12—DON AND AL GREENE

13—SAM STEAMBOAT AND CICLON NEGRO

14—STAN PULASKI AND REGGIE PARKS

15—KARL KOVACS AND IVAN KOLOFF

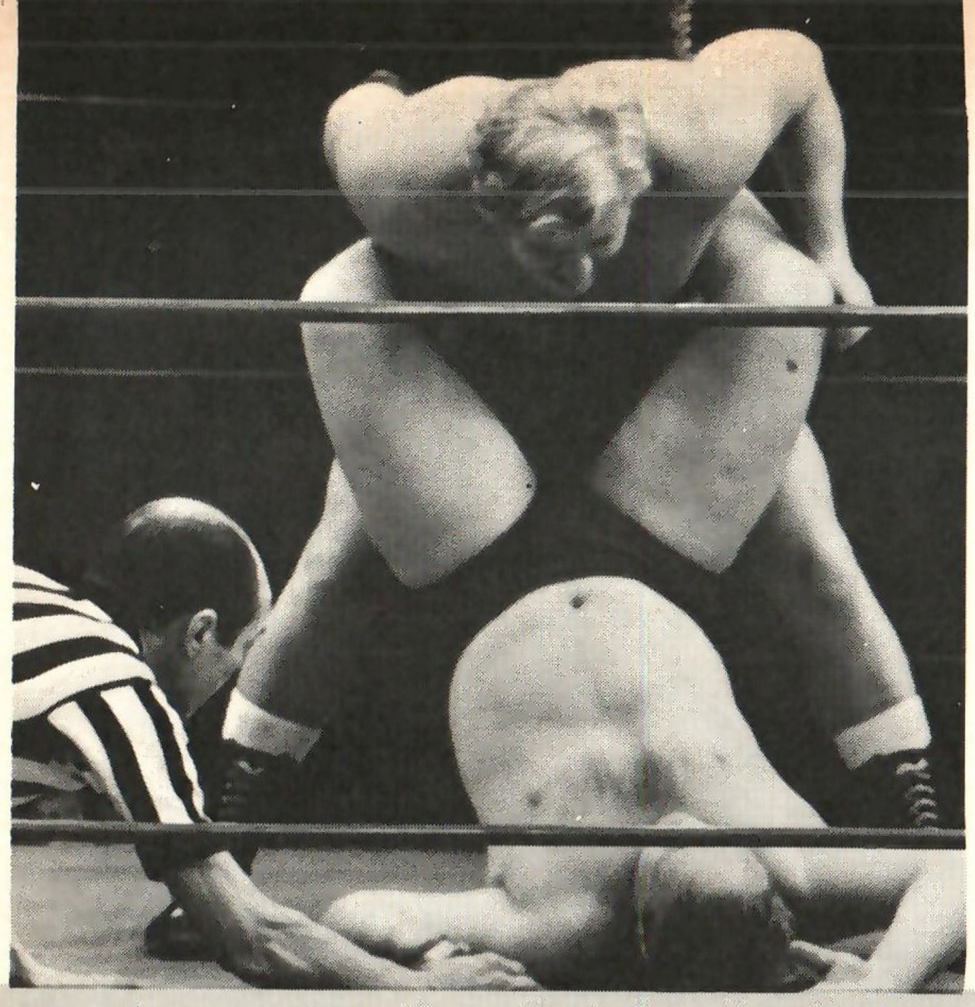
16—WHIPPER WATSON AND BULLDOG BROWER

17—NELSON ROYAL AND PAUL JONES

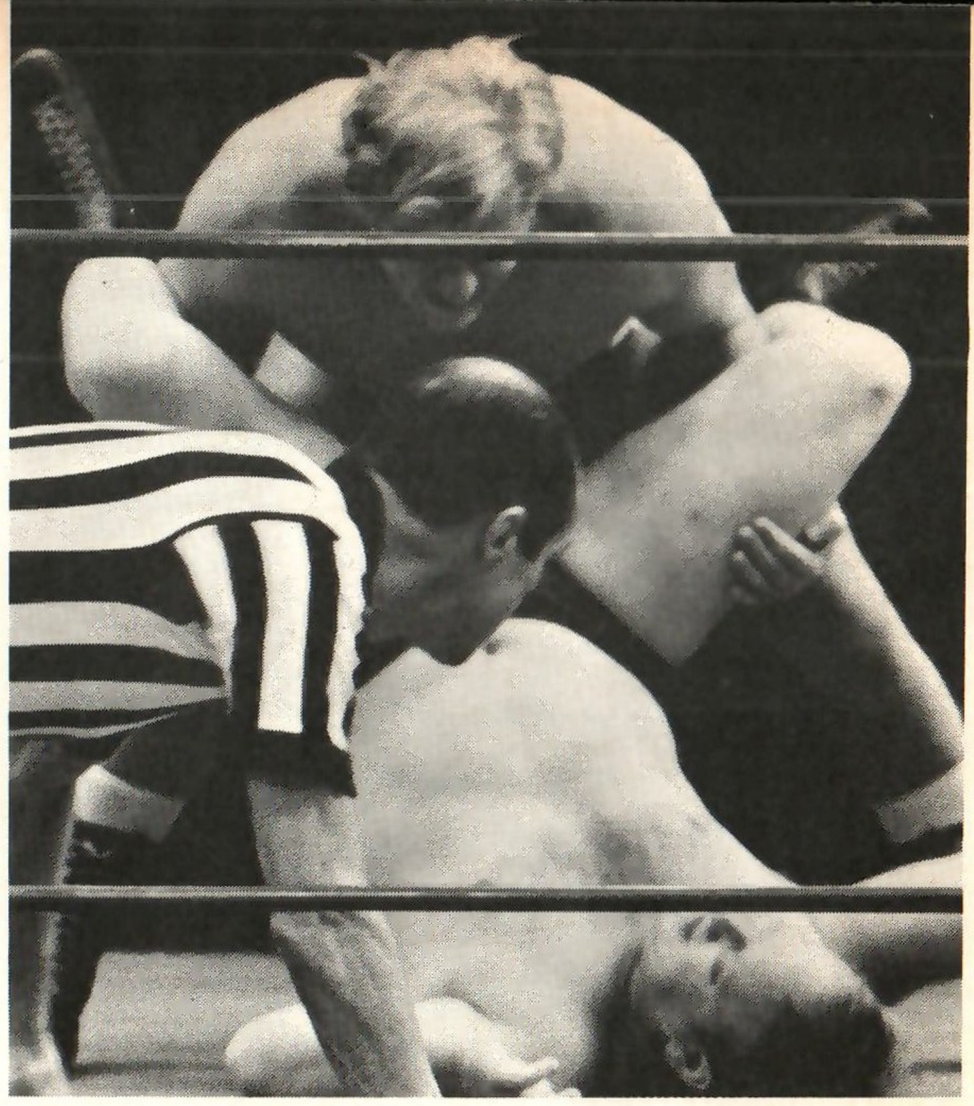
18—JEAN DUBOIS AND DOM DENUCCI

19—HARLEY RACE AND LARRY HENNIG

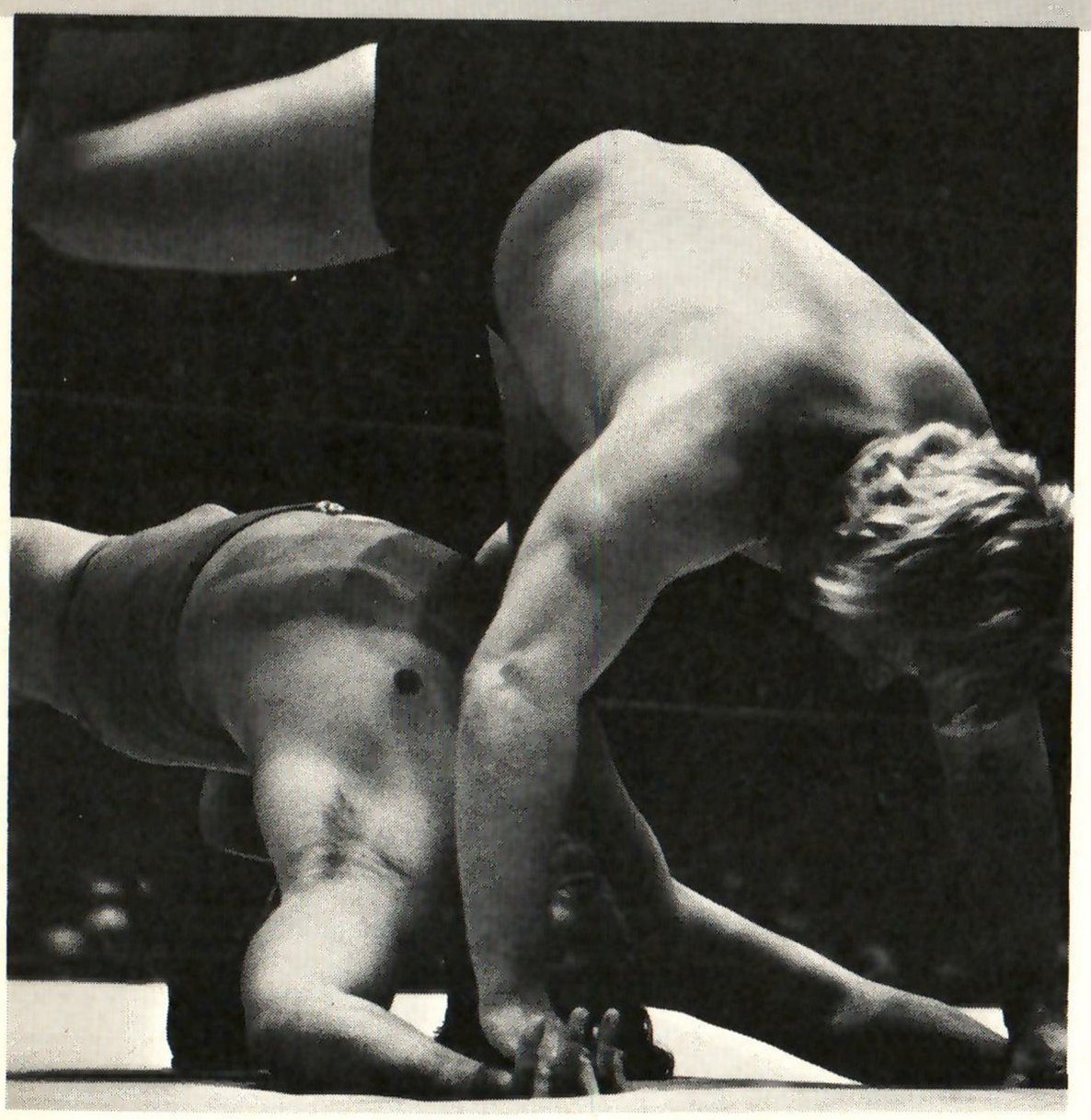
20—MASKED SPOILER NUMBER I AND II



Referee Fritzie Zivic on the alert on left as Sullivan has Hayes near defeat. On right, Hayes is even closer to the quietus, with Sully's advantage growing.



Bruno Stole John L. From Baseball And Gridiron



By ROBERT D. WILLIS

TO Pittsburgh Pirate scout Rex Bowen, the well-built pitcher looked like a sure-fire prospect. He was a rugged 6 feet 1½ inches tall and had been named the "Best Baseball player" at the Fishborne Military Academy in Waynesboro, Va. In high school he had hit a robust .320.

As a baseball player, the kid had a lot going for him.

He had quite a bit going for him, too, as a football and basketball star. At Pittsburgh's North Hills High School and at Fishborne, the youngster was a student end on the football squad and a hustling forward in basketball.

But heavyweight wrestling champion Bruno Sammartino saw the kid in still another light as a professional wrestler.

The youngster tipped the scales at 230 pounds. He was an excellent weight lifter. And he was an ex-marine.

As usual, Sammartino won. Baseball's loss became wrestling's gain. John L. Sullivan decided to become a professional wrestler.

That was only two years ago. Since that time, Sullivan has made himself known the world over. He has wrestled all over the United States and just recently returned from an extended tour of Japan.

Though still learning his trade, Sullivan has held his own against the sport's toughest—Killer Kowalski, Dick the Bruiser, Professor Tora Tanaka, the Japanese giant Shoei Baba, "Crazy" Luke Graham, Johnny Valentine, Baron Scicluna, Fred Blassie, George Steele and the Kentucky Butcher.

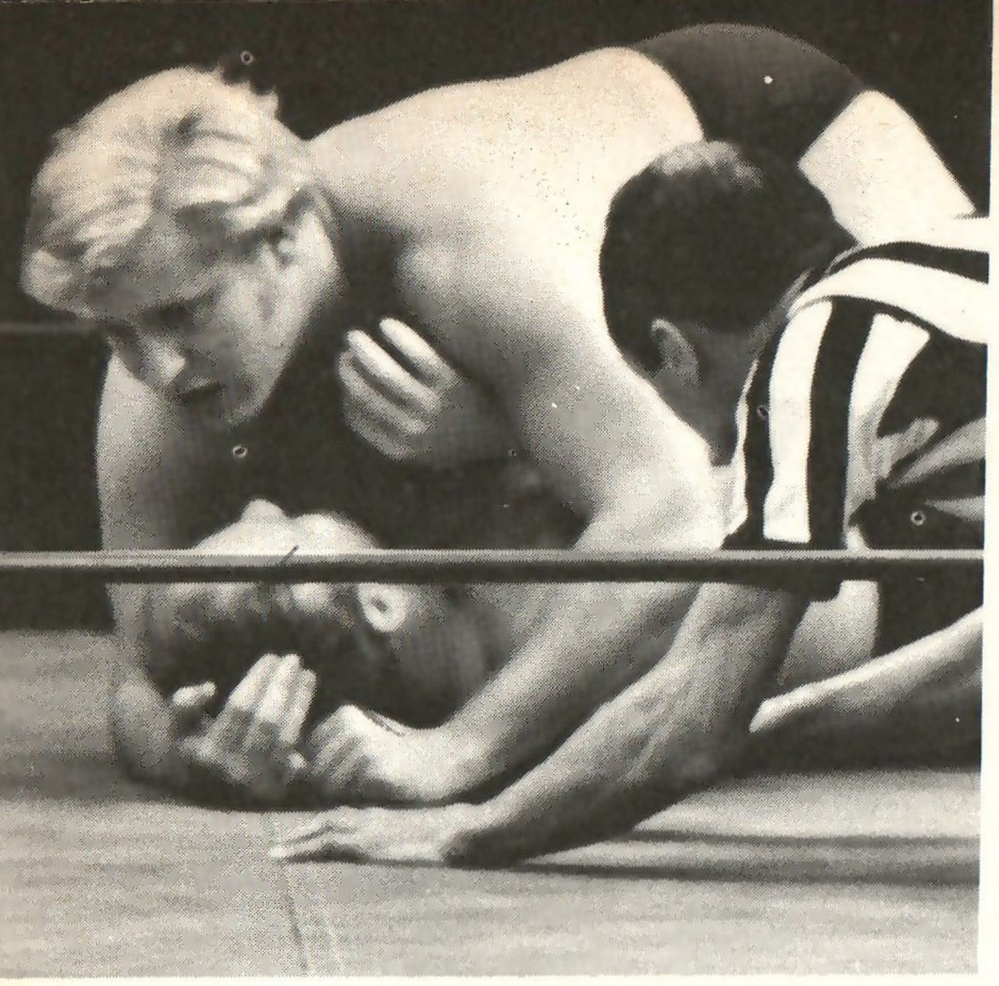
He's well on his way towards establishing himself in the world's most rugged profession.

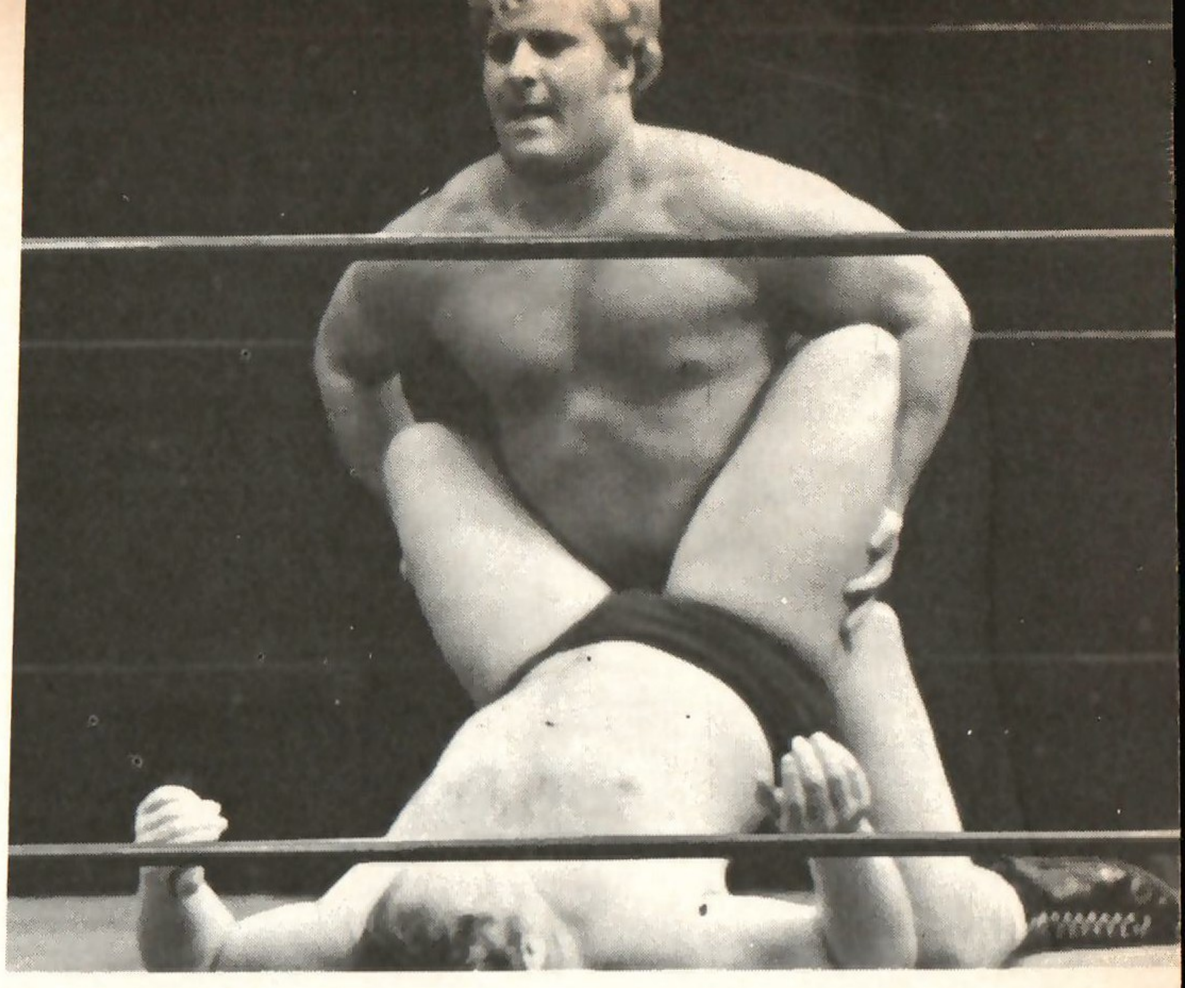
For Sullivan, the true test came during his six-week junket through Japan. During a 40-match schedule, he won an impressive 35. He won against the best Japan had to offer.

"It was the roughest six-week grind I've ever faced," said the smiling Sullivan. "I wrestled about six days a week in Tokyo, Osaka, Sundei, Nagoya, Yokohoma, and Hiroshima, and it didn't leave much time for sight-seeing. I did manage a few of those 'community' baths, though! That was quite an experience."

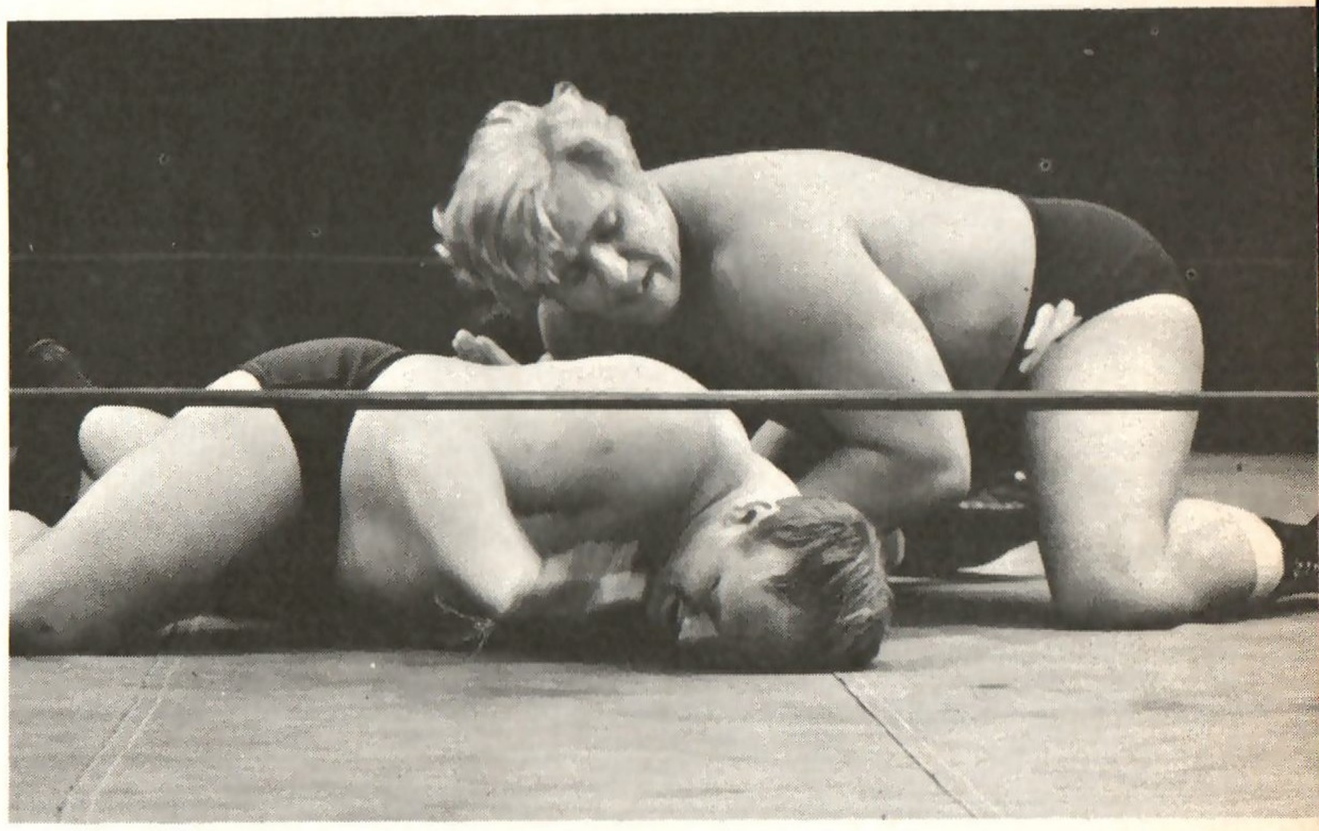
Between baths, Sullivan lost a disputed 20-minute battle against the seven-foot Japanese champion, Shoei Baba, when he couldn't make it back into the ring in time. But he saved

To left, Hayes has bridged his way out of another precarious situation and has Sullivan up in the air.





On left, Hayes has reached point of near exhaustion. To the right, Sullivan is beginning to feel pretty tired himself. Below, Hayes has fought his way out of immediate danger. Sully looks unhappy.



some impressive victories for Tokyo television and scrambled for a draw against the massive Oki Kintari in Yokohoma.

The experience in Japan was an eye-opener for the Pittsburgh-born Sullivan. "It started when I got off the plane in Tokyo," said John. "I was coming down the steps of the plane when I spotted a whole group of photographers and television cameramen. I tried to get out of the way so they could film whoever they were after.

"Suddenly I realized they were taking pictures of ME! After that, a couple of Japanese gals in mini-skirts handed me some roses and the photographers shot more pictures. I couldn't believe it. Nothing like that had happened to me before."

The public acclaim accorded professional wrestlers in Japan was not the only surprise for Sullivan. "The fans over there kinda set me back at first," he admits. "I'm used to fans yelling and screaming. In Japan, most people sit quietly in their seats. They applauded occasionally, but they're not as vocal as the fans here. They treat a wrestler with a great deal more respect·

"Japanese wrestlers are a lot tougher than many of the American stars. They have more endurance. I don't know how anyone could be any bigger, for instance, than Baba the Giant. Bruno Sammartino is stronger than Baba, though."

Sullivan's allegiance to Sammartino is a natural one. Being a Pittsburgher, John's first real-life hero was Bruno. "I guess I first started watching wrestling on TV when I was about 13 years old, and Bruno already was the big draw. I was really hooked. My only problem was my size. At 13 I weighed only 140 pounds. A career in wrestling seemed a long way off, if at all possible."

John's mother comes into the picture at this point. She ran into Sammartino in a Pittsburgh bank and mentioned to the champion that her son was a wrestling buff. Sammartino invited the youngster to his home and quickly put Sullivan on a program of weight lifting.

Sullivan added both weight and confidence and now frequently works out with Sammartino. "All John needs is more experience," says Bruno. "He's got everything it takes to make it in this business. He ha the size, the strength and the desire. Experience will come."

Size is right. Sullivan is only 23 years old, but he weighs a well-muscled 238 pounds. His neck measures 19 inches, his chest 50 inches, his waist 34 inches, and his thighs 28 inches.

"There's no question that he has everything going for him," echoes Ace Freeman, Pittsburgh wrestler and promoter. "I guess John L. Sullivan has as much potential as any wrestler I've ever seen. He's tremendously strong."

Sullivan was a three-sport star at North Hills High School. Baseball was his first love.

"I was grateful and flattered over my tryout with the Pittsburgh Pirates," said Sullivan, "but I still had this thing about professional wrestling in the back of my mind. The Pirates felt I might be able to make it as a pitcher and they were also impressed with my ability to hit. But, I still wanted to become a wrestler. The Marines came along shortly after that and I never did anything more in a baseball uniform."

Sullivan spent his military time in North Carolina as a physical education instructor for Marine recruits. He also kept up with his weight lifting and ultimately increased his weight from 189 to 230.

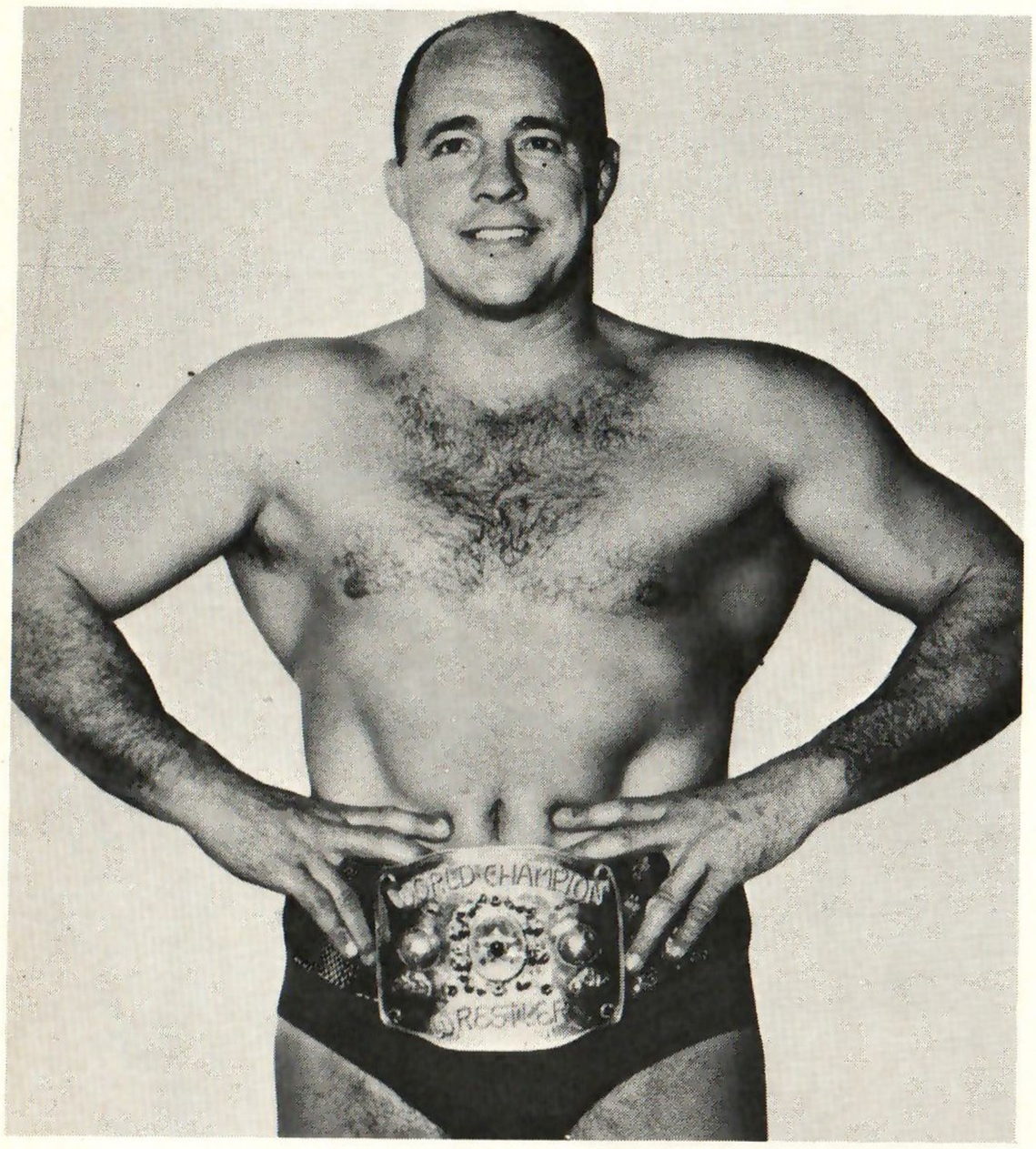
By 1967—his Marine hitch completed—Sullivan returned to Pittsburgh and looked up Sammartino. Sullivan's additional weight and strength prompted Bruno to get Sullivan into professional wrestling.

The blonde ex-Marine was sent to Detroit for a two-month "breaking in" period. It wasn't easy. "Al Costello was given the job of breaking me in," says Sullivan. "I almost quit the first day!"

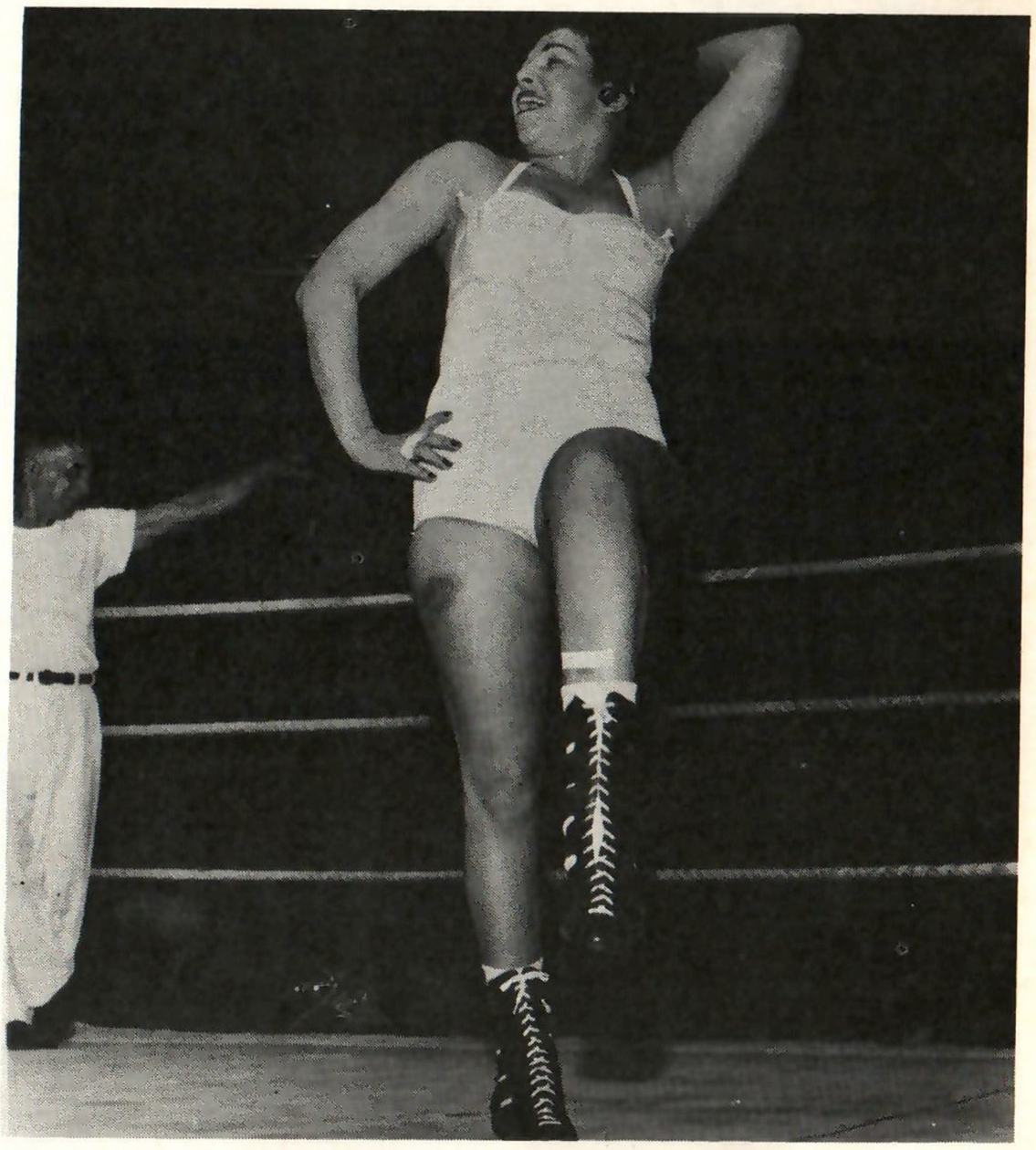
The training grind was a rugged one. "Costello nearly broke me in half. He threw everything he had at me. I couldn't even get out of bed after that first day. I thought I was in pretty good shape until Costello got hold of me. I wondered then whether a baseball career might have been easier!"

Finally, Sullivan's body was conditioned. It was time to try the youngster in the ring. His first match came in Canton, Ohio, and Sullivan was booked *(Continued on page 71)*

AROUND THE MAT WORLD



VERNE GAGNE



FABULOUS MOOLAH

By NAT LOUBET

RING Wrestling is proud of the number of letters received from mat fans but we must request that when answers are desired please enclose a self stamped and addressed envelope so that we can do what we enjoy most . . . answer you!

Fabulous Moolah, top woman mat star, on the idiot tube with Art Linkletter, had an interesting interview and put on an exhibition with Art's son, Jack . . . Dean Higuchi, the Hawaiian Hercules, claims that he is afraid to use new adaptation of the "full nelson" because he might hurt an opponent so as to impair his future. Dean will probably stick with his "abdominal stretch," which has been a proven success for over six years.

Ron Morris doing a whale of a job interviewing grapplers on the Canadian scene . . . Jack Bence, Mark Lewin, Steve Bolus are a few who have lighted the screen.

Newest tag team to make waves in Texas is the team of Ed Wahoo McDaniel and Mil Mascaras . . . Johnny Valentine and Karl Kox are also making their weight felt in the Lone Star State . . . Incidentally, Valentine and Fritz Von Erich are carrying on quite a feud with 14 meetings, of which Von Erich has won eight to Valentine's three with three bouts ending as no decisions.

Did you know that . . . The Crusher has retired due to a back injury? Our bet is that he will be back before long . . . Hans Mortier has turned up with an English accent and has a new name—Sir Charles Montague . . . He is currently operating as the manager and partner of The Great Malenko.

Dr. X is back from a tour of Japan . . . Cowboy Bill Watts rode his horse through Texas . . . Pepper Gomez has been wrestling in and around Chicago and AWA territory . . . He will return to Pacific Coast soon.

Dewey Robertson, protege of Billy Whipper Watson, is a boy to watch in the Missouri territory . . . Tommy Martin is another new face from North Dakota who should make it big.

Bob Jackson Jr. writes that Angel Poffo was a school teacher before turning to the groaners . . . The Missouri state title is no longer in circulation as it was retired when Sonny Myers hung up his tights.

George Becker and Johnny Weaver doing a whale of a job defending their Southern tag team belts . . . Chuck Conley, newcomer to Southern rings, needs seasoning if he is to make it big.

AWA champ Vern Gagne now and then turns to the hippodrome and a slight case of the "villains" to make himself more colorful . . . Did you know that Red Lyons held the British Empire championship? . . . Karl Gotch has not been up to par since he hurt his knee. He has slowed up . . . Too bad that Danny Hodge hasn't a little more size and heft. He has the ring savvy and sheer ability to be one of the best.

For you Stan Stasiak fans out California way, Victor Berry has an fc for your man . . . write to Vic at 1360 Cornell Way, Sacramento, Cal. 95831 . . . The Danny Miller International has changed venues and President Donnie McWhorter announces the club will be bigger and better with bulletins and the works. Dues will be $2.00 for the first year but then the tab will decrease. Contact Donnie at 11429 S.W. 7 Terrace, Miami, Florida 33144.

Leroy Fish writes he is interested in being a pen pal and will swap photos, results and programs . . . To get in the swim

with Fish, send your missive care of him at 2205 Manzanita Lane, Manhattan Beach, Cal. 90266 . . . Joe Pottgieser Jr. states that his club for Ray Stevens would like a few more members and those who have missed joining The Ray Stevens fc should pen a line to Joe at 3463 Ravendale Ct., San Jose, Cal. 95111 . . . Did you know that Joe has a son only a few months old by the name of Pattrick Joseph Pottgieser? How long before he starts his first fc?

Two sisters, Linda J. Abbott and Debbie Abbott, are running two fc's, one for Les Wolff and the other for Paul Jones. Dues to either club are $1.25 for first year and $1.00 thereafter. For your money you get a club pencil, wallet photo, large photo, membership card and quarterly bulletins. Write to either gal at Route 1, Box 16, Timberville, Va. 22853.

Did you ever take a scan at the number of guys going around in masks? The Infernos; Masked Spoiler no. I and II; Mr. Wrestling, down Charleston way; The Professional, also in the South . . . and we wonder if he is really Doug Gilbert? . . . A cute twosome is Dante and Mephisto and the Super Pro whom we believe is none other than that meanie, Aldo Bogni. How about Ben Justice and his face duster? . . . The Unknown Gladiator doing his bit out St. Louis way who, reports have it, is none other than Johnny James . . . Then there's Double X and Dr. X and Gentleman X . . . and of course X marks the spot . . . The Red Demon could be John Vansky! Did you know that Gene Kiniski has wrestled with a mask as The Executioner?

Did you know that . . . in some areas Man Mountain Mike is known as the Zebra Kid? . . . That Bill Watts has worn a mask under the name of Doctor Scarlet?

Who is the Ozark Mountaineer? . . . None other than Haystack Muldoon, that huge pachyderm with devastating strength and weight.

How many remember all the names used by Clyde Steeves in his highly successful career? They were, The Enforcer, The Preacher, The Black Shadow, The Golden Terror.

Correspondent Philip A. Rickman writes from England stating that Lou Thesz, when he won the title in 1963, not only became the first man to win the title six times but also established other records. Lou was the youngest man to ever win the heavyweight wrestling crown, at age 19. Thesz was also the oldest grappler to ever win the championship, at age 51. He has held the crown for the longest single period, 7 years and 8 months (July 20, 1948-March 15, 1956). He is reported to have wrestled over 10,000 bouts as a professional.

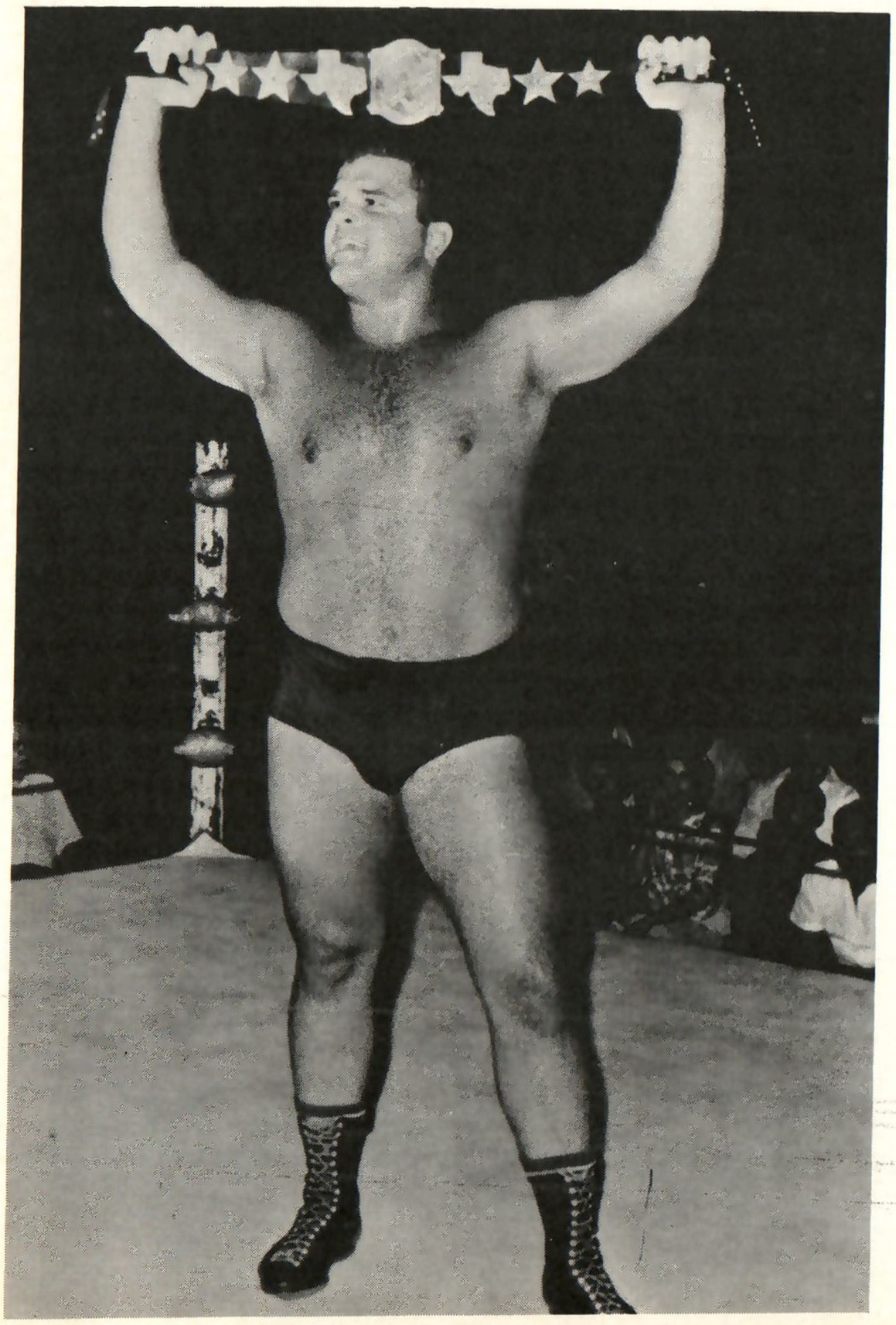
Gene Gordon, Charlotte, N.C. friend, wrote about the death of Skull Murphy. We agree with Gene that wrestling will miss Skull, a villain in the ring but one of the nicest guys ever, on the outside.

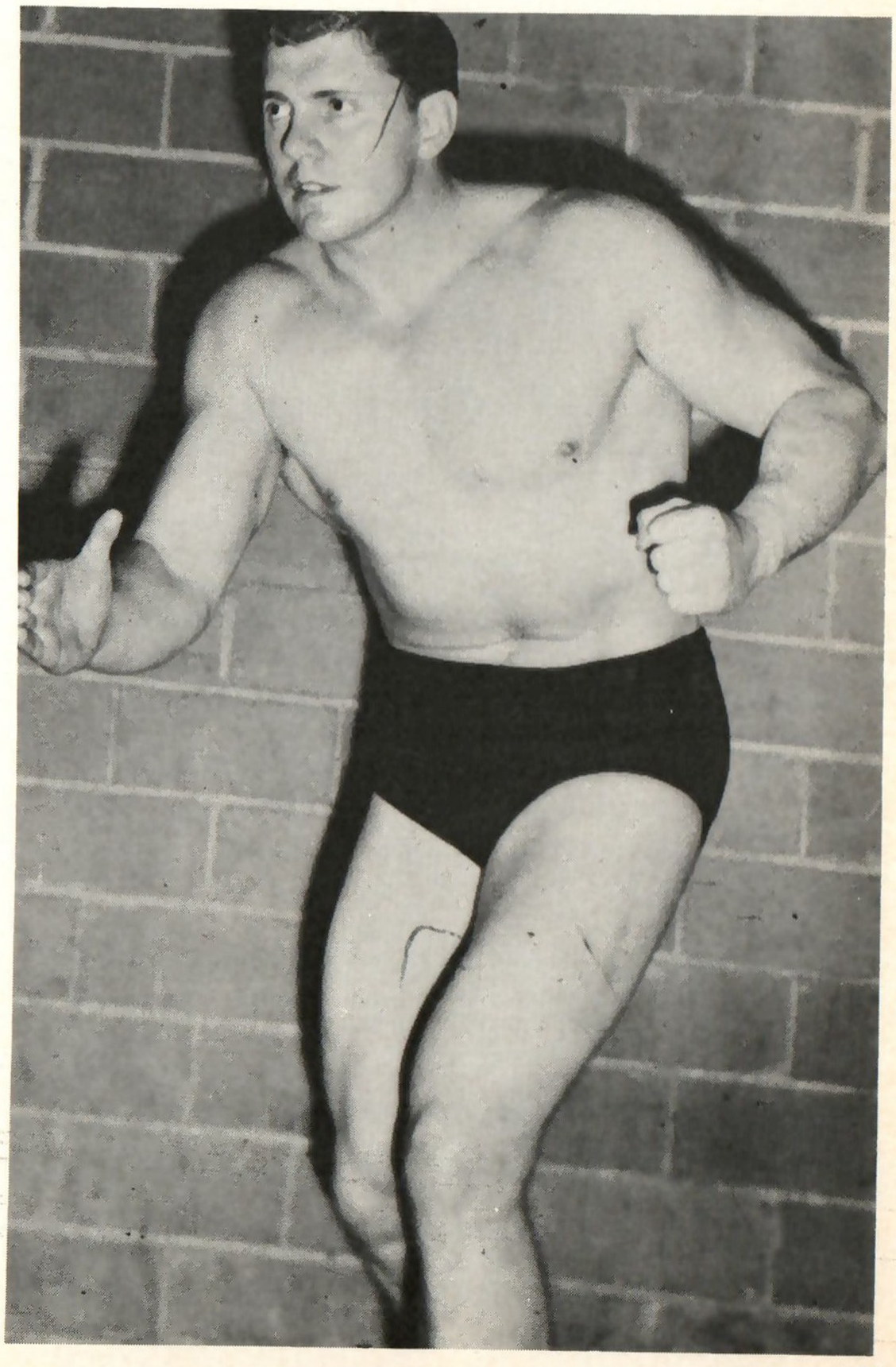
Jaye L. Huey, RW correspondent, is sad about the passing on of Iron Mike Di Biase. So are we all, Jaye.

Terry Teagarden, President of the Bobo Brazil fan club, is perturbed at the low ranking given Bobo. She points to wins in past years over men like Gene Kiniski, Bruno Sammartino,

(Continued on page 62)

COWBOY BILL WATTS





DEWEY ROBERTSON

Hawaiian And Yank Undergo Sumo Trials

By DICK GRADDICK

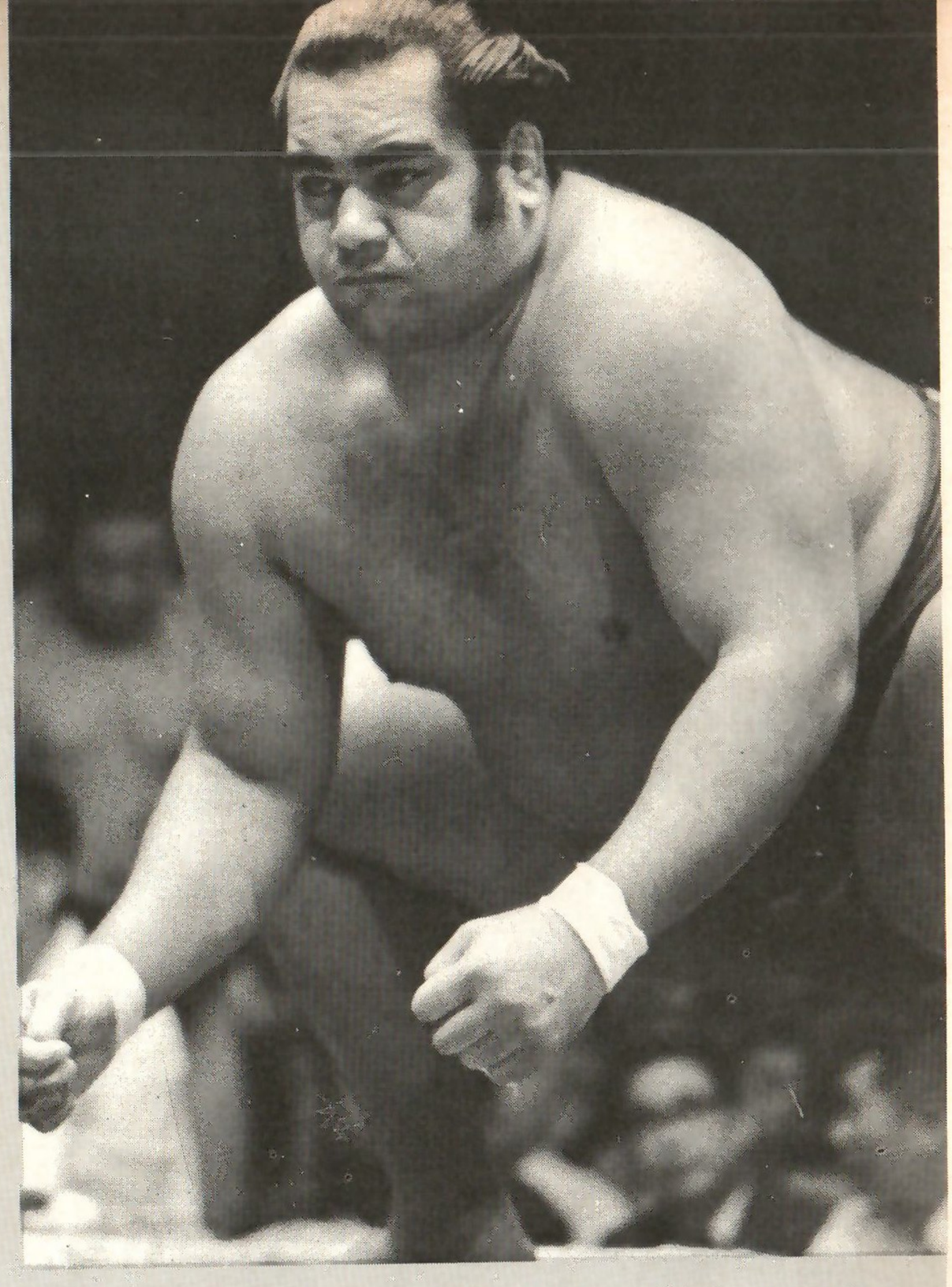
WESTERN involvement in sumo wrestling—ancient sport of emperors—may enhance interest among younger generation Japanese in the traditional sport.

The addition of two pro Americans to sumo should strengthen interest in the sport among the youth of Nippon.

In recent years Japan's mod generation has taken more to baseball, leaving sumo for the older generations and the hundreds of Americans in Japan who have shown a five to six percent increase in sumo popularity over 1969.

Some of the persons who are responsible for popularizing Japan's spectacular national sport are 340-pound Jesse Kuhaulua, 25, of Hawaii, and Carl Lee Martin, 19, a 250-pound sumo trainee from Westminster, Calif.

Jesse, who carries the Japanese name of "Takamiyama," chalked up a record of 9-6 in the final day of the Autumn Grand Sumo Tournament at Kuramae Arena in Tokyo. He won nine of his 15 matches and is qualified to be promoted to "Komusubi" in the tournament's official ratings.



Jesse Kuhaulua is prepared to charge forward and attack his opponent. He is ready mentally.

"You know," Jesse said, "I've been in the sport five years. I became a sumoist primarily because my high school football coach in Maui, Hawaiian Islands, told me to take it up to strengthen my legs.

"Sumo is practiced in the high schools in Hawaii."

Jesse speaks and writes Japanese. He is highly respected in the sport of emperors. He is the first non-Oriental to make the top ratings in Japan's sumo world.

It's reported that Jesse draws a monthly salary in three figures. According to him the tallest sumoist was a 7-footer. Currently the youngest is 19 years of age and the oldest is 33.

It was in the past 12 years that persons from other countries have shown an interest in sumo wrestling. Today Korea, China and Brazil have one member each in the Sumo Association.

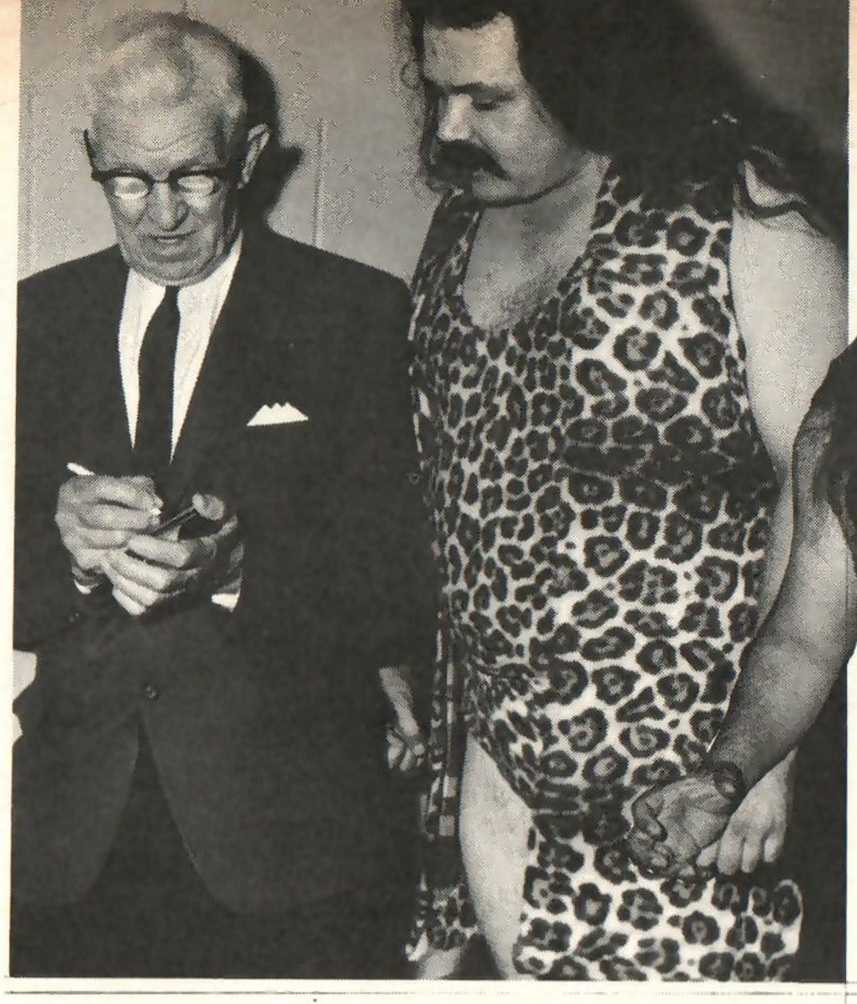
In spite of the lack of interest the younger generation has shown for sumo, millions of sumo fans continue to be enthralled by the 15-day championship matches that are held six times a year in Japan's major cities. The tournament halls are filled to capacity every day and nationwide television enables the public to see sumo. This adds to the popularity of the sport.

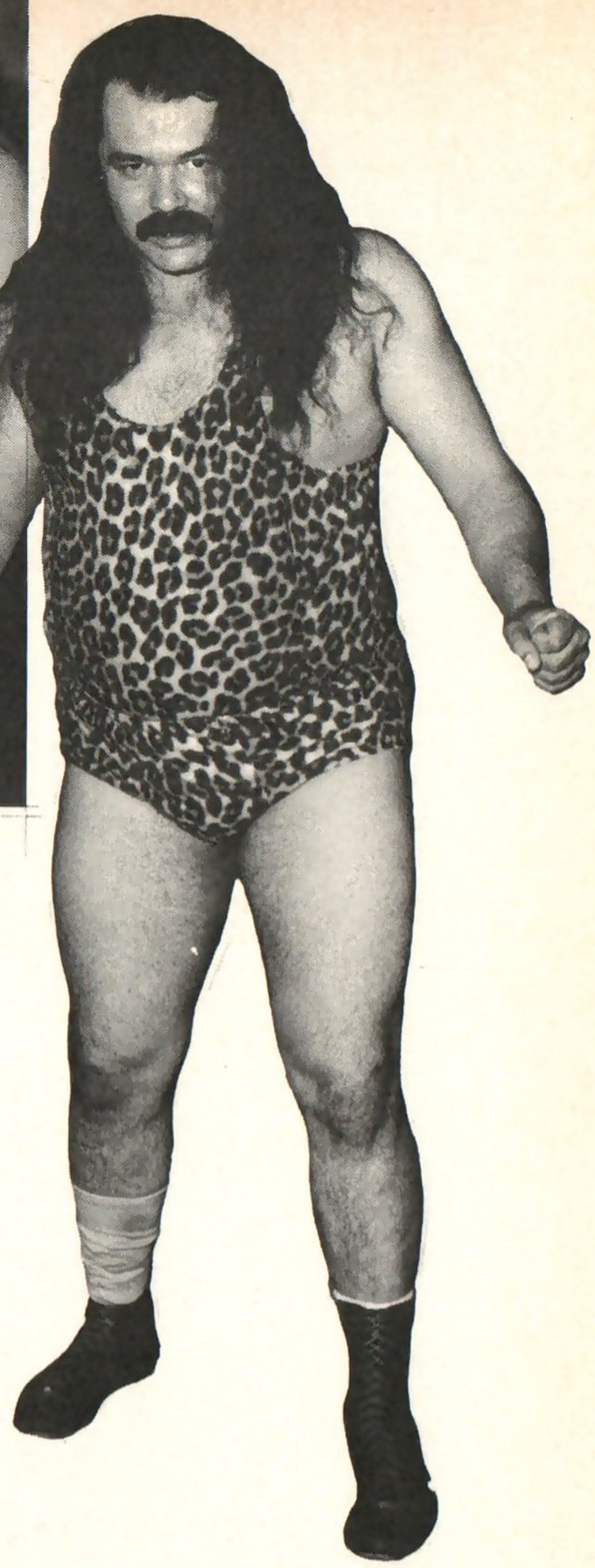
Sumo dates back before the opening of the Christian era. The ancient Japanese style of wrestling displays two gigantic figures, weighing from 200 to 380 pounds, who wear unique top-knot hair dress and *(Continued on page 68)*

Carl Lee Martin, 19-year-old Californian, won his first four novice matches. He is shown on left in full sumo panoply.

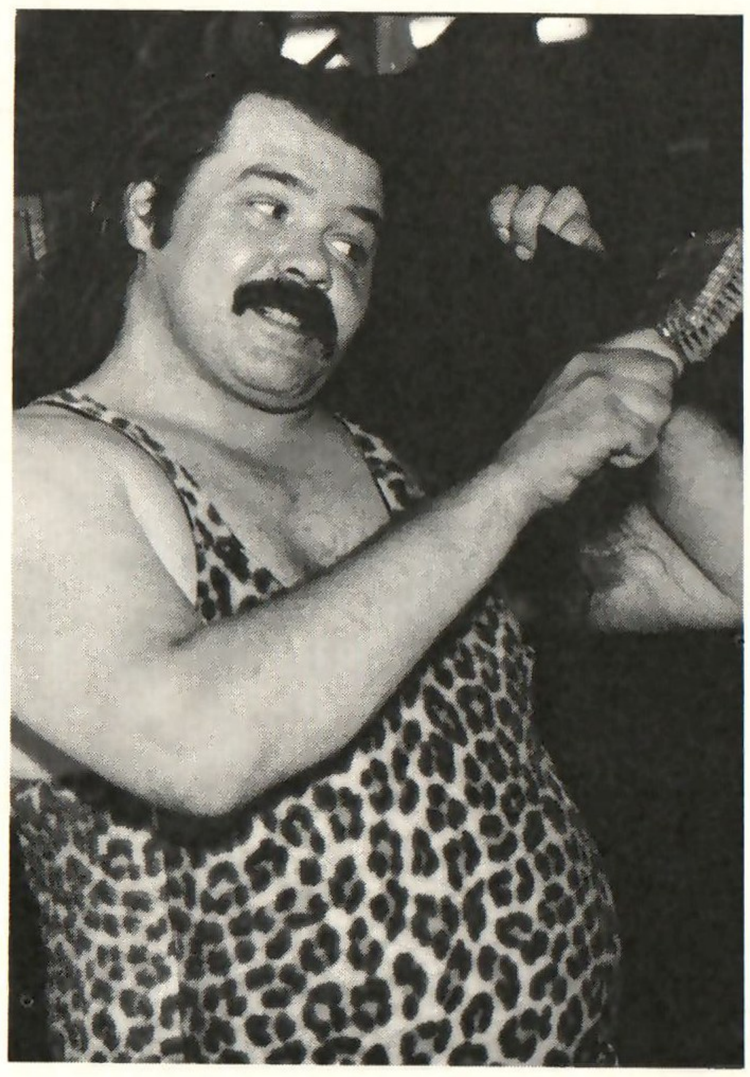
SAVAGE HIS NAME, SAVAGE HIS STYLE

By CARL SAMSON





Top shot shows Savage registering with Denny Mc Mahon, who supervises wrestling in Connecticut. Right we find the South African giant in all his violent glory before a Bridgeport match.



Savage's tresses call for a lot of teasing and brushing. He says his long hair is a sign of strength and virility, a la Samson. No Delilah.

"THE whole world has been my school," says 32-year-old professional wrestler Duke Savage, who has roamed the universe plying his trade. The knowledge he has acquired in his travels gives him an intellectual advantage in the ring, he insists.

The Duke unabashedly proclaims: "You might call me a sort of mental giant. For one thing, I am a chess expert. For another, I have been a voracious reader since boyhood. In the process, I have devoured the classics, devoted much study to psychology, and read much about sociological trends and customs.

"All this has taught me to use strategy against opponents relying simply on brute strength."

He was born in Johannesburg but left South Africa, where his father was a mining engineer, and came to America in his teens. In his youth, he was on friendly terms with the Zulus and picked up some of his lore from them.

He served a toughening apprenticeship for full-fledged pro wrestling when he worked in a tent show linked to the King Bros. Circus, taking on all comers." The standing offer was $10 a minute to whoever beat me. Only I never lost," he declares.

The connection with the circus lasted over two years. Then, at 19, the Duke started regular mat campaigning that has stretched over a period of 13 years. It has taken him into nearly every state in the U.S.A., and Mexico, Canada, Japan, Korea, and China.

Savage, who has no domestic ties, calls no place "home." By his own account, "I'm a real globe-trotter, continuously on the move, so I really can't say I 'live' in any one place."

A bushy moustache that droops at the corners in Fu Manchu style and long hair that trails from a pompadour draw instant attention to Savage. The feminine headdress is worn loosely when he's in action but is tied into a pony-tail otherwise for greater convenience.

The Duke wants it clearly understood that "the way I wear my hair has nothing to do with hippies or yippies. I have no association with them. I've worn my hair long since boyhood in Africa because it symbolizes manhood and virility."

Savage's dedication to wrestling is such that he never takes time off. "I lay off only when I'm hurt," he says. "I prefer wrestling to anything else, so I keep as busy at it as I can."

He's been up against many of the trade's toughest contenders, including Bobo Brazil, Mark Lewin, Mr. Moto and Yukon Eric.

A high point in his career came in 1967 when he and Matt Gilmore reigned for five months as Canadian tag team champions after dethroning the Garvin Brothers and Ronnie and Terry.

The Duke, who stands an even six feet and weighs 260 pounds likes to dwell on the assertion that, despite his size, "I am very fast and use a lot of scientific maneuvres including dropkicks, nip-ups, and the flying head scissors."

Pro wrestlers fall into one of two general categories, as determined by fan attitudes. Savage qualifies for the roughneck label. But he rejects that tag, protesting: "I consider myself 'scientifically aggressive.' "

Like other veterans of the turbulent occupation, Savage has had his share of physical damage. "It takes something like a broken collarbone or ankle to sideline me. I've suffered many other injuries that would have laid off most wrestlers but

(Continued on page 71)

Mat Lacks Ballyhoo Experts as Those of Yesteryear

By DOLLY MADSEN

Above, Ella Waldek, who had looks and skills and came up the tough carnival way. Below, the original Lady Angel, whom master ballyhooer Jack Pfefer turned into a box office star.

Since I last reported to the readers of this magazine I have travelled the length and breadth of this nation, and Australia, noting the disturbed condition of the U.S.A. and concentrating on analysis of the situations in wrestling everywhere.

I found a lot of things wrong with the mat game, insofar as it involved both men and women.

Your wrestling promoter will insist on a pretty coat of whitewash. But there isn't a professional sport in this country, baseball, basketball, hockey, golf, tennis and wrestling, that deserves a clean bill of health from the paying onlooker.

Wrestling is not paying out enough money to its technicians.

Wrestling needs a thorough going over both inside and out of the ring. It needs more promoters who are alive.

The customers, generally, are tiring of the lack of rules. They are tiring of the simulations of gore. They want more real fire.

The wrestlers themselves are of a mind to convert the game back to grappling. The game, as it shapes up, is taking too much out of the men, especially the many veterans, some of whom are overstaying their limits, and are fully aware of it.

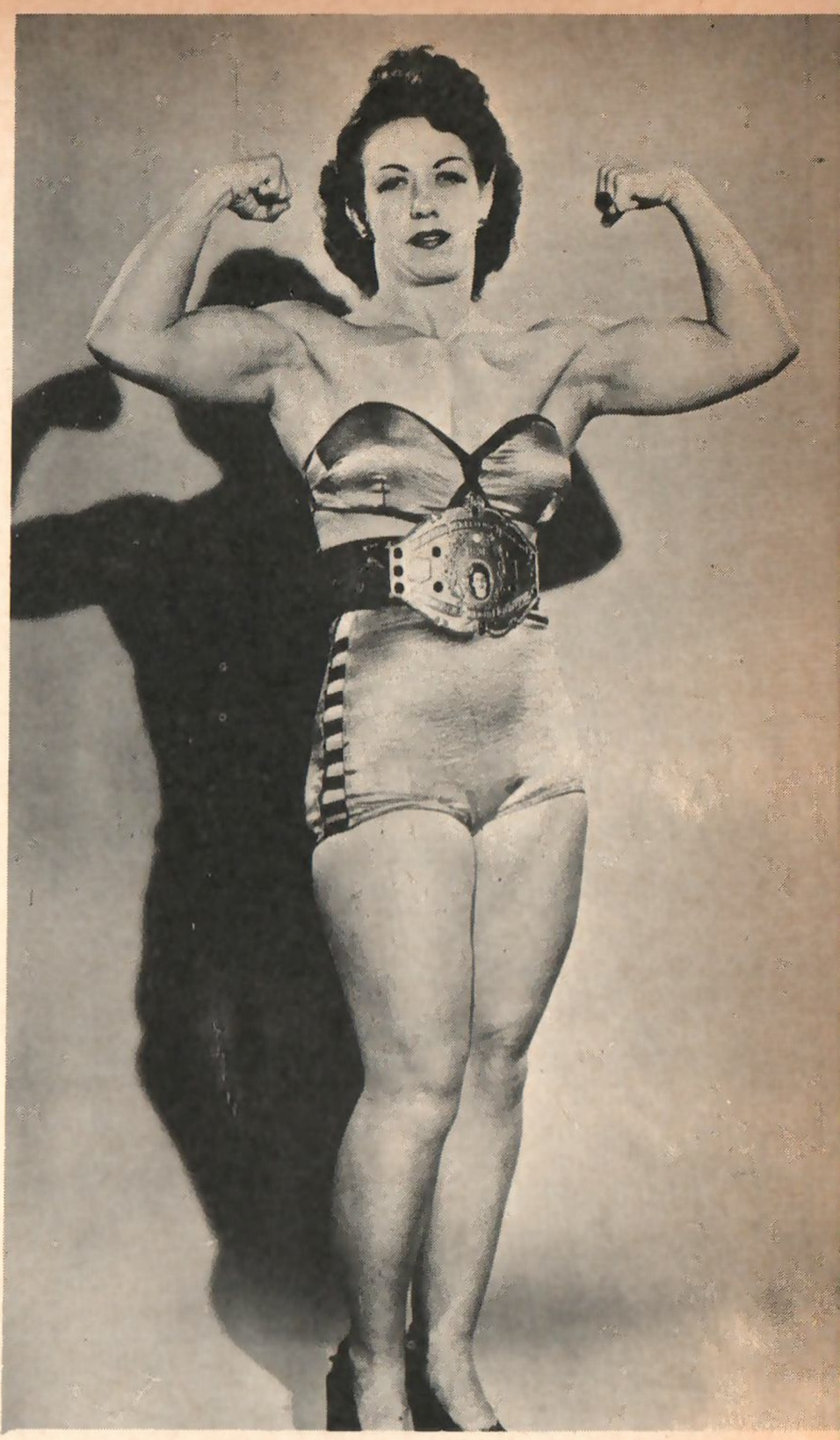
In this respect the wrestlers resemble the professional football players, who are getting hep to the fact that they are being used up to make a holiday for the violence daffy customers. The linebackers, especially, are being murdered and are hollering.

The unofficial recession hurt the gate some as the Summer opened. But the effect was not as drastic as the promoters had feared.

Women's wrestling in the United States has made little, if any progress, in the past year. This is due not to the public's lack of interest but to the scarcity of fresh talent, and the retirement of many veterans.

The promoters have an odd view of women's wrestling. Some of the bosses merely tolerate the gals, who are ill paid and badly handled.

The tipoff on competitive conditions in women's wrestling is the continuing leadership of Moolah, who, I believe, is beyond the usual age of championship quality.



On left, Moolah, the most publicity conscious woman wrestler in the game's history. Above, June Byers, who succeeded Mildred Burke as the world champion. She married an announcer. Above right, the matchless Burke, conceivably the greatest woman grappler yet seen.

She is as savage as ever and as big an attraction as she was 15 years ago, when I wrestled her before a packed house in Dallas.

Moolah is as serious about her training and condition as she ever has been.

The new gals, on the other hand, generally lack her thoroughly dedicated attitude. It shows.

One thing I observed about the women. They are getting rougher by the year.

I noted this even in Australia, where the gals and the promoters have the notion that in the U.S. the women go in for straight mayhem.

What with the cost of living, the cost of travelling, the cost of clothing all skyrocketing, the gals have got to get more money. But, as I have said, they have no form of reprisal against the promoters, too many of whom greatly underrate the gate importance of the cuties.

The girls are showing greater skill and familiarity with the basic holds of wrestling, as well as the more common and effective weapons of the male brutes.

In some areas, the fans go for violence as eagerly as they ever did. Many of the fans are studies in psychology. They cannot sass their wives or their bosses, so they insult the wrestlers, who have no comeback.

Years ago I was on a show in Dallas in which a male bruiser addicted to the blood and violence school aroused the ire of most of the spectators, who didn't want to see the home favorite take a beating.

Suddenly the victim of the tirade called a halt to the match. He faced up to the insulters and gave it to them, but good.

The fans were turned from attack to support of the bruiser. He became the favorite of the city and soon made a home for himself near Fort Worth.

There isn't a wrestler in the game today who would have the temerity to blast the customers. Now and then a mauler will insult a fan in a dull moment of wrestling. But not the way it was done in Dallas that night too many years ago.

What is the outstanding need of wrestling in the U.S.A.? Press representatives. Press agents, if you like.

Next to no attention is paid to wrestling even in its strongholds.

There are no human interest stories about the female and male grapplers. There are unprinted stories galore. Stories that would sell newspapers. But they never get into type.

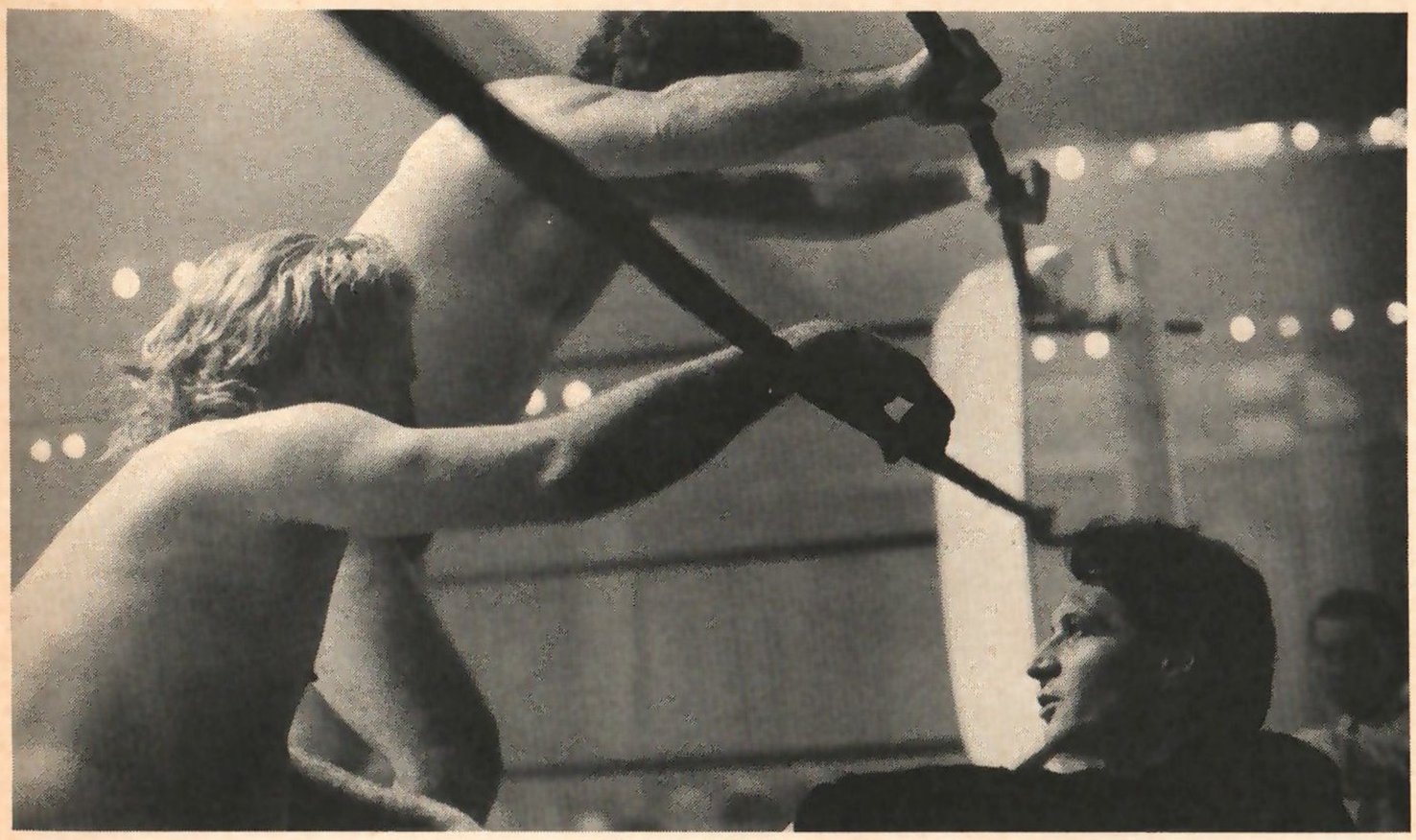
It isn't that there are no press agents for hire. But the promoters will not spend the money. They offer the menu and you take it or leave it. No embellishments.

There are newspaper pages which were not available to press agents of 15 and 20 years ago. Every big city newspaper now has women's pages. The gals offer many stories which would fit into these pages better than the phony recipes and poor fashion pieces now noted in these locations.

The Aussies are catching up to us. They do the male wrestling bit better than we do. They are learning fast how to exploit the gals.

They could use more young talent. But my guess is that they will find it. That situation, like our own, craves better pay. The men are getting it, the gals are fighting for it.

The notions foreign women wrestlers have about the pay of the Americans are fantastic. I did not try to disillusion them.



(Left) Film director Jack Gold has a few words of instructions for Jackie TV Pallo on the set of a new British film, "A Matter of Honour." (Right) Poor Professor Adi Wasser. He came to Britain for a tour, but alas and alack, was put out of action with a leg injury right at the start.

Of Injuries and TV Commercials

By MARIO MULDOON

LONDON, England—Rumour has it that the doctors and nurses at Lewisham Hospital, London, are thinking of keeping a bed permanently in readiness for wrestlers. In the past few months there has nearly always been a wrestler in residence in one of their wards.

Latest to be admitted to the hospital were Pasquale Salvo, the Anglo-Italian middleweight, Bobby Barnes, the Lewisham lightweight, member of the "Hells Angels" Tag Team, and Professor Adi Wasser, the world's white judo champion, from France, in that order.

Salvo, after spending a month there, came out and vanished from the wrestling scene to spend some time in Italy, only to come back when he was 100% fit for action once again.

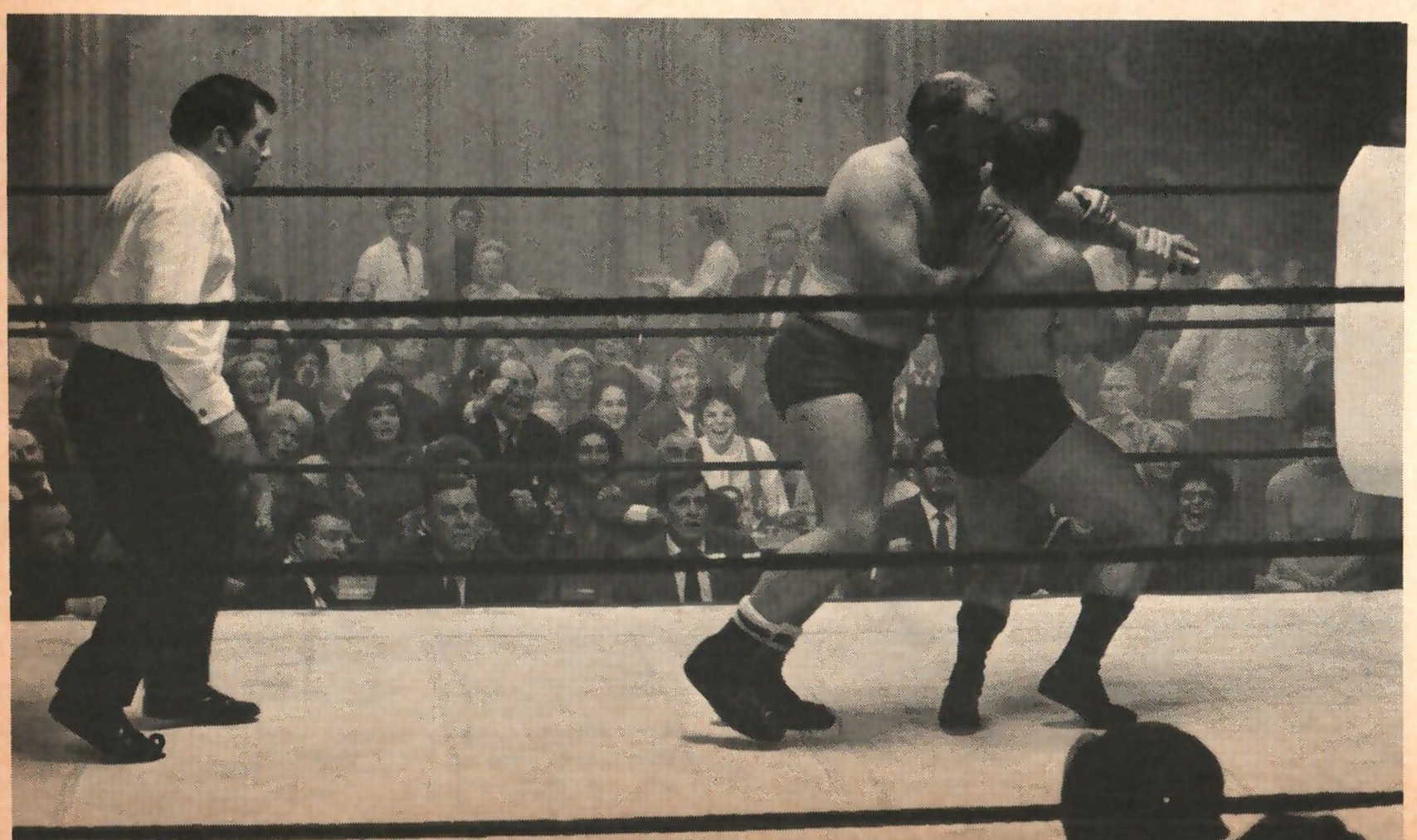
No sooner was he out, than his bed was taken over by Bobby Barnes, who, like Salvo, had to have a knee operation. Local boy Barnes didn't have it so bad as he had plenty of friends living nearby that could pop in and see him every day.

Shortly after Barnes was given his marching orders, Professor Adi Wasser, here to commence his latest British tour, was put out of action right at the start, also with a leg injury that necessitated an operation. He whipped into Lewisham Hospital for an immediate seeing to.

Poor old Professor. He missed out on a big Royal Albert Hall show, not to mention the fact that he should also have appeared on television. Anyway, his operation was down to the National Health Service if that is anything of a consolation to him.

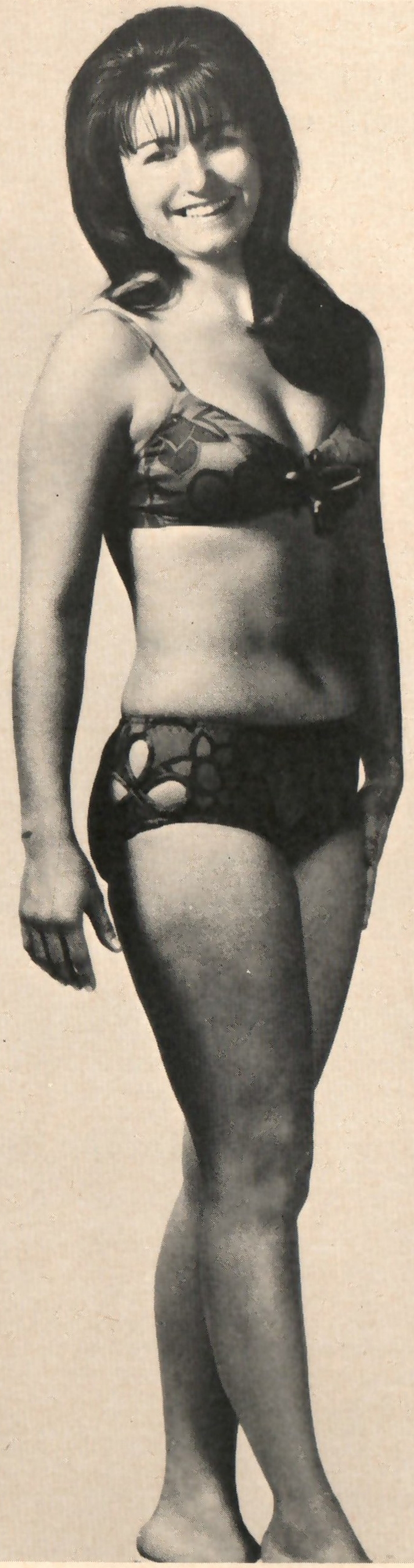
► Highlight of the big new British film, "A Matter of Honour," Being made at Shepperton Studios and on location in Liverpool by Columbia Pictures, is a fight scene that takes part in a Liverpool working men's club. Background is provided by two wrestling contests that are going on at the time. The extras that played in the crowd scenes needed little prompting from prize winning award director Jack Gold to let off steam during the actual wrestling contests that took place. The action provided by wrestling stars such as Jackie "Mr T.V." Pallo, Spencer Churchill and "Docker" Don Steadman was worthy of top billing at any hall in the country.

(Continued on page 68)



In a scene from the new film, referee Joe D'Orazio keeps an eye on "Docker" Don Steadman (with beard) and Spencer Churchill. "A Matter of Honour" stars Rachel Roberts and Nicol Williamson.

RW COLLECTOR'S PINUP No. 16



TONI ROSE

RW MAT MAIL

AGAIN, THOSE MIXED MATCHES

I wonder if you people have changed your minds about mixed matches. I say that there is a demand among your readers to know about such contests, and an article boosting them.

When will you get wise to the fact that you cannot adopt a holier than thou policy about a type of wrestling which does exist, despite your disclaimers, both in the US and Britain?

There is nothing indecent about a woman wrestler competing against a man. Pornography is in the eyes of the beholder, and in his distorted brain.

I say that even if there is a sex thrill in mixed matches, what's the harm? Have you been seeing any of those movies they have been showing? Has the law done anything to stop them?

Wake up, Messrs. Publishers, Editors and Prudes of RING WRESTLING.

Basil Crashaw
Manchester, England

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This magazine has NOT changed its policy about digging out alleged mixed matches, and boosting them. Your attitude is beyond understanding. You say that even if these matches produce sex thrills, they are good for the contestants,* RING WRESTLING, *and its readers around the world. If you can find any such matches in Britain, and can authenticate them, we will consider telling about them. But we are not going to boost them. We have been hunting for public mixed matches in the U.S.—not the smoker variety—and have not discovered any that can be vouched for by us as the real things. Please regard the stated policy of this magazine on mixed matches as final.*

MORE ABOUT SEX!

Congratulations on having such a great magazine, especially your views on women wrestling.

Henry Bouton, of Montreal, stated that mixed matches are mostly encouraged by dirty old men. I would like to say that I'm not a dirty old man—I'm a teenage girl—and I think it's about time men and women can fight the "Battle of the Sexes" in the ring.

There is no good reason why wrestling commissions shouldn't allow mixed matches. They are not—as many old-fashioned people think—in any way immoral. Mixed matches are already beginning to appear in the U.S., so someone must have okayed them.

Not allowing men and women to wrestle each other is just plain discriminatory, and not allowing women to wrestle in some areas is even worse. The reason I feel so strongly about this subject is that for all my life I've wanted to be a wrestler, and when I start wrestling in a few years I want the profession to be as free of discrimination as possible. I want to be allowed to wrestle whom I want, where I want.

Deena Childers
Shelby Gap, Ky.

TAKES ISSUE WITH TONI

I read the interview with Toni Rose in the RW. She will go to any lengths to get publicity, it seems. I do not believe one word of her story that she and Barbara Owens knocked out two male professional wrestlers and the referee in a bout in Mexico. And she is just being silly when she says she is anxious to wrestle male opponents in this country.

I am an ex-college wrestler weighing 165 pounds. I think I could beat Toni Rose or any other girl wrestler using amateur rules, Drop kicks or flying scissors holds barred.

K. McFarland
Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTS MORE JAPANESE

I have a complaint. I demand more matches showing Japanese men wrestlers. I believe that we could develop some Japanese gal grapplers, if the promoters showed any interest. The Japanese have some great lady athletes. They would show good in wrestling — strength, body form, agility, looks and honesty. It is difficult to find any coaches who would be interested in Japanese lady wrestlers. I have written to some persons about this and they are not reliable. You demand bank reference and they lose interest. There are many Japanese men wrestlers of top class. If Yankee promoters are interested they can get Sumo men from Japan. Too many promoters are fast asleep.

Hiroshi Hanagata
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There aren't many top flight Japanese men wrestlers, and there are no Nipponese women wrestlers, in the U.S. I believe, as you do, that many Japanese girls of today could be developed into fine wrestlers if taken in hand by honest, reliable coaches. There might be difficulties growing out of the fact that Japanese women are so slight of build. But careful matchmaking could eradicate this problem.*

GALS GETTING ROUGH DEAL

My interest in a wrestling card is close to 50 percent in the women contestants. I am a travelling man, and know quite a few of the gals. They are getting a raw deal from the promoters. They are underpaid, they are snided, they are mismatched, they are kicked around. What's wrong with the promoters? They put on a female event if they feel like it, or they simply forget.

Harry Tcherpak Nashville, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have received many letters which repeat your complaints. We have instructed our locality reporters to investigate, and promise to come up with interesting dope on this subject in our next issue.*

GALS VS. MEN? NO!

People who are in favor of permitting male-female matches are seeking another cheap thrill and are determined to drag wrestling down.

There is little doubt that no woman wrestler could compete successfully against a male professional with similar skills It is also true that the average amateur wrestler would stand no chance with a professional woman wrestler. But why make an issue of this? Women compete in every field alongside men so why not tolerate them and help them to gain further knowledge of wrestling without the need to compete against males in public.

On a recent trip to Japan I visited a Tokyo Gymnasium and watched a bout beween a Japanese girl and an amateur Japanese male of comparable weight. The result was a draw.

The girl gained a fall with a beautifully applied figure four grapevine and the amateur a submission from a wristlock and head scissors.

Neither would think of a match in public. They could see no harm in private workouts in a gymnasium.

The girl admitted that she would rather practice with men because of the experience. "Adhere to Your Principles."

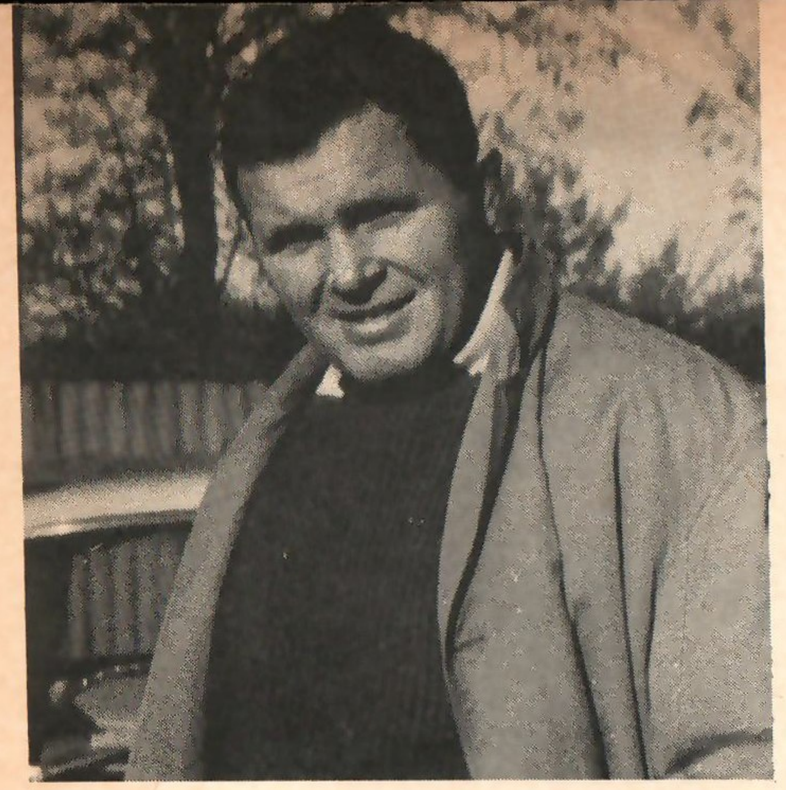
W. Ball
Christ Church,
New Zealand

MISS ROSE IS DISPUTED

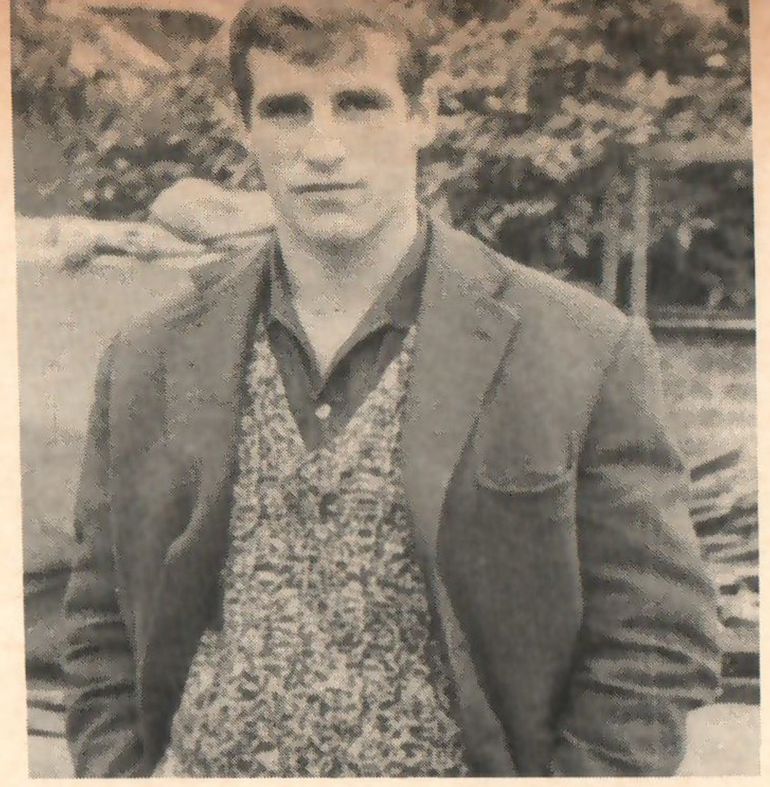
With all respect to lady wrestler Toni Rose, your recent article on her left me befuddled. Her claim that she and lady wrestler Barbara Owens wound up beating two male wrestlers of about their size, in Central America in a tag team match is preposterous and, obviously the product of some press agent. If that was not the case these two ladies can thank themselves for the overwhelming chivalry displayed by the two male wrestlers and the referee for letting them win.

If Miss Toni Rose will come to Massachusetts and wrestle for promoter Tony Santos and book herself at the arena here in North Attleboro, Mass., I will personally challenge her to a mixed match and display enough chivalry to hold her to a twenty minute draw in a scientific match. I weigh about 130 pounds and am 5 feet 6 inches tall. I am not a professional wrestler because I am not big enough to compete with today's professional wrestlers. Just as a woman should know that she does not belong in a ring with a man, her own size or not.

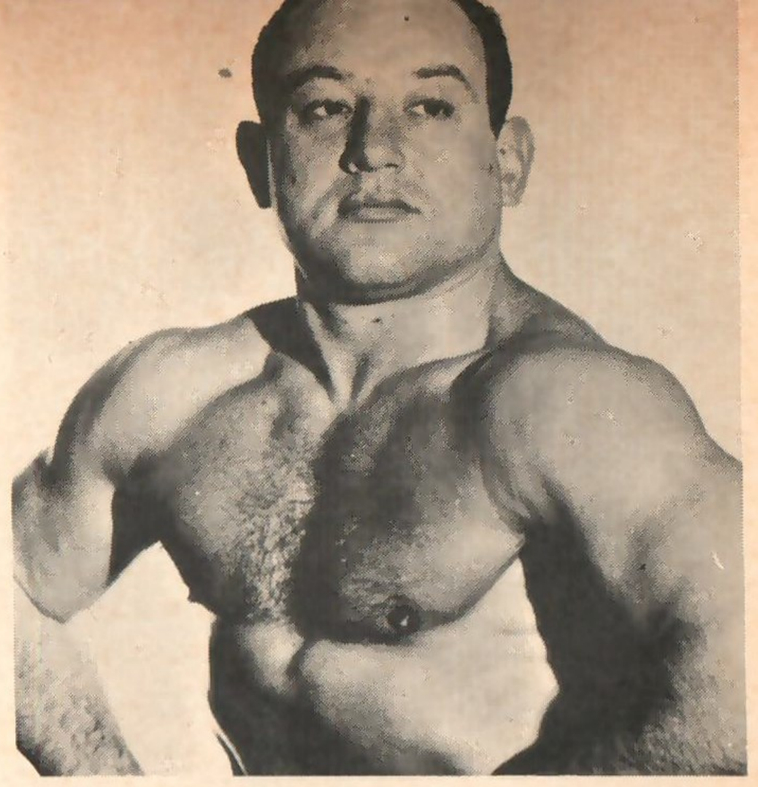
Ernest Y. Lemire
North Attleboro, Mass.



Warnia Zarzecki finds life in Britain a lot more pleasant than it would be in his native Poland.



Perez Lopez, from Spain, seems to be having a merry time in his new location in England.



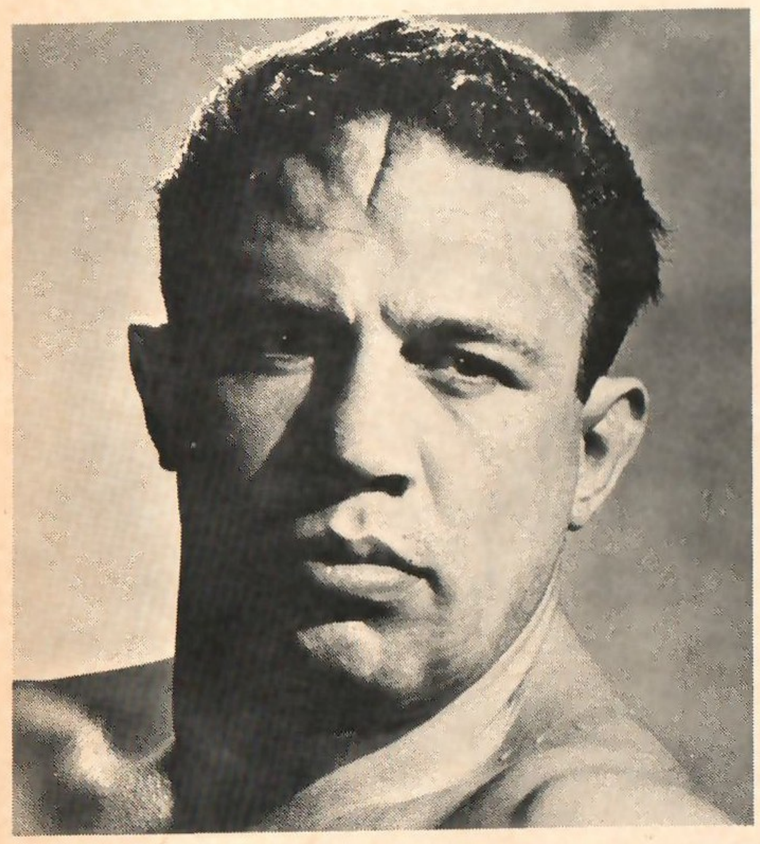
Jan Browers, from Belgium, looks more like a strongman and muscle collector than a wrestler.

Foreign Wrestlers Find British Life Very Happy

By DAVE CAMERON

LONDON, England — England long has been the Mecca for Continental wrestlers, and most tournaments throughout the country usually feature at least one grappler from Europe. Many stars have settled here permanently, as they prefer the competition in Britain.

Hungary's Tibor Szakacs and his younger brother Peter settled here many years ago, and are established as stylists. Tibor has long been one of Europe's outstanding matmen. Several years back he was scheduled to visit America but was in demand here.



Here we have Jose Tarres, frequent Spanish visitor to Britain. He is known as "Iron Head."

Hungary has produced some outstanding wrestlers, and best known to British fans being "The Butcher From Budapest," Josef Kovacs. This man is one of the most feared matmen in Europe.

Another brilliant Hungarian, Gedeon Gida, is a powerful and devastating opponent.

Yet another favourite in British rings is "The Polish Eagle," Johnny Czeslaw from Cracow. The shaven-headed star is one of Europe's most sought after matmen. John, settled in England, hopes to embark on a world tour soon. He has had invitations from Australia and New Zealand.

From Liege in Belgium comes Charles Verhulst, a favourite throughout Britain. Charles has wrestled consistently throughout Europe, and is a regular visitor to France, Spain, Italy and Germany.

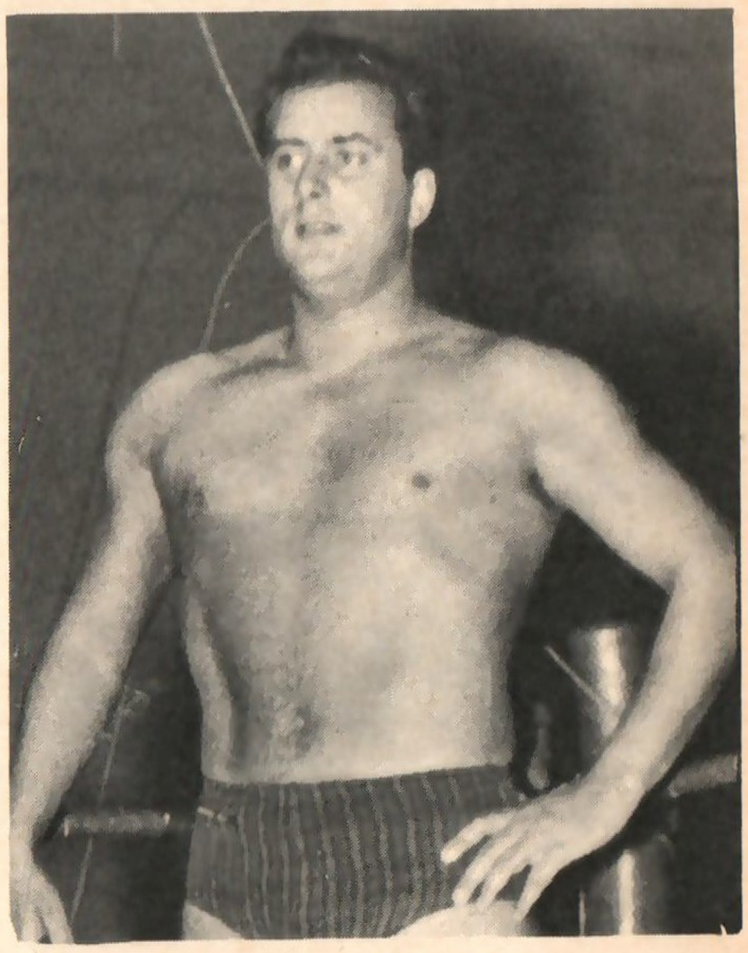
Gabriel Calderon, or, as he is known in British rings, Professor Adi Wasser, is one of our most likeable visitors. Master of Judo, Karate, and Aikido, the professor, who was born in Spain but now lives in France, recently visited Japan, where he beat top Orientals at their own game.

Yuri Borienko, strongman from Russia, is in great demand as a film actor. He had a part in James Bond's "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." Yuri is a tough, rugged, and at times brutal wrestler who can handle the best of them.

Also from Russia, but now living in England, is Ivan Josef Zaranoff, from Leningrad.

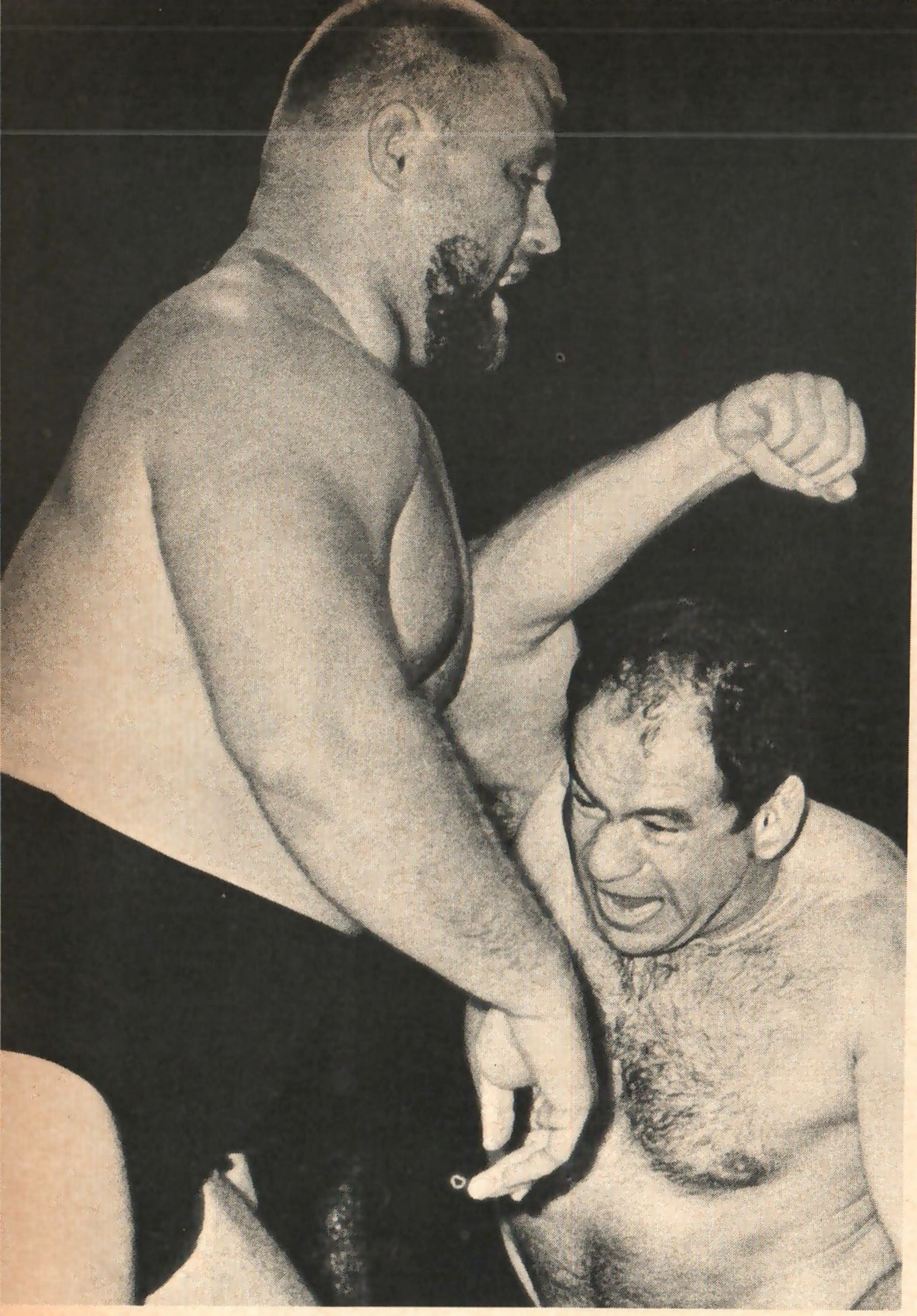
Brilliant French lightweight Julien Morice, who lives in England but divides his

(Continued on page 63)



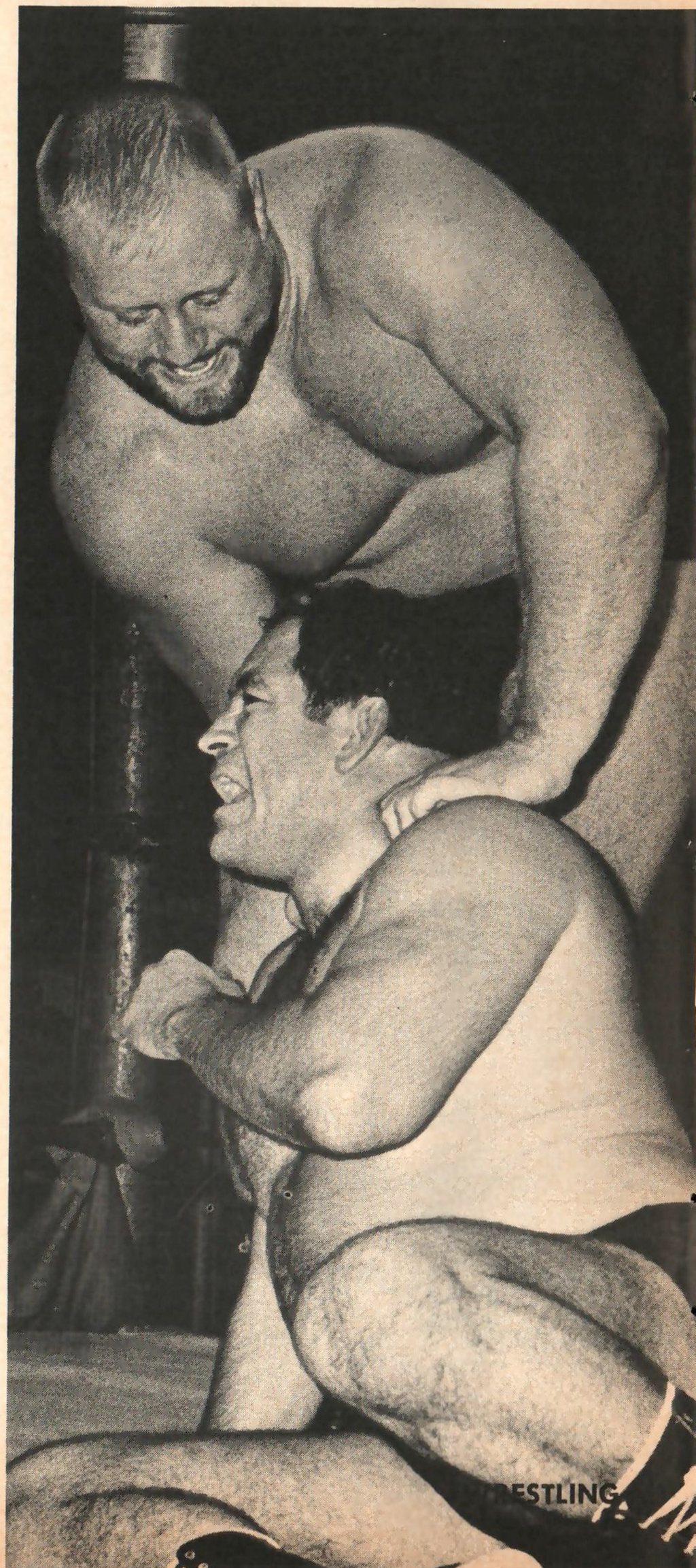
Felix Gregor, from Germany, fits well into the light heavy clan so popular in England.

This man is Gabriel Calderon. He also is Professor Adi Wasser, Black Belt karate expert.



Beautiful Bearded Brutus Bearhugs

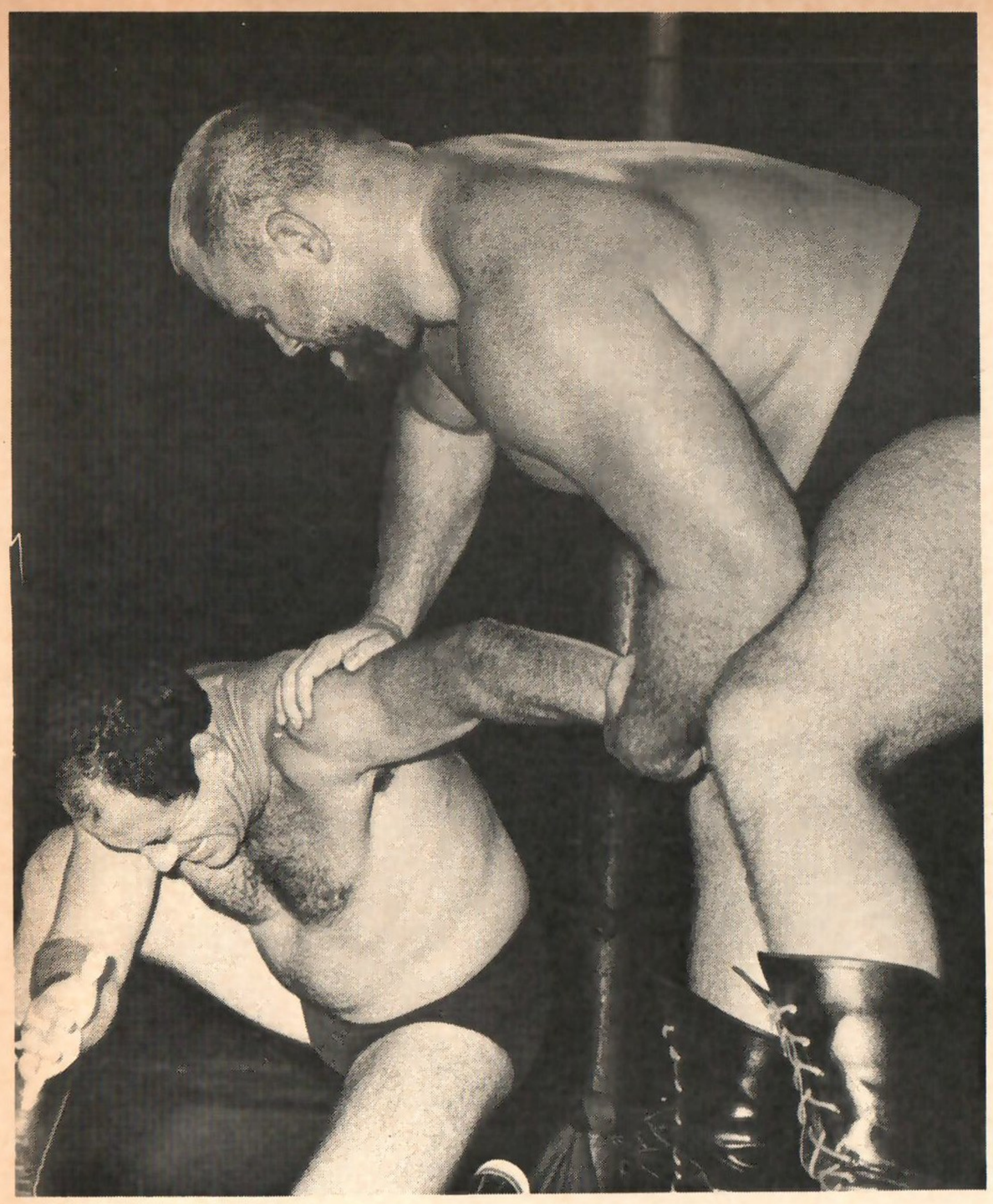
(Photos by Phil Miller)



Pepe Gomez lets Beautiful Brutus have a terrific right to the chops during their match in Norfolk, Va.

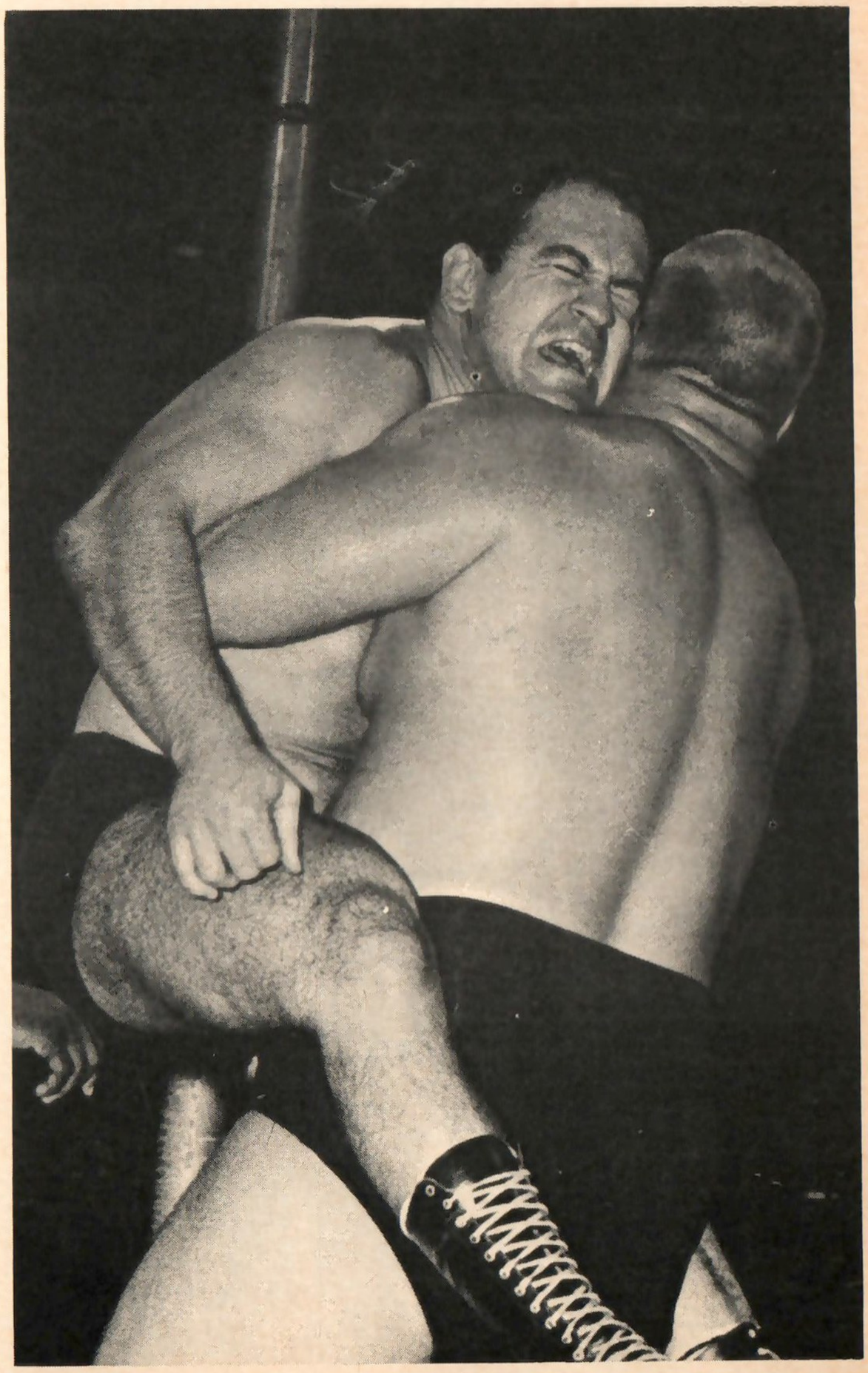
PEPPY PEPE WELL-PEPPERED

Attempting a bit of finesse, Brutus uses a nerve hold on Pepe, who grimaces with pain.

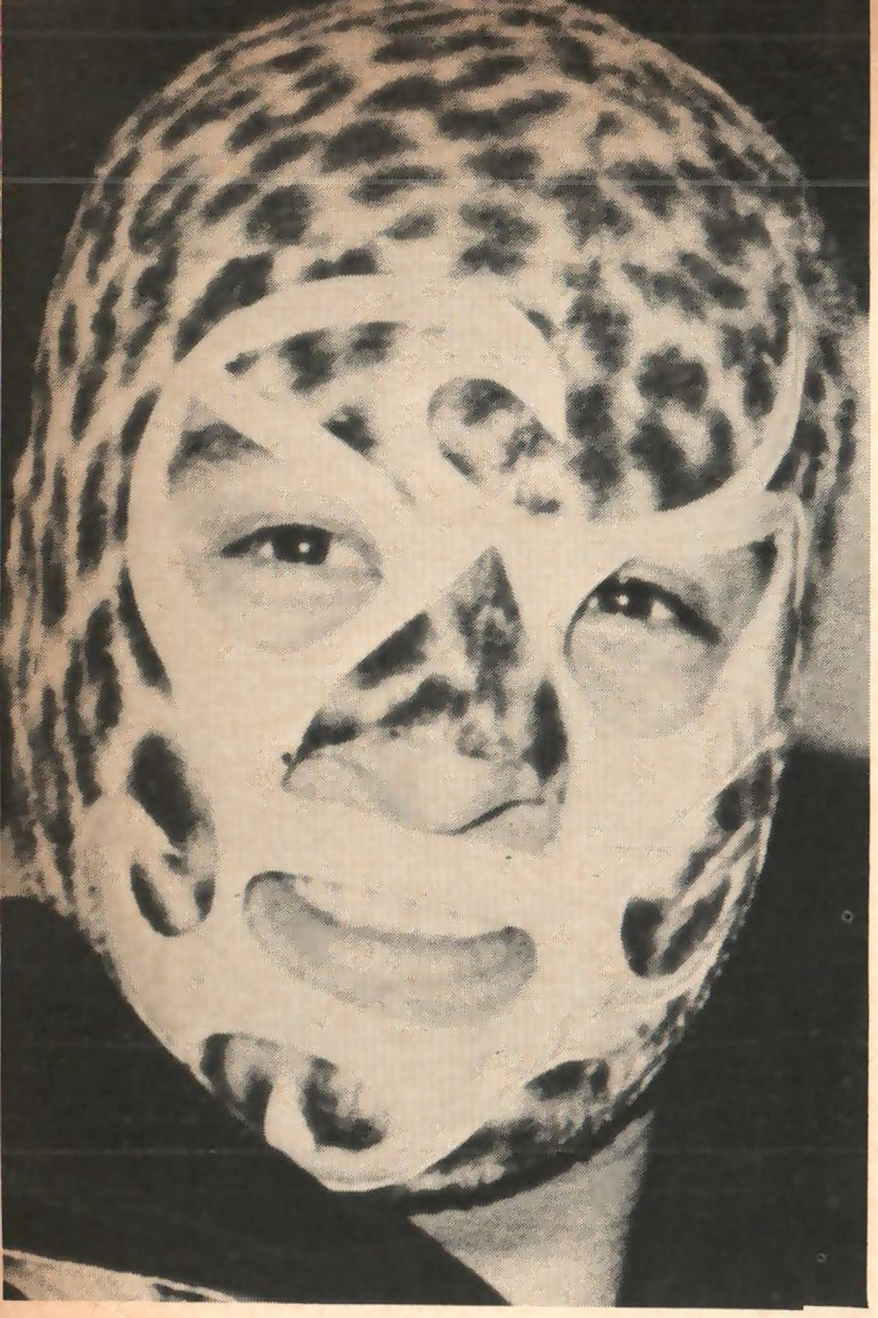


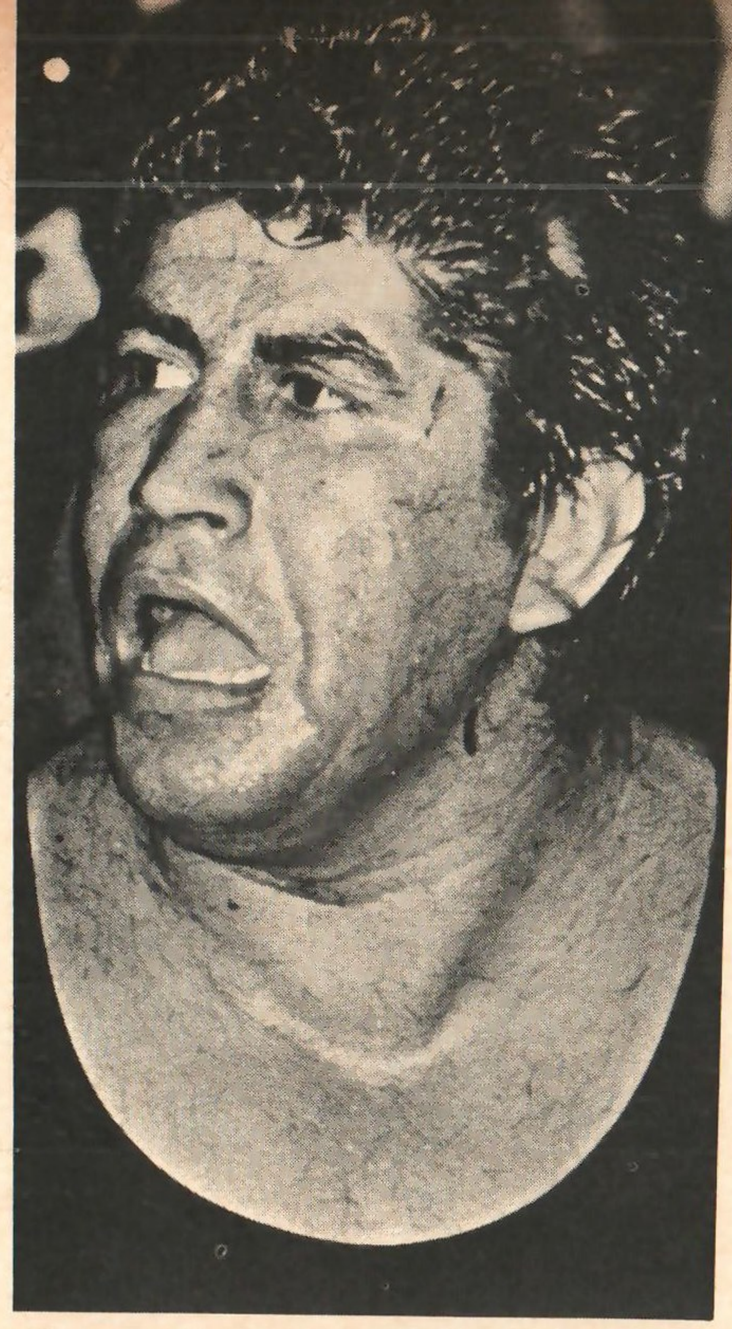
A twisting armlock by the bearded one has Gomez thinking that perhaps he has taken up the wrong profession.

The smaller Pepe sends his much larger opponent flying with a body lift.



Beautiful Brutus' bearhug is not applied romantically here as he squeezes Pepe into submission.





Mascaras' Mask, Gordman's Locks? Barber Scored

Bull Ramos Failed To Aid Beaten Partner In L.A. Fight

By G. J. ROWELL

(Photos by the Author)

THE fevered screaming, catcalling, and boos sounded like gigantic waves crashing against rocks along a desolate California beach. It sounded like the surf—pounding, pounding, pounding!

More than 10,000 irate fans were voicing their displeasure at what was happening at ringside. In my press seat at the Olympic in Los Angeles, I was only about five feet from the target of the oral assault. Bull Ramos, the roughest Indian wrestler alive, was seeking to win the approval of the fans so that he could sit ringside for the night's extra special event.

Ramos, who was surrounded by a cordon of police, was not exactly the type of person you would trust with a mat rule book. As Ramos stood there cursing the fans, a pot-bellied old man of Mexican descent, with a cup of beer in his hand, broke through the police and struck out at Ramos. Seeing the old man made Ramos even angrier and he threatened to tear the old man apart. The police intervened.

Ramos finally settled down and took a seat near from me, police on both sides. As some of the screaming subsided, my attention once again returned to the participants in the main event. This promised to be the climax to the series of grudge bouts that the two grapplers had during the past several months. Strutting to show his defiance, Black Gordman, a scientific Mexican villain, raised the wrath of the crowd. Gordman, Ramos' pal and tag partner, had signed for one of the most requested bouts yet held in the Olympic.

Gordman had promised that tonight he would beat and reveal Mil Mascaras, the masked star from Mexico City, with the clear-cut understanding that if Gord-

Upper left shows victorious Mascaras still wearing his face-hider after third fall. Upper right displays Gordman in no happy situation. He is against the ropes, gasping for breath. Lower left catches the Masked Marvel scoring heavily with dropkick in third fall.

On left, beaten Gordman is submitting to haircut, as per agreement. Lower left finds Ramos, who got what he deserved, looking for fans' sympathy. He got none. Below, Mascaras reminds himself of the rules and after kicking Ramos, boots Gordman's noggin.

man lost he would have his hair cut off in the ring.

Announcer Jimmy Lennon would have the privilege of shearing Gordman's locks or Bull Ramos would have the privilege of unmasking Mascaras.

All the pre-bout publicity had paid off. Ticket lines for for the grudge match had wound clear around the building. The main reason for the intense interest was that it was to have a two hour time limit and an absolute declared winner at the end.

Promoter Mike LeBell had a panel of five businessmen on hand to judge the winner of the contest should the match go to a draw. The group was to make sure that the fans would not be disappointed for the second time.

Two weeks earlier when the original Hair-vs-Mask bout was held, the ending proved to be unsatisfactory. Each of the wrestlers had scored a fall and was vieing for the deciding fall, when the end came.

Gordman had been thrown out of the ring, to the concrete floor. He was dazed and he slowly tried to regain his feet. Meanwhile, Mascaras mounted the top rope strand in the corner of the ring and stood poised like a mountain lion ready to spring on an unsuspecting victim.

As Gordman cleared his head of cobwebs and finally recovered his footing, Mascaras tried a spectacular Suicide Dive and sprang onto Gordman. Both Mascaras and Gordman crashed into the ringside seats and fell onto the floor head first. As a result, both had to be carried from the auditorium on stretchers and Gordman spent several days in hospital with a concussion.

Second match action exploded as the opening bell rang. Mascaras wiped up the mat with Gordman. Within a scant few minutes Mascaras had weakened Gordman and scored the first fall with a fantastic Suicide Dive from the turnbuckle.

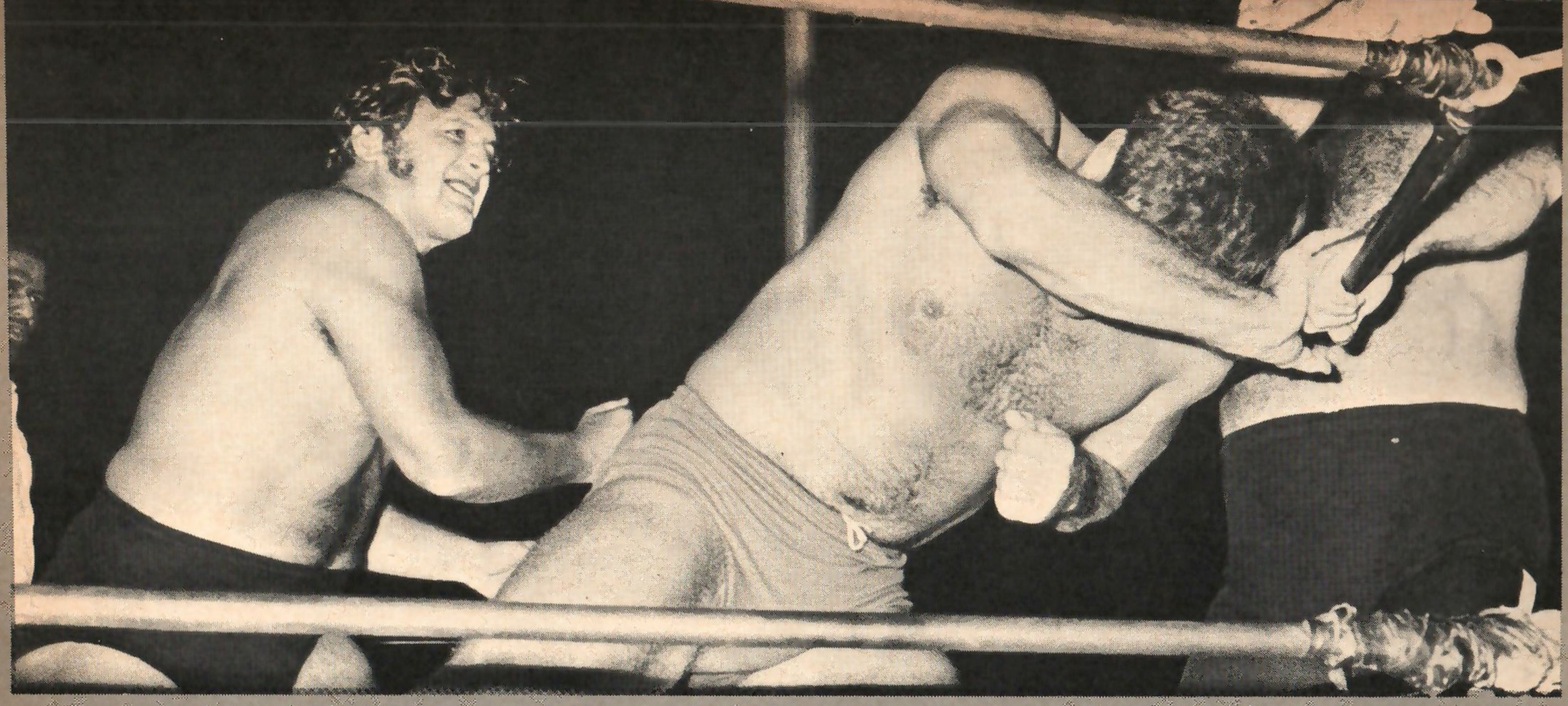
Gordman was slow in starting the second fall but he managed to get the advantage after a few minutes had elapsed. Gordman drove a ham-like fist into the unprotected groin of his masked foe. Mascaras dropped to the mat in agony.

Gordman quickly pounced on his opponent and pinned him for the second fall. The crowd went wild.

A teenage girl, with long blond hair, rushed to ringside, tears streaming down her face, as she cried out in defense of her fallen hero. The referee laughed.

The third fall was but seconds old when Mascaras gripped Gordman by the arm

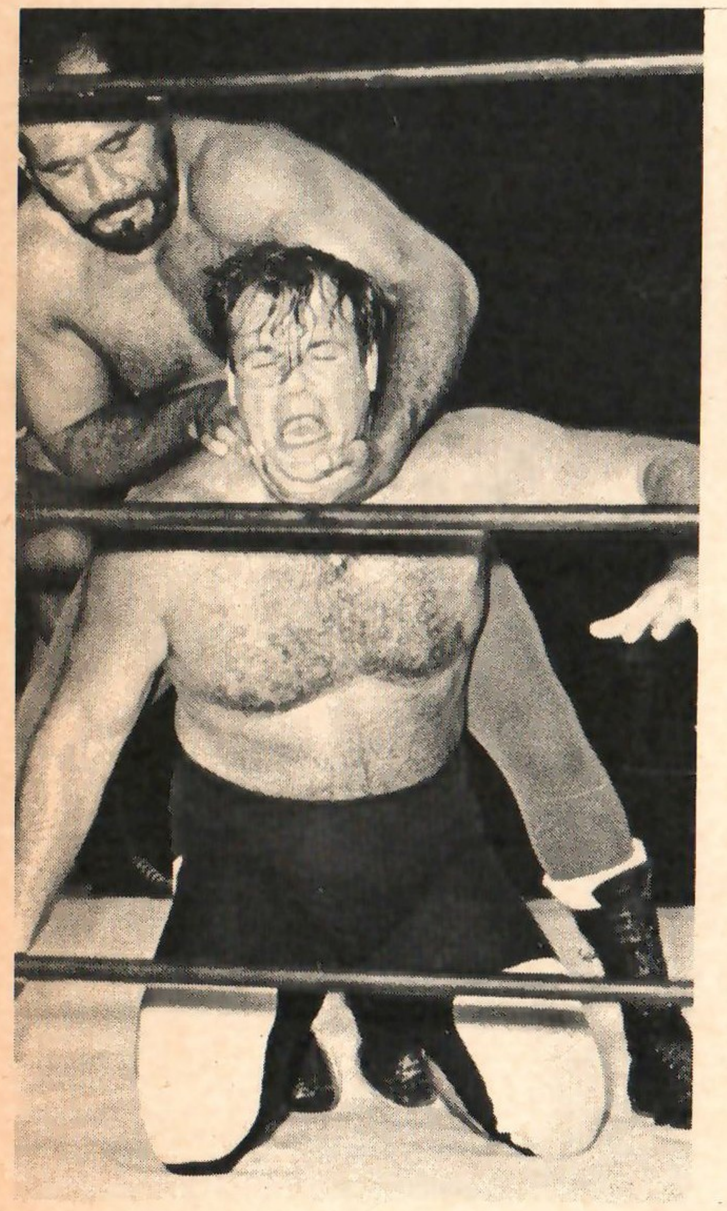
(Continued on page 71)



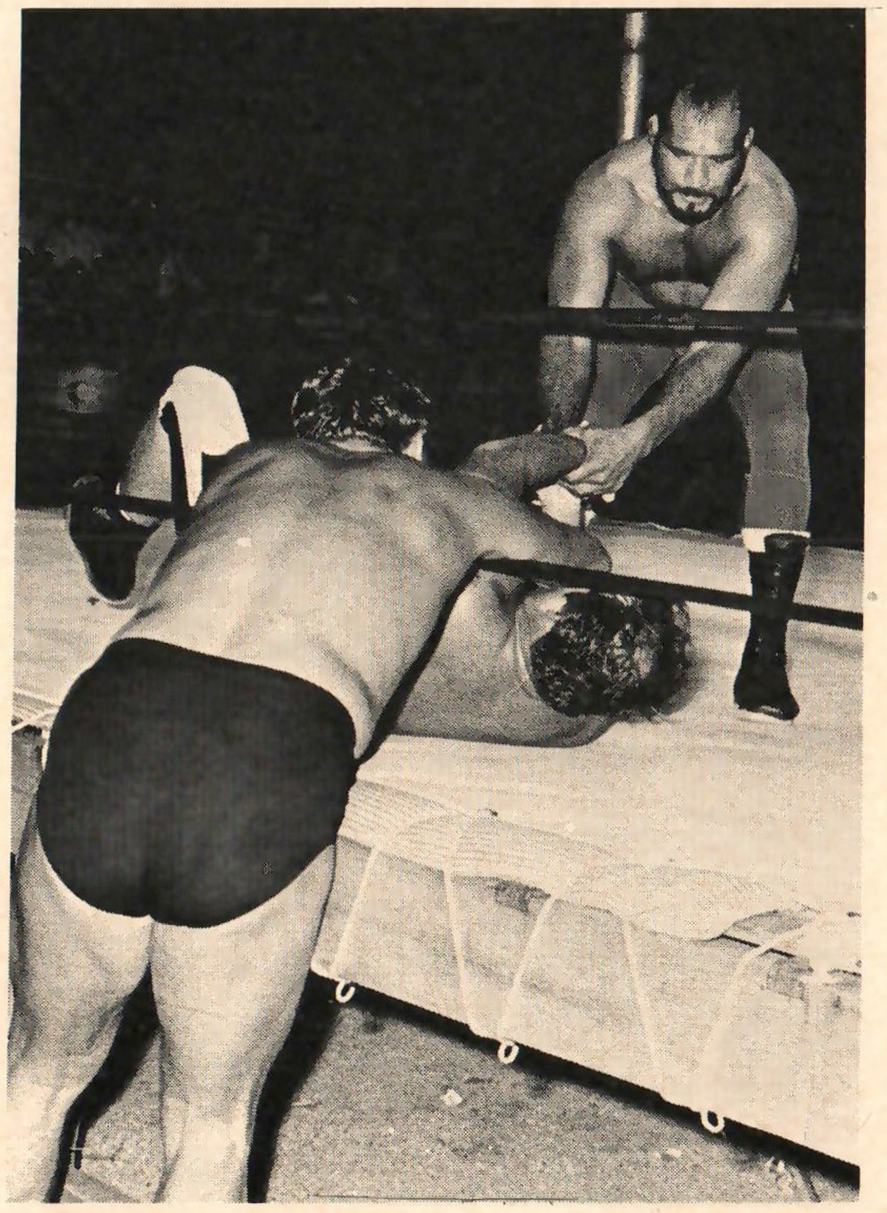
Tag team partners Dale Lewis (left) and the Missouri Mauler trap Jack Brisco in corner and proceed to work him over and not very gently, either. Poor Jack thought he was in the midst of a meat grinder when they got through with him.

THE JOINT WAS REALLY JUMPIN' IN OLD SAN JUAN

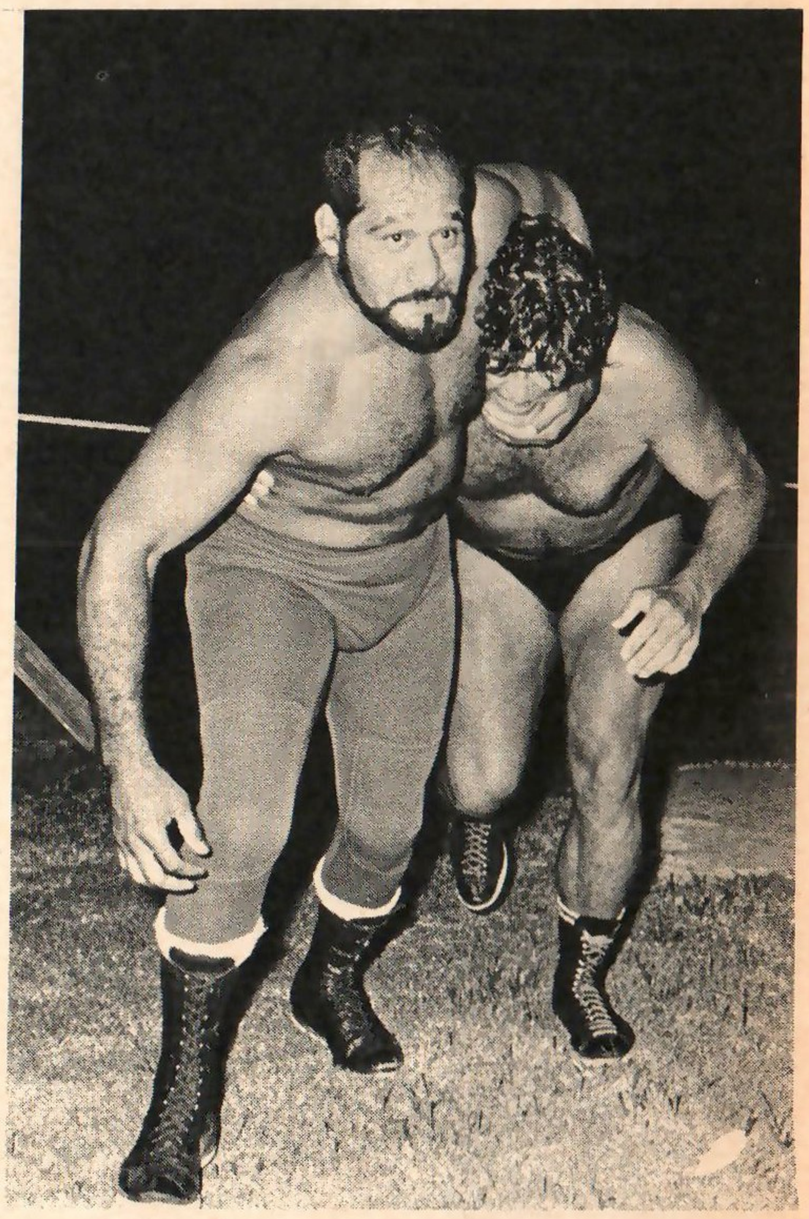
(Photos by Mike Pyrgakis)



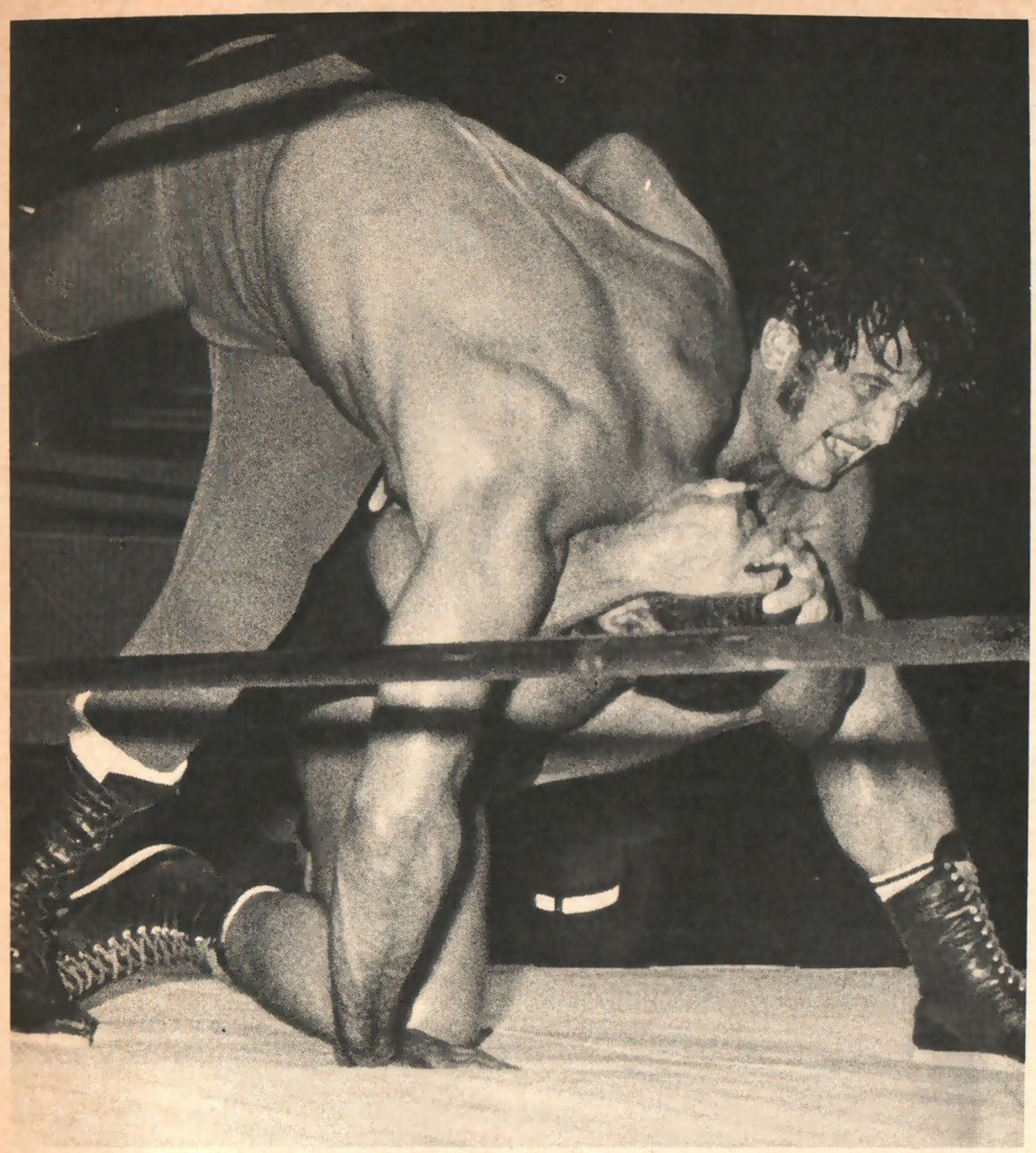
The Missouri Mauler cries out in pain as Ciclon Negro applies one of his specialties, a nerve hold.



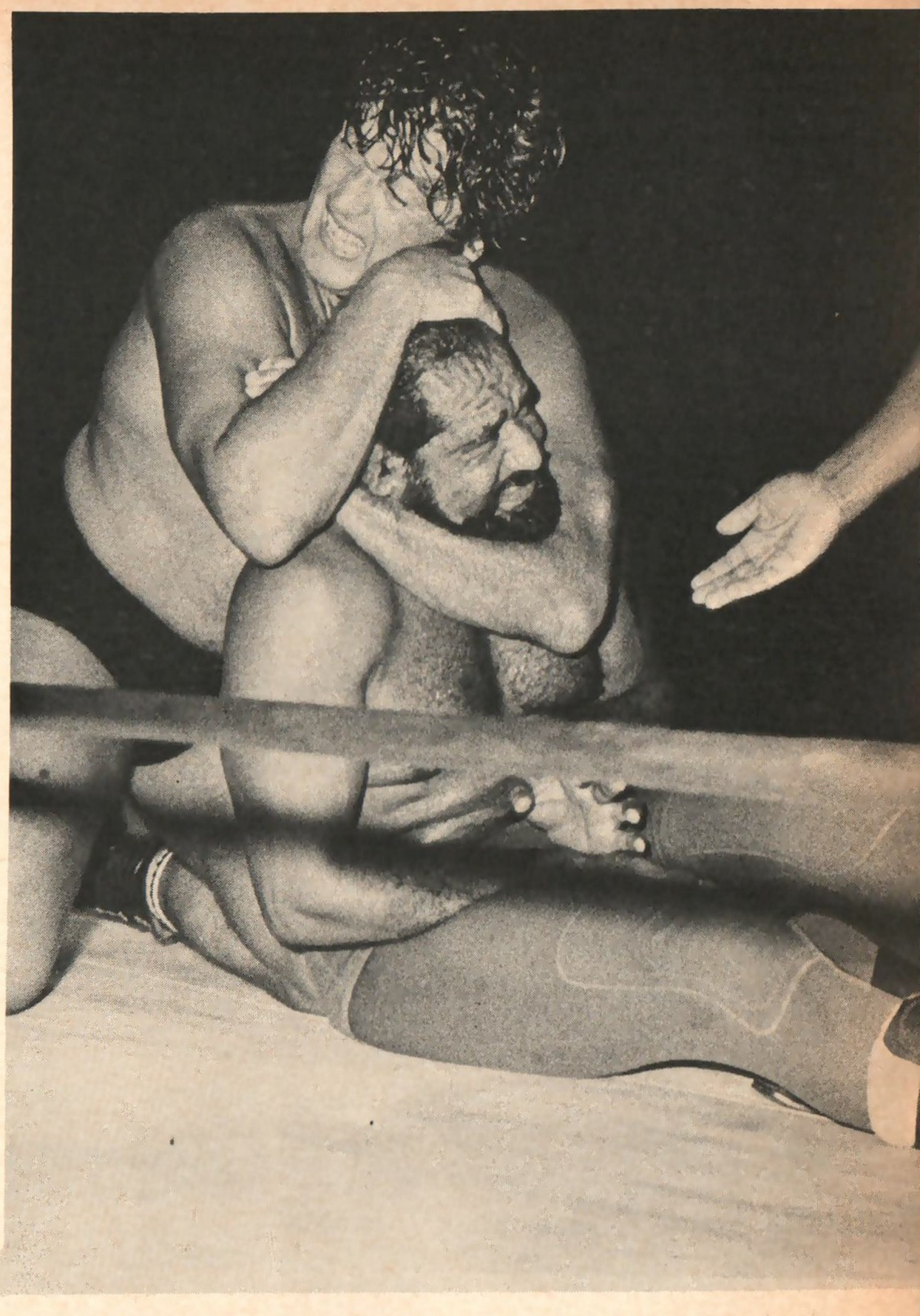
Dale Lewis (outside ring) struggles to drag his dazed partner, the Mauler, away from the clutches of Negro.



The epic battle spilled onto the ground surrounding the outdoor ring, so here we see Negro forcibly bringing Lewis back to where the action was.



Here, in a sort of contortionistic view of things, we see Lewis spilling Negro to the mat.



A sleeper hold by Lewis has Ciclon in trouble. Dale is obviously trying for a submission.

Brisco has just connected with a hard left to the jaw which staggers the surprised Mauler.

GAME TONI ROSE PROVED HERSELF IN BRUTAL TAG

(Continued from page 23)

of her life. Donna, standing outside the ropes, pulled Toni's long black hair over the top rope and kept her in position while Rita, with a viciousness I hadn't witnessed in her before, rained blow after blow into Toni's body.

Toni sank slowly to her knees, her legs going slack. Rita took a handful of Toni's hair, pulled her head back and smashed a fist into the brunette's face. She followed up with a kick to the stomach. A karate chop to Toni's neck left her unable to defend herself.

Draped on the ropes, Toni was helpless, her arms tangled in the ropes were all that held her in an upright position. Legs bent under her, her stomach completely open to attack, Toni Rose was semiconscious.

Having beaten Toni helpless, Rita stepped back to complete the plan by making sure Toni was unable to make a comeback in the second fall. With all her might, Rita kicked a foot into Toni's belly, midway between the navel and the groin. The gasp of pain from the body on the ropes shocked the fans. Five more times Rita kicked Toni. After the sixth kick, Toni was motionless, her chin on her chest, her eyes closed, her body limp.

Now Donna tagged in. She pulled Toni's unconscious body from the ropes, airplane spun her a couple of times, then threw the beaten girl into a ringpost. Toni's body flopped to the mat and didn't move when Donna dropped on her for the pin.

In the rest period between falls, Toni had Paula walk with her on the floor of the arena to work out the cramps in her stomach.

Paula Kaye proved she had the stuff that makes a real pro in the second fall. The blonde remained in the ring almost the entire fall, even though she took a terrific clobbering from her more experienced foes. She took the punishment herself rather than exposing Toni to it before Toni had regained her strength.

Finally, an angry Toni yelled that she was ready to go. Once in the ring, the brunette showed why she reigns as a title contender. Her flying head scissors brought Donna to the mat where Toni wasted no time with elaborate holds. She merely poured all her strength through her powerful legs. Donna was able to stand the wrenching pain for only a few minutes before she signalled her surrender.

It took the aroused Toni even less time to dispose of Rita Boucher in the third fall. Toni's booming kick to the breadbasket put Rita on ice. A kneelift, two body slams and a backbreaker had the redhead screaming submission.

The referee raised the arms of Toni and Paula in victory. The old quote about the best laid plans of mice and men often going astray was again, with an assist from Toni Rose, proved accurate.

AROUND THE MAT WORLD

(Continued from page 47)

Gorilla Monsoon, Mad Dog Vachon, Jackie Fargo, Lou Thesz, Dick The Bruiser, Verne Gagne, Wilbur Snyder, and Prince Iaukea. We understand your feelings, Terry, but wrestling, like most things where rankings are concerned, is a case of "what can you do for me now." Bobo is a great wrestler but has to put more of his wins end to end. Most of his wins in recent years have been spasmodic. Back in 1968, Bobo was up high, fourth in our February issue of that year. Anyone who would like to join the Bobo Brazil fc can get in touch with Terry at Box 145, Oak Harbor, Ohio 43449.

The only place in the world with a wrestling union is England. The boys started a strike recently with union spokesman stating that the cauliflower-eared lads only earned a mere $72 a week on an average per year. The grunters demanded $4.80 per bout plus a hike from $96 to $144 for each bout shown on television. The promoter of Dale Martin Promotions, a former wrestler himself, who went under the name of the Brixton Bear Crusher, is an understanding gentleman attempting to make everybody happy.

One of the best fc's coming across my desk is the Danny Hodge bulletin, "Make Room For Danny." Those who would like to get the dope on joining this fc, contact Opal Mae Ronspies, 907 South Tenth Street, P.O. Box 103, Kingfisher, Oklahoma 73750.

Gentle Ben, 600-pound wrestling bear, appears in "Paint Your Wagon," a hotshot movie . . . Did you know that Grizzly Smith is none other than one of The Kentuckians? (Big Tiny Smith)?

Those who like to give the idea that wrestling is on the decline should take a look at the last few Madison Square Garden shows . . . Last show was an SRO with over 20,000 fans. The one before had 20,719 with a take of $85,716.18, and the same for the show before that. Wrestling is back in New York as a big time sport and much of the credit goes to WWWF prexy Willie Gilzenberg and promoter Vince McMahon.

Did you know that . . . Luke Brown now lives on a farm near Mahtewa, Minnesota? . . . That the Brain is none other than Mike Paidousis? . . .

Tim McCormack of the Fritz Von Erich fc wants 100 more members within the next two months. Want to be one? Write to Tim at P.O. Box 668, Denton, Texas 76201 . . . Want to keep up with Canadian results and news? Then get "The Canadian Wrestling News And Results" through Denys Douville, 2199 de la Canardiere, Quebec City 3, Quebec, Canada . . . The bulletin is $1.50 per year.

PATTERSON, ELLIS CRASHED- HEAD-ON

(Continued from page 27)

the sight of my own blood," said Ellis. "All of a sudden I felt that surge of adrenalin through my veins and along with the oral support of my neighbors I knew that I could beat Patterson."

Meanwhile Patterson was strutting gleefully around the ring waiting for referee Stewart to count Ellis out. Patterson couldn't believe his ears when Stewart tapped him on the back and said "wrestle."

Now the tide of battle turned, Patterson switching to the defensive for the first time in the already forty minute old match. Ellis was going great guns as he gave Patterson a wrestling lesson. Bob was determined to beat Thunderbolt and he was going to do it by the book.

"No matter how infuriated or carried away I may get in the course of a match I always try to abide by the rules," said Bob. "Even though Patterson had used every illegal maneuver, I knew that there was still no excuse for me to lower myself to that level, especially in front of all those hometown folks."

Thus the battle went on. The gore kept flowing and the crowd remained in a frenzied state.

At times, when Ellis was on the brink of defeat, his supporters never gave up.

"Bob Ellis is more than an ordinary human being," remarked one spectator. "You may whip the tar out of him many times in the course of a match but good old Cowboy never loses his fight."

Finally it ended. Both men came bouncing off the ropes and hit each other head on, sounding like two locomotives crashing. Referee Stewart had no choice but to count both grapplers out and declare the match a draw.

"I've refereed many a match but never have I seen such courage and determination as was displayed by Ellis," said Stewart.

Many supporters swamped the ring to help the unconcious Ellis to his dressing room. Thunderbolt was left for the officials.

No one in the vast majority of Ellis fans left the Coliseum before the doctor returned from the dressing room and assured them that Bob would be alright.

This reporter was present when Ellis awoke from his artificially induced siesta. When asked if he felt he had a score to settle with Patterson, Ellis replied:

"I have no grudge against the man. He wrestled to the best of his ability in the only manner he knows. However, I do feel that I was at my best."

RW REPORTER FINDS NEGRO MATERIAL SHY

(Continued from page 28)

Promoters told me they were eager to have Negro wrestlers on their cards, but found the supply of talent very low.

They said that they found many black gals too frivolous and generally lacking in serious attitude toward wrestling.

They found some Negro girls also too serious, eager to make the ring a battle scene against the white gals.

Promoters said that there were few male Negro wrestlers because professional football was grabbing about all the available talent.

The football pros have men recruiting and inducing Negro players in colleges to go into the gridiron draft.

Many wrestling promoters are letting things slide along any way they slide, so long as it doesn't take too much work on their part.

The salaries offered by pro football even to rookies are attractive and the players have solidarity and security which is lacking for them in wrestling.

Pro football also bothers wrestling from the spectacle standpoint.

There is no question that the gridiron heroes present a problem to boxing, as well.

In football the fans see 22 men fighting out in the open. In boxing and wrestling, man to man, which I prefer.

The attractions of wrestling must be built up by the promoters.

One feature of the mat game which failed to impress me was the work of the referees. They are expected, in places, to shut their eyes to a lot of stuff which is not in the interest of good wrestling.

But they permit intruders to charge into the ring to help one of the contestants. This is not tolerated in good clubs. But there is too much of it in the lower echelon.

Wrestling is an ancient game with classic sources and virile resources.

It is staged indoors, as a rule, where the onlookers have weather protection. The prices are right.

The sport is exciting. But it needs help.

KILLER A PURVEYOR OF LEGALIZED MAYHEM

(Continued from page 12)

It was that kind of attitude that led him to point out: "That's why I was well-accepted abroad. I don't mean favorably; anything but. What I mean is that, while the fans hated me, they also liked to see me in action and I would draw them out."

It all started when Kowalski, a former all-around athlete in a technical high school, attracted attention in workouts at a Windsor YMCA in a period of his life when he was trying to get an electrical engineering degree on the installment plan.

"I would go one semester to Assumption College in Windsor and then work one in a factory to get money for my education," he will recall. "A promoter heard about this big, strong kid exercising at the "Y" and made me a proposition about becoming a wrestler.

"At first, I told him I wanted no part of the idea—I had different plans. But he kept working on me, saying I could earn enough for college without having to interrupt my schooling for a job.

"That did it—and when I got $50 for my first match, I quit work. I thought then that I would take a fling at wrestling for a while, then go back to college. But as it turned out, I never did."

Was it a decision he has regretted? The answer is invariably: "No, I have never had any regrets. Despite all the drawbacks, the game has always given me everything I've wanted."

As a visitor to far-off places for his series of foreign matches in recent years, the Killer found the modus vivendi to his liking except in the southern part of Africa. That trip left an unpleasant impact on his memory.

"I spent the most miserable three months of my life," he will tell listeners. "There was no TV—movie theatres were closed on Sundays as were most of the good restaurants—and the usual thing on Sundays was visiting socially... Big deal!"

FOREIGN WRESTLERS FIND BRITISH LIFE VERY HAPPY

(Continued from page 55)

time between English and French rings, is a fast and skillful performer. His famous spinning-backbreaker hold is one of the most spectacular moves in wrestling.

Young Wolfgang Stark, the up and coming German heavyweight, last season walked off with the Royal Albert Hall Tournament Trophy to cause the upset of the year in Britain. A popular boy, Wolfgang has met with success in France, Spain and Belgium.

Greek star Johnny Kostas, well known in the U.S.A. and Canada, and in fact in every wrestling country in the world, has made several visits to England. John's aerial work and clever footwork were superb. Another Greek boy who left here for Canada is Johnny Apollo.

The man with the unpronounceable name of Harilaos Tsimogiannis worked in Britain for several years. Con Papalazarou, also from Greece, was popular here.

From Spain frequent visitors are "Ironhead" Jose Tarres, Manuel Polman, and the fantastic, horriffic Quasimodo. Quasi has been likened to the hunchback of Notre Dame because of a huge wen on the back of his head.

From France, Gil Cesca and Jean Corne are popular visitors in the lighter divisions, and Jaques Lageat and Bruno Asquini are both crowd pleasers. One of the best of the smaller boys is young Michel Saulnier, a real little wizard of the mat.

One of the few professional wrestlers to come here from Italy is Mario Matassa.

Warnia Zarzecki, from Poland, was selected to appear before Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

German heavyweights Horst Hoffman and Hermann Iffland both have toured Britain on numerous occasions.

FAN CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 38)

150 wrestling magazines for sale that will go to the highest bidder. All are in excellent condition, dating back to '61. The writer also has his wrestling magazine collection for sale. They date back to 1956 and include some extremely hard to find editions. I also have old programs for sale. My address is 196 Hillside Avenue, Allendale, New Jersey 07401.

Sputnik Monroe is terrorizing the Oklahoma area while brother Rocket is taking in the Gulf Coast. Danny Goodard, 462 Gift Avenue, Southeast, Atlanta, Georgia, 30316, heads their club.

Al Lopez has put his wrestling material into grab bags and is selling each bag at $1.00. He is at 1621 Westminster, St. Paul, Minnesota, 55101.

Mike Nagle's CWCCA continues to thrive. Mike was one of the organizors of this year's WFIA Convention in Miami Beach. Mike formed a convention committee from local fans. Mike is at 6416 Flagler Street, Hollywood, Florida, 33023.

There are two new clubs. First, there's the International Pat Patterson Fan Club. Denise O'Connell, secretary. The club offers an 8 x 10 photo of Pat, a fifteen page bulletin, and a membership card for $2.00 per year. The bulletin is to be published quarterly. The club's first bulletin was excellent. The club address is: 205 28th Street #4, San Francisco, California 94131.

Viktor Berry has initiated a club for Stan Stasiak. Members pay $1.50 dues the first year, and $1.00 every other year. Members receive an 8x10 photo of Stan. Three smaller photos, quarterly bulletins, a membership card, and such extras as clippings and programs. The bulletin, "The Heart Punch," is named after Stasiak's favorite move. Viktor's address is 1360 Cornell Way, Sacramento, California, 95831.

BULLDOG INSISTS HE GIVES FANS MONEY'S WORTH

(Continued from page 33)

the pros in training, they used to beat me, of course, But after a while, I got so I could give 'em a real battle. Then one of the pros called up a promoter in West Virginia to tell him about me—and I got my first opportunity."

Weightlifting has had a far-reaching effect on his career by giving him tremendous strength. A reflection of that is the fact that, as a lifter, he can hoist over 500 pounds in a prone press.

Over the years, he has developed a set of pat sayings, some that are alliterative, to expound his hard-core philosophy and other notions about his trade, plus at the same time get in a few personal "commercials."

They go like this:

"The more you win, the more you make, so I'm out to win, no matter how . . . They don't pay 'losers.'

"Brower rhymes with Power.

"Dick Brower, Man of the Hour.

"When I'm in there, the fans always see 'action.' "

The Bulldog, by his own account, works about 10 months of the year on a five-to-six bouts a week schedule. The opposition over the years adds up to a formidable assortment of top campaigners. "I've battled practically all the big names—Bruno Sammartino, Gene Kiniski, Lou Thesz, Pat O'Connor, and Edouard Carpentier, to name a few—and have had several title shots," he relates.

"And I'd be champ today if they hadn't pulled a petty technicality on me in Toronto one night," he protests. "I had Buddy Rogers pinned but didn't get credit for it. I had the title for something like three minutes. Then the referee took it away from me by ruling that I didn't break when he told me to."

Faced with the familiar "toughest-of-them-all" query, Brower eludes that one with a simple strategem. "I can't think of one that stands out above the others. They're all 'tough' because that's the only kind I meet," he offers.

While dishing it out is his ring forte, the Bulldog has taken his share of hard knocks. A big scar on the back of his neck is a souvenir from the time a rival slammed him into a ring post one night in Calgary.

He is a man full of seriousness yet capable of showing a humorous side with tales of a sort that might seem apochryphal. "One night, after a bout in Madison Square Garden, I couldn't get my car started," he relates. "I turned to a fan nearby and said: 'Will you let me take a dime so I can call a friend?' 'Here's two dimes,' he said—'so you can call BOTH of your friends!"

Another laugh-getter concerns one in a series of bouts with Bull Curry at Halifax. "We battled out of the ring and Curry chased me outdoors, into the cold air," the Bulldog recollects. "I jumped on a car, broke a branch off a tree, and began hitting the Bull with it.

"A soldier on leave, on his way home from a night out, saw it all and thought he was 'seeing things.' When he told his wife about his experience, mentioning he thought he 'saw smoke coming out of their mouths,' she said: 'Better take the pledge.' "

The Bull has no idea about how long he'll stay in wrestling. He speaks of "outside interests" — like investments in real estate and stocks—in a manner that suggests he has security now. Meanwhile, he remains in the trade "because I like it for the money." In return for which, he insists, "I give the fans what they pay for."

MIXED MATCHES? WHO WANTS 'EM? NOT GAL PROS

(Continued from page 9)

includes devastating kicking and punching. She has perfected a tremendous, though illegal, belly punch that knocks the will to fight right out of her opponents.

Bette Boucher, one of the smallest girls in wrestling, has never wanted to be anything but a wrestler. The sexy redhead is barely five feet tall but measures 38-22-35. She keeps in outstanding physical shape by daily exercises.

Bette has wrestled men in exhibition bouts and has yet to lose. Her speed and stamina give her an edge over younger, inexperienced male pros.

Rita Boucher, Bette's younger but bigger sister, was trained by Bette. This novice is highly respected by her female counterparts. Blessed with a figure as lovely as her sister's, Rita is a smiling, charming girl outside the ring. But she's all business in the ring. Her forte is speed, which she takes advantage of by terrific flying mares, shoulder flips and flying head scissors.

Vivian Vachon, blonde sister of the villainous Vachon brothers, is big, and perhaps stronger than any girl in wrestling. She stands 5 feet 8 inches, weighs 155 pounds. What she lacks in experience she makes up in strength and rough techniques.

A modern, somewhat "kooky" swinger, she worked for me as a model before she took up wrestling. Because of her "give no quarter" approach to fighting and her brute force, this beautiful girl is feared by her female adversaries.

Patti Neilson, a 5′ 10″, 200 pound gal has her size going for her. She is big and she is mean. She overwhelms her opponents. She is the physical equal of many male pros. Her size and meanness win most of her fights for her.

Donna Christantello, the Pittsburgh-born Italian girl, is slim and has long, shapely legs. Her power is in those legs. Although she says she would quit wrestling if she were required to fight men, the one time she was forced to fight a man (in the El Salvador incident with Toni Rose) she beat him.

A skillful wrestler, Donna understands leverage and makes good use of it. Her specialty is a leg lock that brings screams of submission from her victims.

Joyce Grable, the "Golden Goddess" of wrestling, is happily married and says she's retired from wrestling. This blonde is young and good looking, her body is firm and strong. Her legs, especially her thighs, are powerful.

Because of this, her dropkicks and flying head scissors are executed with beautiful precision. Joyce won a great many of her matches by submission when she got the other girl in a head scissors and squeezed until the girl couldn't stand the pain any longer and gave up.

Barbara Galento is tough. She'd rather fight than eat. Her drive and her strength, combined with her years of experience, make her capable of beating anyone near her size. That is, provided she concentrates on winning the match rather than just enjoying physically beating her adversary.

Of these girls, which would have the best chance of beating male professional wrestlers? It's hard to say. You can't really make a good comparison. For instance, Patti Neilson beats Toni Rose almost every time they fight. Toni gave Joyce Grable the worst beatings she ever received. But Joyce always beat Patti Neilson, usually wiping up the ring with the huge redhead in the process and almost always forcing Patti to submit. How do you compare these three girls' possibilities against a man?

Do I advocate mixed matches? The girl would demonstrate superior skill if she beat a man. But, what if a man beat the girl? Men are expected to be able to beat women . . . they're bigger and stronger. If a man lost he'd be laughed at; if he won, at best he would be considered average. At worst he would be considered a bully. The fight would be weighted in the girl's favor. She would have everything to gain while risking nothing.

None of the girls want mixed matches. I doubt that any male wrestler would want to participate in a mixed match. It's interesting to speculate about the ability of a girl wrestler to defeat a man in the ring, but I think that is all that it should be . . . speculation.

I wouldn't want to be responsible for arranging such a fight and I wouldn't want to watch it, either. I believe . . . I hope . . . that true wrestling fans are of the same opinion.

DONNA MAKES IT HOT FOR OTHER GALS

(Continued from page 11)

"I feel I've been mighty fortunate," admits Donna. "After only five years, I've managed to move up pretty well. It's going to be a tough uphill battle from now on, though. I've wrestled both Moolah and Banner and they're pretty rugged competitors. I have a feeling Moolah will be the champion for a long time to come. There's simply no one around who can beat her."

The women's championship for Donna Christantello may be out of sight for the immediate future, but it's not out of the question. Donna has everything going for her. She has the speed and agility to accentuate her mat know-how. She also has a flair for showmanship. In her Pittsburgh debut, Donna's horseback ride of pert Toni Rose brought 13,000 fans to their feet. It was the performance of a pro. The partisan fans ate it up.

Donna is a product of Pittsburgh's West End and attended Allegheny and Langley high schools there. She played both basketball and volleyball as a high schooler and, like most of the gal mat stars, was a "typical tomboy."

Following high school, she worked in the specialized diet kitchen of Pittsburgh's Divine Providence Hospital. "I worked with the hospital's dietician," Donna explained, "and it was my responsibility to see that patients received the special diets prepared for them."

She left the kitchen for the ring in 1964 and was booked into a tiny West Virginia mining town for her first bout. Donna doesn't even recall who won. But she does remember how she felt afterward. "I couldn't even move the next morning," she admits. "I was bruised from top to bottom and was so sore and stiff I couldn't even get out of bed. At that point, I was mighty close to chucking the whole thing and heading back to the warmth and security of that hospital kitchen. But I decided to stick it out. And I'm glad I did."

Since that less-than-auspicious debut, Donna has wrestled throughout the United States, plus Central America, Japan and Australia. "Not bad for a girl who no more than a high school education," she quipped.

Donna has met and defeated many of the top lady wrestlers in the business. She's tackled champion Moolah on several occasions as well as Judy Grable, Penny Banner and many others.

Her favorite tag partner is Rita Boucher, sister of wrestling's Bette Boucher. "Rita and I seem to work well together," said Donna. "Rita is always there when I need her and we seem to complement each other in the ring. We've been pretty fortunate, I guess."

Though there's no official women's tag team champions, Donna feels she and Rita can handle any other twosome in the business.

And like everyone else, Donna lists the Fabulous Moolah as the Number One women wrestler today. Her top five would also include Bette Boucher, Toni Rose, Rita Boucher, and Penny Banner. No Donna Christantello? "Someday I'll be in that top five," she says. "And it won't be long. I plan to wrestle as long as I'm able and one of these days you'll find me on top."

Donna is a complex, curious breed of woman. In the ring, she's a perpetual-motion machine who darts back and forth, jabbing and taunting her opponent. But at home, Donna loves to crochet and sew. Her favorite passion is cooking Italian food.

She makes many of her own wrestling jackets and relaxes by listening to an extensive collection of semi-classical records. She prefers to stay at home often growing weary of the 100,000 miles each year she puts in on the wrestling circuit.

Donna often flies from city to city, but when a short hop is on the agenda she grabs a ride with one of the other girls on the tour. "I've never learned how to drive a car," says Donna, "so I have some wild times getting from place to place!"

On the road, dating is almost out of the question. "We usually get into a town a few hours before the match and leave immediately afterwards for the next one. So, I don't date a great deal. And I never tell a guy what I do for a living. It scares 'em off!"

She scares off opponents, too. But she's happy about that.

TRUST-BUSTER PLESTINA NO MATCH FOR JOHN PESEK

(Continued from page 30)

discouraging Charles Hanson, another Lewis tormentor, whom he pinned in jig time.

Pesek found relief from his mat disappointments in breeding and racing greyhounds, gaining a considerable reputation in this field.

While the title had never been on the line Pesek had met Lewis and Londos. But Henri DeGlane, the third of the world championship pretenders back in 1932, refused to consider the Nebraskan as a title foe. Despite the persistent challenges made and forfeits posted including one of $5,000 by Pesek's hustling manager Al Haft, the title trio kept the Tigerman in his cage.

In beating the drums in Pesek's cause, Haft clarioned that his man had not been defeated in 4 years. But the closest he came to getting a championship opportunity for the Tigerman was a crack at up and coming Everett Marshall in 1932.

Time had blunted the claws and fangs of the Tigerman and the best the aging Pesek, now in his 20th year of wrestling, could do with his powerful young opponent w a draw.

Pesek was an old line wrestler whose translation of the term wrestling was literal, he insisted that it meant just wrestling and nothing more.

Although he performed with speed and finesse, he was no showman. To him the theatrics, dramatics, pyrotechnics, and acrobatics which were to become so popular with the fans belonged before the footlights and not on the mat. Because of this he remained a wrestler's wrestler, pedestaled by opponents as well as the cognoscenti of the grappling game.

Frank Judson, long time wrestling agent and ex-grappler in the days of Lewis, Stecher, and Caddock, reminisces admiringly of the Nebraska Tigerman.

"Years ago," he recalls, "a strongman wrestler from Poland showed up here with a good European reputation and we matched him with John Pesek. Pesek came in from out west the day of the match and when this big strong guy saw this little fellow he laughed out loud, said, 'there must be some mistake,' and called him a 'toy wrestler.'

"That night in the ring, Pesek, who was getting old then, had him up in the air whirling around and the thing was over in a few minutes. The guy was on the way back to Europe the next morning and nobody ever heard from him again."

Pesek was a mat mechanic in the best traditions of long ago kingpins like Frank Gotch, Tom Jenkins, and the man after whom he patterned his style, Earl Caddock. Since his style was fundamental, featuring 18 carat wrestling to the exclusion of any exciting extraneities his fame never reached its deserved heights but any consensus of the truly informed supports his status as one of the great all-time wrestlers. When the Wrestlers' Hall of Fame is organized, Pesek will have to be included.

FIREBRAND MRS. GIRET IS QUEEN OF AUSSIES

(Continued from page 32)

Giret. Tall, willowy, blonde Mrs. Liza Oliver has performed well, noticeably against Bernice Kopple and Rona Flynn. Oliver is trained and managed by her husband Noel, a professional wrestler. Strong and fast in the ring, Liza has a sold grounding in the wrestling science, but like Paulette is not averse to resorting to hairpulling and using her fists if her opponent wants it that way.

Local fans are hoping that Paulette Giret may soon get her wish to compete with some of the American girls. It will give us a guide as to just how good are our own girls, and there's a strong feeling she would be responsible for some pretty battered reputations among her opponents.

ABDULLAH AT HIS CREST BUT FUNK'S TYPE OF MAYHEM STIRS STAMPEDE

(Continued from page 19)

the apron Carlos or Dan shot a pinpoint dropkick right over the ropes and into their teeth!

Threatened with disqualification if they didn't allow Jones and Bence to get back to the action, the pair settled down . . . but only long enough to let a wild-eyed Bence start tossing tackles off the ropes. Belafonte absorbed a half-dozen of the charges, before he shadowed Bence right into the ropes, rolled him over backwards into a shoulder-stand press for the count, then bounded jubilantly into the air as Kroffat smacked the onrushing Jones with a last-minute dropkick.

They cheer for them all at the Stampede, but no crowd turns it on louder than Calgarians for the madcap midget maulers. They had plenty to cheer about too, when four of the best of the tiny brigade brought their special brand of ring action to town.

Sky Low Low, recently crowned world midget champion following a Montreal victory over Little Beaver, started the bout fast with a lightning assortment of rugged moves against first Miller, then Hayes, then Miller again. The tide turned when Hayes roared back in against snarling Brutus, flipping him crazily through the air and barely missing the fall a half-dozen times.

The littlest Roman finally tagged off with Sky as he staggered blindly around the ring, but Miller came in to snap the champion from pillar to post, then try for the finisher with an airplane spin. The trip dizzied both tiny grapplers badly, leaving them wide-open for a sudden attack from the partners.

Low Low was the first to recover from the whirl in space, and he rammed back to take command with a barrage of hammerlocks and monkey flips. Tagging out, he left Brutus to whip Hayes into the turnbuckle twice, then body slam him right under the rugged pair's corner.

Quick as a flash, Sky scurried up the ropes to the top strand, Brutus hauled Hayes erect by the hair, as the referee turned to force a frantic Russell Miller back into his corner. Sky zoomed down full force to ram his boot into the back of Hayes' head! Out zipped Low Low, down across Hayes crashed Brutus, and the count pounded out just as Miller ripped across the ring to break up the pin.

But the result stood, and the smallest victors of the big night, Sky Low Low and Little Brutus, strutted cockily through the crush of fans around ringside shouting, "we won it, we won it . . . !"

It's been three long years since the bronzed and bedecked body called Sweet Daddy Siki—or "Mr. Irresistible," to use the Negro's own name for himself — whipped Calgary ring buffs into a frenzy with his tearaway style of action. But it seemed more like three weeks. A shower of jeers greeted the bespangled Siki as he strutted into the ring for a pre-bout interview with T.V. commentator Ed Whalen.

"I am the ladies' pet and the men's regret," Sweet Daddy loudly pointed out, posturing in the glare of the video lights. "I'm here to silence this loud-mouthed local, Bud Osborne, and soon I'll be finished grinding him up."

The sweet man had far less to talk about once Osborne, the rough 270 pounder from Edmonton, tore into him at the bell. Siki reeled under Bud's concerted attack of kneelifts, kneedrops and body slams, punches and kicks and stomps. It was a full five minutes before he mustered enough strength to blaze back with a choking, hair-pulling, rough-neck attack that levelled Osborne and set him up for the coup de grace.

Clenching his foe in a tight front headlock, Sweet Daddy pumped home a score of punches to his neck. Seizing Osborne again by the hair, he drove a knee into his chest and neck once, twice, three times. With Osborne groggy, Siki clenched his head in a vise-grip between his thick arms, flipped them both over backwards in that famous 'beatnik neckbreaker'. Crash! Osborne flopped to the mat, the strength drained out of him. Again Siki applied the neckbreaker, this time covering Big Bud for the press and the count . . . but he kept on applying it, even though he'd won the bout, finally finished with a stomping attack that twisted Bud's face in pain, before referee Gordon Grayston could stop it.

One of the biggest surprises of the Stampede was the unexpected appearance of the greatest of the femme grapplers, Mildred Burke, and her latest protege, classy Ohio tussler Marie Vagnone.

Marie waited in her corner in agony in the bout's early minutes as partner Betty Fredericks fell victim to a double-barrelled attack by flame-haired hellion Jane O'Brien and powerful Patty 'Python' Stevens. They tied Betty up with body slams, punches and whips into the turnbuckle, cutting her off from a tag; viciously double-teamed her whenever she blazed back at them. The blond grappler is tough, though, and she avoided the pin until she could scramble back to tag Vagnone in.

Mildred Burke's training showed fast once Marie sailed into action. She smashed both O'brien and Stevens with dropkicks, crushed them with backdrops, laced them with elbow smashes. Tagging Betty back in, she let the Los Angeles whirlwind thump Stevens at will, until she fell into a tight body scissors.

Fredericks raised Patty high above her, crashed her solidly to the mat; a second and third. O'Brien caught Patty's feet as she was raised, held them until the referee slapped out the count against a trapped Fredericks!

Seething over the trick, Fredericks smashed Stevens with a dropkick at the second bell, scrambled back to tag Marie in. Vagnone lit into Patty with a vengeance, belting her all over the ring before she whipped her to the mat a half-dozen times, then backdropping her hard before she pounced on her for the equalizer. With falls even now, all four girls got into the action in the third stanza, disregarding ref Bob Frank's repeated threats of disqualification.

After a full ten minutes of action, matters came to a head. Stevens rammed Fredericks upside-down into the turnbuckle, locking her there by tying her feet in the top chain. "Let's go, Jane!" she screeched . . . and they grabbed Vagnone between them, rammed her head into the struggling Fredericks' stomach. But on the second trip, instead of hitting Betty, they rammed squarely into referee Frank!

Enough was enough for the veteran official. He tossed Stevens and O'Brien out of the match. But before he could shoo the pair from the ring, they renewed their attack on Vagnone and Fredericks, until the raging-mad pair chased *them* from the ring to the shouts of ringsiders!

International tag team stars Bob "Bruiser" Sweetan and Gil Hayes, one of the roughest tandem ever formed here, haven't given Calgary fans anything to cheer for with their tearaway brand of action. But they have given them plenty to jeer against, especially in their battles with California's sleeper hold experts Jerry and Bobby Christy.

This battle was no exception. The Christys, former holders of the title until their loss to Sweetan and Hayes recently, brought the crowd to its feet time and again as they looked like winners. Sweetan and Hayes brought them almost to the point of riot with their savage brawling and vicious double-teaming. Now Jerry had Hayes on the run with backdrops, now Sweetan was gouging Bobby with iron-hard punches, now all four were in the ring, swirling almost out of it in their ferocity.

First blood went to Sweetan and Hayes, when big Bob rocketed off the top turnbuckle to drive an elbow into Bobby Christy's neck as he held Hayes in a sleeper. Hayes sliced into him with a kneedrop to the throat before he covered him for the pin.

The Christys reversed the trend in the second frame, when Jerry jolted Hayes with a series of backdrops, then locked him in a tight sleeper for the win as Bobby held the frantic Sweetan in his own corner.

Referees Bob Frank and Gordon Grayston couldn't contain the action in the deciding stanza. Hayes and Sweetan went wild, terrorizing Jerry and Bobby with

karate chops, kneedrives to the stomach, elbow smashes, and just plain fists. The California pair retaliated with dropkicks and vain attempts at the sleeper hold. Every time they locked it on, Sweetan or Hayes was rescued with an assist from his partner. With the time limit nearing all four started taking desperate chances . . . and Bobby Christy took one too many!

Charging off the ropes to paste Hayes with tackles, Bobby ran squarely into Gil's knee. The breath driven out of him, he barely resisted as Sweetan and Hayes both kicked him in the chest; even weaker now, he careened into the ropes, blasted again with that big Hayes knee. Gil slammed across him, his fist driving into Bobby's throat, his knee again slicing into his stomach. One . . . two . . . three . . . and that was it, leaving Bob Sweetan and Gil Hayes the winners and the Christys ready to come back another day.

Ironman Dave Ruhl has been making them cheer in Calgary for a lot of years now. The cheers double when the rancher-wrestler highlights the annual "Tournament of Champions" spectacular. Taking over the semi-final event, Ruhl ran into a double-tough problem when scheduled opponent Wayne Coleman, the 295 pound football-grappler, failed to make it to the Stampede City: *both* rugged Gorilla Marconi *and* big Buck Jones!

The rules called for Ruhl to defeat both men within 30 minute to take the win, and he lost little time in dispatching a struggling Jones at the 11 minute mark with his familiar full nelson, in spite of Marconi's continued interference.

The Gorilla proved a tougher problem when he blasted a tired Ruhl with solid kicks, doubled him up with scissors, bent him with armlocks. Edging back from the brink of defeat, however, Ruhl dug some solid fists into Marconi's jaw when the former coal miner elected to slug it out; staggered, Gorilla was hardly aware of Ruhl snapping him into the ropes, then clamping on that full nelson when he rebounded fast . . .

Suddenly the Corral exploded in screams. The karate-hardened fist of Abdullah the Butcher, shot through the ropes to break up the match! Abdullah, with whom Dave Ruhl had had so many bloodbaths throughout the western provinces!

Ruhl slumped out of the nelson at the blow, and Abdullah was on him in a flash, gouging karate chops into his forehead. Referee Bob Frank strained to haul the huge Sudanese off, but couldn't budge him. Then Abdullah tore free, reaching deep in his white judo trousers to yank out a length of chain . . . chain that he raked across Ruhl's face, opening a huge wound. Then an enraged Carlos Belafonte, another old enemy of Abdullah's, barreled into the ring to take a hand.

Tearing Abdullah off his victim, Belafonte swathed him down with a dropkick, hatcheted him with a punch that came from right field, aimed another as the screeching Sudanese tore his way out of the ring! "Run, coward!" Carlos screamed at the retreating back . . . then turned to Ruhl, his chest heaving, to help take the injured man back to his dressing room.

And that left the bout they'd all come to see . . .

Funk looked grim as he headed into the ring, and even grimmer when Abdullah shoved through fans to climb onto the apron. He'd just heard what the African savage had done to Dave Ruhl, seen the results of the wild attack with the chain . . . and the second the bell clanged the battle into action, he charged across the canvas to drive an elbow into the African's temple, then whisk a judo slash across his throat!

Abdullah staggered against the ropes, his bulging eyes staring uncomprehendingly at the champion. He backed out of range, only barely managed to cover up when Funk drove him into a corner, laced him with elbow smashes again. The attack triggered a defense mechanism deep in The Butcher's brain, though. He seemed revived when Funk backed off, even lashed out at him with a foot blow than sent Dory sprawling. In an instant Abdullah was on him, raking karate slashes across his throat, gouging his eyes, tearing at his face as he screeched that high-pitched African chant.

Recoiling from the attack, Funk blazed back with a tackle, followed it up with a brace of kneelifts, then drove Abdullah from the ring with another tackle . . . chasing him outside, Funk caromed the dark skull off the ringside announcer's table, then hoisted Abdullah high to body slam him on the table! The wood splintered under the African's 268 pounds.

"Funk is in no mood to play it nice," commentator Ed Whalen shouted into his microphone as the T.V. cameras picked up every wild move. "He's gone wild over Abdullah's treachery."

With Funk holding the upper hand now, with Abdullah raging back, with referee Gordon Grayston having all he can do to keep them within the ropes . . . The Butcher exploded and left Dory prostrate.

Seizing his opening, the huge African rammed his bulk backward into the ropes. Throwing himself high into the air, he crashed to the mat with his elbow gouging deep into Funk's throat! Dory screamed unintelligibly at the impact, tore at his throat even as Abdullah came thundering down again.

The raging native gave Funk no rest during the break between falls, stalking him continually as he struggled to regain his breath . . . at the bell he barged into him again, battered him down, then soared across the ring with another elbow drop. Funk is the titlist for a good reason, though and he showed why when he slipped out of the African's range, leaving him to slam his elbow into the canvas. On his feet beside Abdullah now, Funk raised his elbow high, smashed it down over The Butcher's throat to wring a scream of pain from him. Again and again the elbow crashed down . . .

Going full speed now, Funk switched his attack to The Butcher's legs, leaping high to slam his weight across his knees . . . then bent the African's leg around his own in that familiar spinning toehold that trademarks the Funk clan! Abdullah screamed in anguish at the pressure, tore at the mat to try and escape, but it did no good. Finally he submitted to the straining champion . . . and that evened the match!

Back-pedalling to rest his injured leg as the third fall began, Abdullah frequently slipped through the ropes, limped around the ring's perimeter. And when he did barge into Funk, he yanked what ringsiders swore was a chunk of metal out of his voluminous white judo pants, rammed it hard into the champion's throat, always on the off-side of ref Grayston. Funk folded at the onslaught, grabbing frantically at his neck, choking to heave air into his lungs . . . again and again The Butcher dug deep with the weapon, leaving Dory almost out on his feet from the pain . . . until Funk exploded.

He slammed Abdullah headfirst into the turnbuckles, raced after him to drive a knee into his back; then whirled him around, gouged punch after punch into *his* neck! Screeching in pain, Abdullah tried to slip through the ropes, ran solidly into Funk's tackle, then another and another. Tossing caution to the winds now, he tried a karate-slashing attack, got nowhere when Dory sliced him down with punches. Trying yet another tack, he rammed his huge frame at the champion in a bull rush . . . and blasted into referee Grayston when Funk leaped high over him!

With the referee out of the picture, Abdullah again went to his tights, again grabbed the metal object in his fist and rammed it into Funk's throat . . . desperate, he ignored the recovering Grayston, kept on gouging the champion with the weapon . . . until Grayston waved his hand at the timekeeper, signalling for the bell!

"You're out of it, Abdullah!" Grayston screamed, then shoved the staggering Funk's arm aloft. "You're disqualified . . . get the hell out of here!" And he grabbed the gold title belt from ringside, handed it back to Funk as the thousands jammed around the ring apron cheered the decision.

Something must have snapped in Abdullah's brain when he saw the belt back in Funk's hands. He bulled into the champion from behind, grabbed the belt, smashed it down over Dory's skull! Half-catching the blow on his forearms, Funk whirled to the attack, ripped a punch into The Butcher that opened his scalp, made

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him drop the belt.

Chasing Abdullah out of the ring, he caught him in the middle of the crowd, tore him open even more with a barrage of punches that would have felled on ox. Blood spattered over ringsiders as the blows struck home . . . Abdullah's face was barely recognizable under the gore. Screaming savagely Funk chased the retreating bulk all the way to the arena foyer before he gave up the chase, and went back to claim his belt.

HAWAIIAN AND YANK UNDERGO SUMO TRIALS

(Continued from page 48)

heavy silk loincloths. They flex their muscles and stomp their feet in a 15-foot diameter circular ring rimmed with straw-woven sand bags. Before the charge each contestant throws in a handful of purifying salt, and the process is repeated to get into the right pitch of mind to hurl themselves at each other. During intermission, the champion wrestler presents a classical show called "Dodhyoiri," or "Ring Entry," for added entertainment.

Originally, sumo matches were a ritual to the gods with prayers for a bountiful harvest. The sport was performed with sacred dancing and dramas within the precincts of shrines. Early in the Nara Period (710-793) sumo was introduced into the ceremonies of the Imperial Court.

Early sumo was a rough-and-tumble-affair combining elements of boxing and wrestling with few or no holds barred. But under the continued patronage of the Imperial Court rules were formulated and techniques developed so that it came more nearly to resemble the sumo of today.

The Japan Sumo Federation controls all professional sumo bouts in Japan. However, all professional sumo wrestlers are under the wing of the Japan Sumo Association.

Carl Lee Martin is America's second sumoist. He is also a former football player. He played center at Texas Monterey High School and hopes to make good in Japan's traditional sport. Martin plans to make a career in sumo.

He told about the grueling training sessions they undergo in the sumo gymnasiums in Japan.

Martin said he will never forget his first experience in the ring. "I was waiting my turn along with other trainees," he explained, "and facing me were other beginners. Taking a general glance at some of the other contenders, my eyes fell upon a huge roly-poly Japanese wearing a furious-looking facial expression. I shuddered with fear as I took my second quick glance and turned away."

When it came his turn to enter the ring, Martin was confronted by this same wrestler with a Frankenstein-monster type expression.

"I couldn't turn around and run," he said. "I just had to take my medicine." Martin reasoned that the Japanese entered the ring apparently over-confident.

After entering the ring and going through a series of symbolic movements, Martin and his opponent rinsed their mouths with water, the source of purity, and wiped their bodies with paper towels. They made motions by raising their arms to the side as well as stomping their feet. Each wrestler also scattered a handful of salt to purify the ring. This is further supposed to insure the wrestler against injuries.

Both wrestlers then squatted and faced each other in the center of the ring, crouched forward in a "get set" position, supporting themselves with their fists on the ground. Martin's opponent glared fiercely.

After many such encounters and glances, they were ready for the charge. This is done because theoretically sumo wrestlers wait for the psychological moment when both feel ready to charge. At any rate it gives the wrestlers time to incite themselves and the spectators to the proper pitch.

When they were mentally set for combat, Martin's opponent suddenly charged forward as Carl stepped aside. The Japanese landed outside the ring. Martin won the match.

A bout is won by forcing the opponent out of the inner circle or throwing him in the ring. To lose the match it is not necessary to fall in the circle or to be pushed completely out. The wrestler who touches the ground with any part of his body, his knee or even the tip of his finger or his top-knot, loses the match. He need only to put one toe or his heel over the straw bales marking the circle.

"That was an easy match," Martin said with a smile. "It takes much concentration, skill and agility to win in sumo.

"I never saw or heard about sumo before coming here. I came to Japan last year to visit my father. He works for Westinghouse at Tachikawa Air Force Base.

"The first time I saw sumo was on television during this visit. Since then I have been interested in the sport."

Martin, who is 5-foot-9-inches tall and weighs 250 pounds, won all of his four matches in the novice class. He had the best record among the 15 trainees who were promoted to "Jonokuchi" division. He jumped to the No. 2 slot in his class for the next tournament in November at Kyushu, Japan.

The young sumoist said he is always getting into difficulties at the dormitory where he lives with 60 other beginners.

"I don't speak Japanese," Martin added. "My wrestling mates and coaches don't speak English. There is no interpreter, but we get along fine anyway."

Martin told about the trouble he got into when he took his first bath during training. "I was given a bar of soap and told to bathe in a public bath."

Not being familiar with Japanese customs, Martin proceeded to soap down in the public bath instead of soaping down and rinsing before entering the bath.

"I received a swift kick from one of the senior class wrestlers," he said. "This caused a fist fight and I don't mean a sumo bout." Martin won, but he apologized later after learning about his mistake. "Even now," he added, "other wrestlers tease me about this incident."

Martin said he used to have a food problem during training. "They want me to eat plenty of rice to put on weight. But I don't like to eat too much rice."

He said he gained 50 pounds in a month. Martin credits his added pounds to the wrestlers' special dish—chankonabe—which consists of meat, pork, fish and many vegetables all cooked together. "It's good," he said.

Explaining further about sumo, he said the wrestlers are not encouraged to smoke or date while training. They undergo rigorous exercises and adhere to strict rules.

"We're up at 5 a.m. and have an 11 p.m. curfew. To be accepted for training, sumo wrestlers must be over 18 years of age. Those reaching the retirement age of 33 are normally appointed as sumo judges."

Martin said he will wrestle under the sumo name of "Yonenokuni." (The Japanese character for "yone" also stands for United States.)

OF INJURIES AND TV COMMERCIALS

(Continued from page 52)

Quite apart from being in great demand for many films that have been made here recently, many wrestlers have been inundated with offers of contracts to appear in television commercials advertising goods that have included washing machines, bread, washing powders, potato crisps, beer, fabrics, cigars, drinking chocolate, biscuits and a whole host of other products.

● TWIN CITIES WRESTLING ●

By Al Lopez

Red Bestien and his partner Red Lyons had a big night at the St. Paul Auditorium when they at last achieved a realization of their dreams . . . they won the tag team crown from their bitter rivals Mad Dog and Butcher Vachon.

Lyons took the first fall over Butcher with an abdominal stretch and Butcher snapped back with his hangman's hold to even the match. The two referees assigned to the match were the means of causing quite a controversy during the third fall. Bastien trapped Mad Dog in a bow-and-arrow hold and Mad Dog conceded defeat. Referee George Gadasky awarded the match to Bastien and Lyons. However, the second referee, Bob Brunelle, noticed that Bastien's shoulders were pinned to the mat as he held the hold. He counted Bastien out and awarded the match to the Vachons.

The winner? What did he say? What? While the two referees argued the point, matchmaker Bill Kussisto ruled that since Gadasky had announced his decision first, his ruling would be the one accepted.

Also on the show, Edouard Carpentier, the fighting Frenchman, defeated Blackjack Lanza by pinning him with his cradle hold. Pepper Gomez won from Lar Anderson when Anderson was disqualified for illegal tactics. Jack Pesek won over Luke Graham and Jim Osborne drew with Bob Windham.

► **Minneapolis, Minnesota.** Champion Verne Gagne teamed up with The Crusher to clash head on with The Vashons, Mad Dog and Butcher.

Butcher won the first fall from Gagne with a press and Gagne bounced back to win the next fall with his sleeper hold.

Befort the third round could get under way Mad Dog managed to get to Gagne and before Vern knew what was happening Mad Dog knocked him cold.

The Crusher, livid with rage, said he would take on both the Vashons alone. Referee Bob Windham okayed the strange arrangement.

The match proceeded and The Crusher was doing fairly well until upon throwing Mad Dog the ref got in the way and was knocked out. Good bye Crusher! With the ref out of the picture both Vashons went to work on Crusher. Lucky for Crusher Gagne had recovered by this time and leaped into the ring to help his partner.

Armed with a towel full of ice cubes Verne belted the juice out of both Vashons, dazing them and rendering them practically hors de combat. Still in the throes of his ire Verne wrapped the towel around the neck of Mad Dog and began to choke him. Officials jumped into the ring and broke the melee up and the match was called "no contest".

The evening was unbelievable since it showed a scientific wrestler, Gagne, changing style and going berserk much to the enjoyment of the fans.

On the undercard Red Bastien won by a disqualification over Dr. X and Pepper Gomez drew with Lars Anderson. Red Lyons defeated Mad Luke Graham and Blackjack Lanza halted Buddy Smith.

● KING KONG PASSES ●

By Little Nene

SINGAPORE — Emile Zsaya, better known as KING KONG is dead. The 440 pound wrestling giant passed away at the Outram Hospital, Singapore after a two months fight for his life due to a car accident which occured while on his way back to Ipoh, Malaysia, after a wrestling match in Penang.

The huge, rough and tumble grappler who thrilled more than a million fans during his wrestling appearances in India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, the Philippines, Indonesia, Thailand, Japan, Australia, Malaysia and Singapore since 1938 had been in a coma for a couple of weeks but regained consciousness about ten days before his death.

Lying in an oxygen tent gasping for breath Emile had but onne regret: "It seems God wouldn't grant my last wish 'To die in the Ring'. "

I first met Emile in 1949 when I brought Hawaiian wrestler Wong Buck Lee to Singapore from Guam on the same year. As a Wrestler-Promoter Emile took over Wong Buck Lee's management and they toured Pakistan, India and Indonesia.

He was square-shooter all the way. He paid his wrestlers properly and lived up to all his agreements.

A product of Greek-Roman wrestling Emile turned to professional ranks when he was 22 years old.

Born in Bucharest, Rumania, 61 years ago, Emile was a former middleweight amateur boxing champion and represented his country in the world's olympics.

One of his memorable wrestling matches was against the great GAMA of India during the late thirties which was held in an open field and watched by no less than 50,000 wrestling fanatics. Emile lost that bout but proved to the Indian fans his ability and strength.

Emile was a linguist. He spoke Rumanian, Hungarian, Czechoslovakian, English, French, German, several Indian dialects, Polish, Indonesian, Malaysian, a little Burmese, Japanese and Chinese.

A widely travelled sportsman, the 400-pound giant grappled in the United States in the thirties, before a barn storming tour of England and the European continent.

He arrived in Singapore in 1938, and since then had been a regular personality in this part of the world.

A first class showman in his trade, Emile turned Singapore citizen in 1958. He had a house located near a beach where he did his daily three-mile runs and workouts. He donated thousands of dollars to charity without publicity.

Aside from the wrestling fans many children, who called him "Uncle Kong," will miss the softhearted giant who had made it a habit to give chocolate-bars to them when in town.

READ THE RING

AND

RING WRESTLING

● WEST VIRGINIA REPORT ●

By Larry McCoy

At Charleston, West Virginia a crowd of about 5,000 turned out to see George Becker and Johnny Weaver defend their Southern tag team belts. The opposition was composed of The Missouri Mauler and Hiro Matsudo.

The bout was exciting with The Mauler and Matsudo putting up a horrendous effort but to no avail. Becker and Johnny had too much in every department and won the match going away.

In another tag team contest Nelson Royal, top Britisher, and Paul Jones defeated Billy and Jimmy Hines by winning the first and third falls of the bout.

Barbara Nichols and Tammy Jones wrestled to a 20 minute draw.

► **At Huntington, West Virginia,** a blood thirsty crowd turned out to see the Hell's Angels defend their tag team belts against Chief White Owl and the masked Ben Justice.

The Angel's lived up to expectations. Using everything possible, including a chair they finally won the match by using their angel drop to close the argument. They won two out of a three fall match.

The well known veteran Bull Curry won a tight match over Rocky Johnson on a disqualification. Bull had a nail and was carving his initials into Johnson's skull. The referee seemed to think this was part of the game but Johnson wasn't convinced and attempted to take the nail away from Bull. At this point the referee intervened and wouldn't allow Johnson to do so. Johnson for some inexplicable reason felt this was unfair and becoming angry belted the referee whereit hurts most. The referee having little sense of humor awarded the decision to Curry.

Kangaroo Costello defeated Bob Nandor in a bout that was scientific from beginning to end.

Chief White Owl won over Hell's Angel # 2 with his famed bow-and-arrow submission hold.

► **From here and there**—Mr. Wrestling and Sam Steamboat is one of the best combinations to appear in the South . . . What has hoppen to the Infernos? . . . Lou Klein has opened a gym in Allen Park, Michigan.

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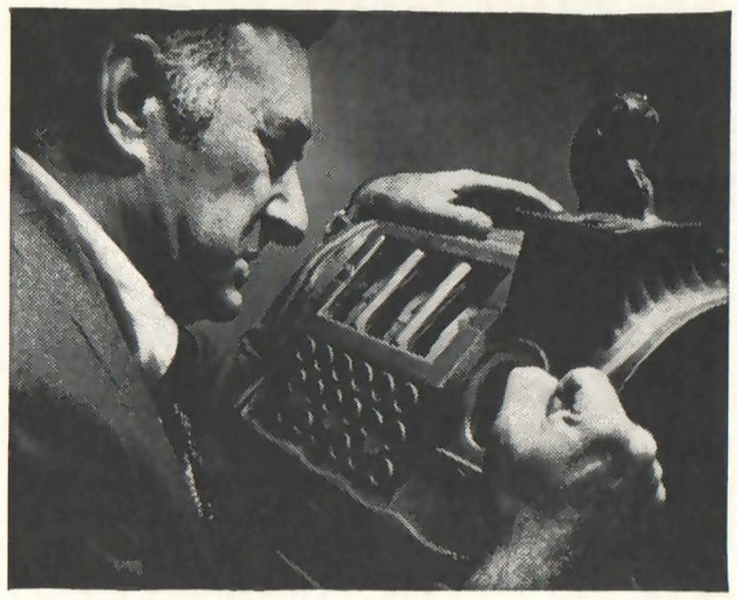

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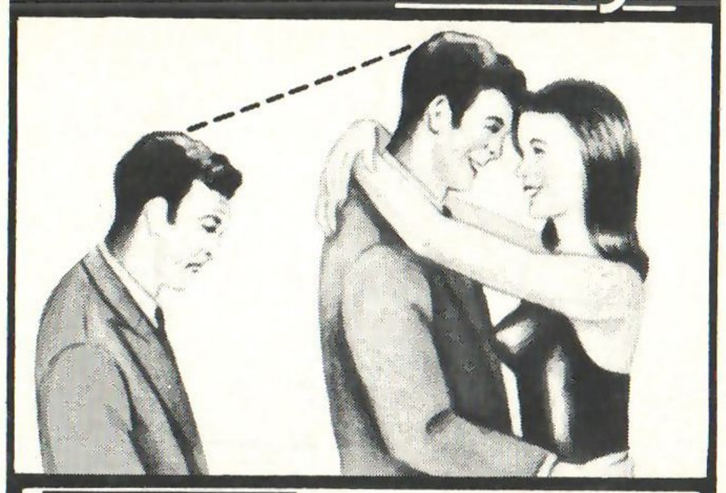

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● SOUTHERN MAT NEWS ●
By Mike Mooneyham

In Charleston, South Carolina, The Masked Infernos, the highly-touted hooded pair managed by J. C. Dykes, won by disqualification over George and Sandy Scott, the popular Canadian brother team.

After splitting the first two falls, both teams spent much of the third fall fighting it out in the middle of the ring. When the referee wasn't looking, an Inferno took advantage of this opportunity and used his loaded boot on George Scott.

The masked man soon had Scott's forehead bleeding badly. What started out as a four-man tag team match soon erupted into a wild and wooly six-man affair.

Mr. Wrestling, the sensational masked star, who managed The Scotts for this match (mainly to keep J. C. Dykes from interfering in the match) and Dykes both got into the action. After The Scotts had been disqualified, the red-haired manager of The Infernos knocked Mr. Wrestling out cold with a water canteen which he uses for such occasions.

In other bouts: Les Wolfe teamed with Mr. Wrestling to defeat the rowdy twosome of "Bulldog" Lee Henning and rugged Phil Robley. El Lobo, the masked Mexican badman, turned back speedy Pepe Gomez. Greg Peterson fought to a draw with Jesse James, the seasoned veteran from Houston, Texas.

► **In Atlanta:** The Assasins won by disqualification over their former protege, Paul DeMarco, and El Diablo. A bloodied and battered DeMarco went berserk and tore into The Assasins, referee Leo Garibaldi, El Diablo, and even his manager, General Homer O'Dell.

Tex McKenzie, the well-liked Texan from San Antonio, turned back Aldo Bogni, the villain from Buenos Aires, Argentina. Cyclone and Roberto Soto, the fast-moving duo from Puerto Rico, took a disqualification win over the rowdy Monroes, Flash and Rocket. Joltin' Joe Scarpa, the popular star from Griffin, Georgia, downed rugged Mike Paidousis. Billy Spears of Jacksonville, Florida, went to a draw with Jim Golden. The Professional another masked man, defeated Ken Lucas.

► **In Raleigh, N.C.:** Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson defeated Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard in a wild bloodbath.

Mr. Wrestling teamed up with Johnny Weaver to defeat Cuba's Pedro Godoy and crafty Tinker Todd.

In a girl's match, Toni Rose won from Vivian Vachon. Powerful Les Wolfe outwrestled clever Johnny Heidman. Randy Curtis, the talented young mat artist from Vicksburg, Mississippi, won a hard-fought bout from Pepper Gomez.

► **In Norfolk, Virginia:** George and Sandy Scott teamed with Luther Lindsay to go to a "No Contest" decision with The Infernos and their controversial manager, J. C. Dykes. Les Wolfe toppled El Lobo. The Scrappy Canadian, Terry Garvin, downed Bob Griffin. Johnny Heidman whipped Mexico's Pepper Gomez.

► **In Tampa, Florida:** Sam Steamboat and Cycione Negro defeated Chris Markoff and Bronco Lubich in a Texas Death Match.

El Mongol surprised Beautiful Brutus. Danny Miller and "King" Louie Tillet won over Dale Lewis and Doctor Blood. Dory Dixon downed Cisco Grimaldo. Mr. Saito upset Sputnik Monroe. Bob Roop stomped Eduardo Perez.

► **In Charleston:** The Infernos and J. C. Dykes won over The Scott Brothers and Mr. Wrestling. During the third fall, referee Greg Peterson was accidentally knocked through the ropes, and fell outside the ring. While J. C. Dykes held Sandy Scott, an Inferno reached into his trunks for something. A burst of flame suddenly appeared from the outstretched arm of the masked man. Scott fell to the mat. By this time, the referee had recovered and re-entered the ring. The Infrneo pinned the helpless Scott for the three count and the bout was awarded to the masked man and their manager. It was the second time in a month that Sandy Scott had been burnt by the hooded men and their manager.

In other bouts on the card: Les Wolfe fought to a draw with El Lobo. Pedro Godoy downed Bobby Red Cloud. Bob Griffin won over Johnny Heidman.

► **In Atlanta:** Ray Gunkel and Buddy Fuller turned back The Assasins. Popular Joe Scarpa went to a one hour draw with Paul DeMarco. Nick Bockwinkel, the classy mat star from Hawaii, defeated a bloody Louie Tillet with a suplex. The Soto Brothers whipped Mexico's Vince Lopez and Argentina's Aldo Bogni. Big Bob Armstrong took the nod over Greg Peterson. The Spoiler topped Salvadore Dominguez.

► **In Tampa:** Sailor Art Thomas, the ex-Navy gob, defeated the burly Missouri Mauler in a Lumberjack Match. In an eight man elimination match, Dale Lewis, Chris Markoff, Bronco Lubich, and Mr. Saito lost to Cyclone Negro, Sam Steamboat, Danny Miller, and Bob Roop. Dory Dixon, the popular star from Jamaica, upended El Mongol. The masked duo of Dante and Mephisto were beaten by the fast-moving duo of Dick Steinborn and Frankie Laine. Louie Tillet toppled The Executioner.

► **In Eau Gallie, Florida:** The Missiouri Mauler won over Danny Miller in a "lights out" match. Dante and Mephisto, the colorful masked combo, won from Frankie Laine and Jackie Welch. Dan Miller beat El Mongol by a disqualification. Harry Smith drew with Mexico's Cisco Grimaldo.

► **In Charlotte, North Carolina:** George Becker and Johnny Weaver defeated Gene and Ole Anderson. "The Blond Bombers"—Rip Hawk and Big Swede Hanson lost to Mr. Wrestling and Luther Lindsay.

In a girl's bout, Penny Banner beat Tammy Jones.

Clever Randy Curtis won over El Lobo in the closer.

► **In Orlando, Florida:** Dory Funk Jr., the World Heavyweight champion, teamed with Cyclone Negro to defeat Dale Lewis and Mr. Saito. Mephisto and Dante beat the popular pair of Don Curtis and Bob Roop. Hawaii's Sam Steamboat trounced Karl Krauser. Sensational Dory Dixon won over Dr. Blood when the latter threw Dory over the top rope. Harry Smith beat The Executioner.

► **In Savannah, Georgia:** Ramon and Alberto Torres took a main event win over The Masked Assasins.

► **In Norfolk, Virginia:** The popular team of George Becker and Johnny Weaver defeated the rough and ready duo of Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson in a Texas Royal. Abe Jacobs and Les Wolfe disposed of "Bulldog" Lee Henningg and Phil Robley. Bob Griffin beat El Lobo. Randy Curtis held Terry Garvin to a draw.

► **In Dothan, Alabama:** Rocket and Flash Monroe took Bob Boyer and Dick Dunn while Ken Lucas whipped Jack Dalton and Mario Galento, the colorful performer from Georgia, subduel Mitsu Sito. Jimmy Jones outlasted Sugi Sito.

► **In Charleston:** The Scott Brothers, George and Sandy, topped the "Minnesota Wrecking Crew", Gene and Ole Anderson. The rugged duo of Billy Hines and Joe Turner defeated Bob Griffin and Jesse James. Tammy Jones beat Donna Christian. Pedro Godoy, the veteran from Havana, Cuba, downed young Randy Curtis.

► **In Atlanta:** NWA champ Dory Funk Jr. successfully defended his world crown by defeating Joe Scarpa with a reverse suplex. Doug Gilbert, Ray Gunkel, and Buddy Fuller beat The Assasins and Nick Bockwinkel when the latter team left the ring and were counted out. Paul DeMarco, the speedy Canadian star, upended Roberto Soto. Buddy Colt, the villain from New York City, stomped Greg Peterson. Aldo Bogni topped Billy Spears. The Spoiler downed Vince Lopez.

► **In Richmond, Virginia:** Johnny Weaver and Art Thomas teamed to defeat the sadistic duo of Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard. The world-renowned Infernos, managed by the colorful J. C. Dykes, stopped Les Wolfe and Abe Jacobs. Bobby Red Cloud disposed of veteran Johnny Heidman. Vivian Vachon downed Toni Rose.

► **In Charleston:** The highly touted combo of Rip "The Profile" Hawk and Big Swede Hanson defeated the newly-formed team of Mr. Wrestling and Luther Lindsay. Hanson pinned Lindsay for the first fall but Lindsay came back strong in the second fall and pinned the Swede after a series of head butts. Hawk pinned the masked man to win the third and deciding fall. Hanson set up the win for the blond-headed duo when he illegally tripped up Mr. Wrestling from outside the ring.

In the semifinal match, Nelson Royal and Paul Jones downed Billy Hines and Joe Turner.

In a Midget bout, Lord Littlebrook topped "Cowboy" Billy Colt with an airplane spin and body press. Pedro Godoy took the opener from Johnny Heidman.

► **In Atlanta:** Mr. Wrestling won by a disqualification over Paul DeMarco, the high-flying Canadian mat whiz. The Assasins and Nick Bockwinkel won over Ray Gunkel, Buddy Fuller, and Doug Gilbert. Al and Ramon Torres stopped Al and Don Greene, the rugged brother team from Tennessee. Bob Roop, pinned veteran Aldo Bogni in just four minutes. Buddy Colt, the skillful mat ace from New York, battled to a fifteen minute draw with The Spoiler, the 300-pound star from Michigan.

► **NEWS**—El Mongol, the well-liked Mongolian star, is back in Georgia after a several month campaign in Florida. Mongol is feuding with Nick Bockwinkel, the arrogant Hawaiian whirlwind. In recent bouts, Bockwinkel has beaten El Diablo, Roberto Soto, Louie Tillet, and Doug Gilbert.

The Professional unmasked in Atlanta after a match against The Assasins. The Pro stated before the bout that if ne didn't beat both Assasins, he would unmask. The Pro was Doug Gilbert. He recently won the Georgia state title from Paul DeMarco.

Homer O'Dell is now managing the team of Buddy Colt and Paul DeMarco. In a recent six tag-team encounter in Atlanta, O'Dell and his boys upset the popular threesome of Buddy Fuller, Ray Gunkel, and Leo Garibaldi.

Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson are feuding with Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard in the Carolinas-Virginia area . . . Les Wolfe left the Carolinas for Georgia . . . The Assasins hold the Georgia tag-team belts. They are one of the most controversial teams ever to have appeared in Georgia . . . The Great Malenko left Florida for Texas, where he is teaming with Sir Charles Montague (Hans Mortier).

George Becker and Johnny Weaver still hold the Atlantic Coast tag-team belts.

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MASCARAS' MASK, GORDMAN'S LOCKS? BARBER SCORED

(Continued from page 59)

and swung him into the ropes. Mascaras bounced off to the opposite side of the ring and flew through the air to catch Gordman with a flying headbutt. Gordman rebounded off the ropes.

Mascaras then grabbed the prone villain by his bushy hair and dragged him to his feet. The champion let go with a right to the chops.

The fans were on their feet, screaming. Gordman reeled, staggered, and fell headlong into the ropes.

Quick as a flash, Bull Ramos jumped up and slipped Black Gordman a sharp piece of metal. Gordman groped for the center of the ring and Mascaras. Gordman swung his weapon. Dirty wrestling. Mil dodged. Gordman swung again. Again Mil evaded him, but this time he let go with a booming right. Gordman dropped to the canvas as a stream of gore trickled down his forehead. When he hit the mat, the piece of metal flew from his hand.

Mascaras picked up the sharp object just as Bull Ramos lunged into the ring to try to help his partner. Alerted by the screams of the crowd, "Mask" turned in time to see Ramos closing in on him. Mil drove a solid fist into the fat man's face. Ramos stopped dead in his tracks and dropped to the mat, his face a mask of scarlet.

Mascaras returned to stand over the unconscious body of Gordman. Mascaras stood with clenched fists and challenged the Bull to move him. But Ramos would have no part of it. He crawled to the edge of the apron and fell from the ring. Several policemen helped the Bull to his feet and escorted him to the dressing room.

The Auditorium was now bedlam as thousands of fans cheered lustily for their super hero. Mascaras shouted gleefully as he lifted the unconscious Gordman and placed him on a chair for his haircut. Ring announcer Jimmy Lennon, who is also a practicing barber, brought his scissors and clippers. Mascaras instantly grabbed a pair of scissors and while Jimmy Lennon and two referees held Gordman, Mascaras hacked away. The crowd went wild and stormed the ring. The police had all they could do hold back the crowd.

Mascaras then held Gordman and let Lennon finish the job. Suddenly, Gordman regained consciousness and bolted from the chair, with Mascaras in hot pursuit. Mil quickly cornered Gordman and once again Mil gouged away at his hair.

SAVAGE HIS NAME, SAVAGE HIS STYLE

(Continued from page 49)

I've carried on," he points out.

The more extreme injuries listed above, coming during the last six years, put him out of action for three months and eight weeks, respectively.

Stress on keeping in peak condition is a Savage protective device against the threats of injury. "I make it a point to keep in superb condition. Frequency of work keeps me sharp. If I'm not wrestling, I work out in a gym."

But something to which the Duke confesses he is not fully-conditioned is oral abuse. "I just haven't become completely able to tolerate fan abuse," he admits. "It's always disconcerting and sometimes disrupts my scientific style.

"I think sometimes that it stems from my wrestling methods. It might also come from envy of the superb manhood I reflect.

"About my style—it's a case of the end justifies the means. I maintain that I'm not dirty but just rough. I resort to any reasonable tactic needed to win."

After 13 years, a natural question arises: how long will the Duke carry on? The answer: "As long as I'm capable of winning a good percentage of my matches and fans keep coming in hopes of seeing me whipped.

"I consider wrestling the toughest business in the world—and that I'm one of the toughest in it."

SQUAW GIRL STANDS OUT

(Continued from page 42)

in France, has retired.

With Morelli gone, Linda Magnani now teams up with Annie Vignal, champion of France.

Your correspondent is trying to unite all of the gals into a Federation and is meeting with considerable success. The results of the Nagaro tournament are as follows:

Ines the Gypsy and Carmela Rodriquez beat Fatma and Fatima Larribi, Algiers; Squaw and Princess Toomah beat Kay Rose and Nora Lang; Joukov Sisters beat Mongho Sisters.

Black Bomb and Aycan Gul beat Jacquiline Dumont and Mado Bianco; Zatopkina and Bammanenskaya beat Renee Ballard and Irene Lerminier; Poupee Blonde and Odile La Rose beat Diana Buggaratini and Miss Emig; Cow Girl Colorado and Madame Brown beat Les Libanaises; Zumbanno and Kallyskiera beat Les Parisiennes.

Quarter Finals—Squaw and Toomah beat Poupee Blonde and La Rose; Joukov Sisters beat Ines the Gypsy and Rodriquez; Black Bomb and Gul beat Cow Girl and Madame Brown; Zumbanno and Kalyskaiera beat Zatopkin and Bammenskaya.

Semi finals—Squaw and Toomah beat Zumbanno and Kalyskiera; Joukov Sisters beat Black Bomb and Gul.

Final—Squaw and Toomah beat Joukov Sisters.

There was a tournament for amateurs, won by 57-year-old Louise Cean.

PRETTY BOY FLOYD DOUBLES AS LAW MAN

(Continued from page 41)

In the Marines he was All Marine footballer and shot putter. He has put it over 61 feet. Bob came to Floyd after being turned down by several promoters. But Floyd spotted his talent right away. Floyd flew Verne Gagne in to look Bob over. Verne agreed with Floyd and after Bob finishes his bookings here he will report to Verne as his protege.

Floyd has been happily married for twenty-three years. His wife Alma Lee attended all of his bouts and now sells the tickets for his cards. He has two children, 11 year old Terry Lee, who sells the programs and pictures and Michael, who is with the Army in Vietnam. Floyd plans to stay in wrestling as a referee and promoter as long as he is able to.

BRUNO STOLE JOHN L. FROM BASEBALL AND GRIDIRON

(Continued from page 45)

against Tom Jones. The match ended in a draw.

Shortly thereafter, John was booked into St. Louis for a TV match against one of wrestling's toughest competitors—Dick the Bruiser. It wasn't one of Sullivan's better appearances, putting it mildly. "He threw me out of the ring! That's what happened," says Sullivan.

Since then, Sullivan has suffered a broken nose, separated vertebrae in his back, and countless cuts, contusions and bruises. "My pride is the only thing really hurt, though," says Sullivan.

Tough or not, he's determined to make it. With a name like John L. Sullivan, he'd BETTER make it.

OKLAHOMA COWGIRL PINS "MAFIA" OF TOP SKILLS

(Continued from page 29)

the fingers. The referee couldn't catch Paula's bitting, but he did find she was wearing a ring, contrary to the rules, such as they are. When her ring was removed, Paula's punches had considerably less effect on the Pittsburgh girl.

A series of illegal holds, hairpulling and dirty fighting showed that Paula was following the Galento-Rose school and using any method possible to win.

Displaying amazing strength, the blonde hoisted the pretty brunette's body over her head and slammed her to the mat. Paula then body-bridged on Donna's flattened figure and pulled Donna's shapely legs up for a bottoms-up pin.

Donna struggled mightily, but Paula's body was rigged like the Brooklyn bridge and Donna had to take the three count.

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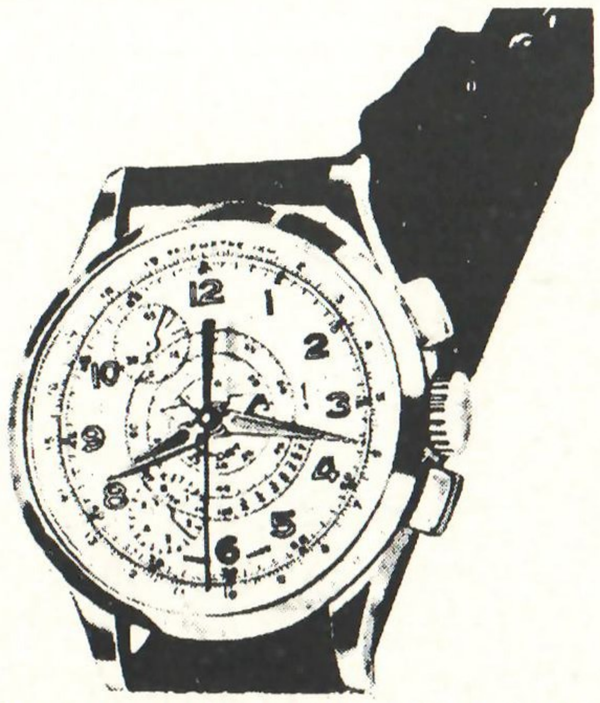

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● PITTSBURGH, PA. ACTION ●
By John F. Mehno

A series of brutal four man Australian tag team matches were recently staged at Pittsburgh's Civic Arena. Many mat experts contend they were the wildest, bloodiest bouts ever seen in the Steel City.

The first encounter sent Waldo Von Erich and Ivan Koloff against Johnny DeFazio and The Battman. Trouble erupted before the bout got underway as Tony Angelo, manager of Koloff and Von Erich, demanded that he be permitted to remain in the corner of his team. The issue was cleared when WWWF champion Bruno Sammartino agreed to act in the same capacity for Battman and DeFazio.

After a few minutes of action Johnny DeFazio was thrown over the top rope by one of his opponents. As he landed on the concrete floor Battman and Sammartino rushed to his aid. DeFazio was unable to get back into the ring within the referee's count and the first fall was awarded to Waldo Von Erich and Ivan Koloff.

State Athletic Commissioner Doctor Louis Civaterese informed the referees that Johnny DeFazio would be unable to continue the match.

Battman said he was willing to take on both villains alone. As the second fall began, Battman was almost immediately double-teamed. A cut was soon opened on his forehead. Von Erich and Koloff continued their attack as more blood began to flow from the cut and Bruno Sammartino jumped into the ring in an attempt to save the Battman from further injury. Due to this interference, Battman was disqualified and lost the second fall and the match.

In other matches—Bruno Sammartino defeated Killer Kowalski; Eric the Red and Frank Holtz drew, 20 minutes; Cowboy Bradley and the Jamaica Kid won over Billy The Kid and Frenchy Lamonte; Bobby "Hurricane" Hunt defeated Frank Durso; George Steele topped John L. Sullivan.

The second match was a natural with Bruno Sammartino and Battman providing the opposition for Koloff and Von Erich. This bout was almost a reversal of the first. A cut was opened on the forehead of Von Erich and he was declared unable to continue because of excessive bleeding. As Van Erich made his way back to the dressing room Koloff announced he was willing to take on Bruno and Battman rather than forfeit the match.

He was quickly stunned by forearm blows and arm whips from both opponents. Ivan was obviously in deep trouble when Waldo Von Erich rushed from the dressing room with his head wrapped in bandages. Von Erich also clutched the belt he wears into the ring. He attacked Battman with the buckle of the belt as Sammartino and Koloff continued their brawl. In no time, Battman's face was a mask of blood. He was helped to the dressing room where five stitches were needed to close the gash. The bout was officially ruled no contest.

In preliminaries—Crusher Verdu beat Frank Holtz; Professor Tanaka lost to Victor Rivera via a disqualification; Killer Kowalski and Dr. Bill Miller drew; George Steele defeated Bobby Hunt; Lou Albano and Johnny DeFazio drew; The Fabulous Moolah and Toni Rose topped Vicki Williams and Cathy O'Day.

State Athletic Commissioner Marion "Slugger" Klingensmith told wrestling commentator Bill Cardille that he had ordered a rematch with specific rules. It was to be a Texas Death Match. This marked the first time in Pittsburgh that these rules governed a tag match. In the first fall Waldo Von Erich pinned Battman at 10:15. Battman came back to pin Von Erich at 4:32 of the second fall. In the third fall, Bruno Sammartino flipped Ivan Koloff over the top rope. Koloff was unable to reenter the ring in time and was counted out, giving Sammartino and Battman the victory. While the popular duo were waving to the crowd, Von Erich hit Sammartino over the head with a chair and pushed it into his throat.

George Steele defeated Dr. Bill Miller; Prof. Tanaka beat Mario Frataroli; Crusher Verdu defeated Jerry Dorsey; Mario Milano over Eric the Red; Johnny DeFazio pinned Willie Farkas; Frank Holtz won over Al Hayes.

► **NOTES**—Bruno Sammartino recently defeated Eric the Red on WIIC-TV, Pittsburgh . . . Battman drew with newcomer Crusher Verdu on the same show . . . George Steele has a masked protege, Professor X . . . The Professor tips the scales at 268 pounds . . . John L. Sullivan completed a very successful tour of the southern states . . . We were sorry to hear of the deaths of Skull Murphy and Dr. Sam Sheppard . . . Both were active up until their untimely deaths . . . Whatever happened to Spiros Arion? . . . Pittsburgh ring announcer Lou Barry has entered politics . . . He is running for Congress in Pittsburgh's 14th District under his full name, "Lou" Barry Levine . . . The 30 minute feature film on Bruno Sammartino, produced by WIIC-TV won a "Golden Quill" Award as an outstanding sports documentary . . . The film showed Bruno in the ring and at home with his wife and 3 sons.

● NORTHWEST MAT NOTES ●
By Paul Daquilante

"Northwest Mat Notes" takes a glimpse at those happenings which put the Pacific Northwest sector of the United States high on the grappling map.

Over the past ten years the Northwest has not had a grappler such as Lonnie Mayne.

Mayne hit this area three years ago and it can safely be said that he has caused more excitement among wrestling fans than any other matman to appear here.

Mayne was discovered by ring veteran Tony Borne and given expert instruction and coaching from Tony.

The blonde bomber (Mayne) has been involved in loads of bouts and headlined more wrestling cards in the past three years than anyone in the area. His feud with Tony Borne rates high among the top three events of the past decade.

We have to rate second the success of the Mayne-Borne tag-team success which ultimately resulted in their ownership of the world's team championship.

The Portland Memorial Coliseum was where Mayne as a single came within minutes of lifting the world heavyweight crown from Gene Kiniski, who was later defeated for the title by Dory Funk Jr.

A match between Mayne and Borne drew 8,000 and grossed in the neighborhood of $20,000. A profitable night for promoter Don Owen.

With the bout even at one fall each Borne ran into severe trouble. Mayne leaped onto Borne from the top rope and floored Tony.

It took half of Portland's wrestling corps, including Beauregarde, who was to be Mayne's new partner, to remove Mayne from the ring before more damage was inflicted upon Borne.

Borne left the arena by ambulance and was taken to a hospital where he lay for a week recuperating from an injured back.

Upon his return to the ring Borne never gained revenge. Mayne imported Beau as his new mate and Borne joined partnership with several other wrestlers attempting to do as a team what Tony could not achieve in singles.

The two buried their feud and joined forces once again to form a team.

Mayne and Borne, team's conquest of the world's tagteam crown came as some surprise.

The Reason? The two had run through an elimination like gangbusters for the right to challenge the champions, Pepper Gomez and Pedro Morales.

The Gomez-Morales duo had been victims of Mayne and Borne in an earlier meeting, this also coming in a title match.

Following the win by the Northwest twosome, Morales and Gomez argued that since they defended their title a week earlier, they should not be forced to give up their belts. The argument stood.

A rematch followed in which Mayne and Borne landed the championship over Morales and Gomez.

As to Mayne's attempt to wrestle away the world heavyweight title from champion Gene Kiniski, Mayne had only himself to blame.

The two had split opening falls with Lonnie working his rival into near submission at the second stanza. A rest period was called but as an enraged Lonnie moved toward the dressing room with Borne at his side, he suddenly spurted back into the ring and inflicted more punishment upon surprised and beaten Kiniski.

With the assistance of Borne and other grapplers Mayne was pulled off the champion, who was awarded the bout on a disqualification.

In the dressing room following a regaining of his senses, Mayne began to realize how much losing his temper had cost him.

● ACTION IN DAYTON ●
By Jim Painter

The Skull Brothers put their championship on the line when they met the tag team of Haystack Calhoun and Dr. Bill Miller.

The match started out as a slow one but increased in pace as the bout progressed.

Before the match got under way the Skull Brothers placed their belts in the hands of the referee who was promptly attacked by Miller. Dr. Bill grabbed them out of the ref's hands and placed them around the waist of Calhoun. The referee finally settled the situation by getting the belts back and the action got under way.

At the opening bell Miller and Calhoun were responsible for whatever action took place. It looked like a shoo-in for the pair but then the Skulls moved to the fore by double teaming Miller.

The match see-sawed back and forth with the advantage slowly but surely being gained by the Skulls. Miller was in against Skull number on ewhen Skull number two moved in on Calhoun and attempted to pull Calhoun's leg out from under him. Calhoun pulled away and sat on Skull number two's head much to the amusement of the crowd.

The action went into high limbo and Skull number one went out of the ring with Miller following him. At the count of sixteen Miller threw Skull number one back into the ring and attempted to climb back in himself but Skull number two held him out of the ring.

In the resulting confusion the referee disqualified Miller and Calhoun and the Skulls were home free.

In the semi-final event Sputnik Monroe took on a new face from Vancouver, Rocky Johnson.

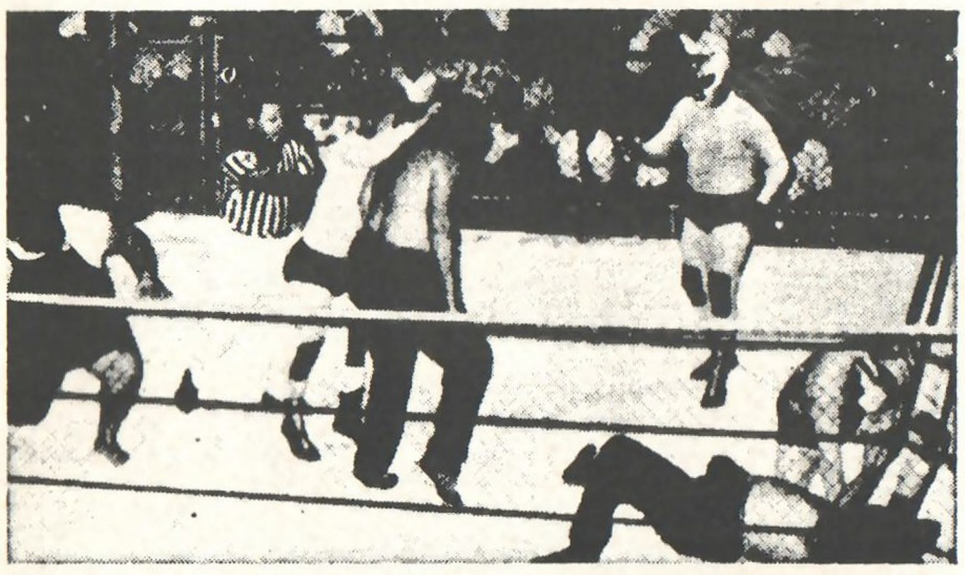
Johnson used his youth in an attempt to wear down Monroe with a series of headlocks, arm bars and tackles. Monroe waited and as Johnson slowed down the veteran had enough left to use his knowledge and experience to turn the tables.

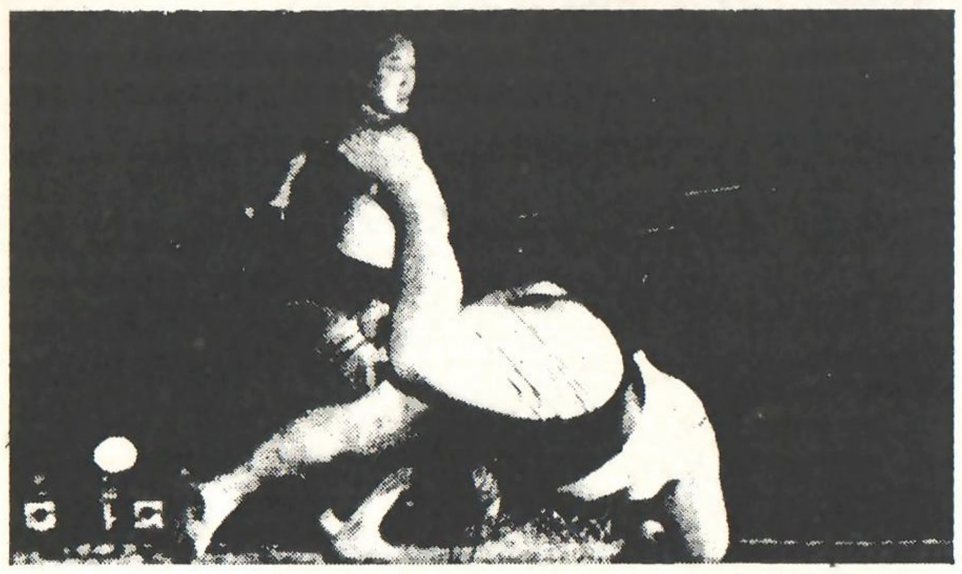
Monroe maneuvered Johnson into a position where the older man could gain a leg lock and then Monroe really went to town and worked on Johnson's leg. Johnson finally freed himself only to be thrown out of the ring. He climbed back in but it was evident that he had injured his leg and he was an easy target for Monroe who pinned him easily.

In another bout an upset was registered when Ben Justice beat Dr. Jerry Graham with a drop kick and body press.

Other matches saw The Stomper defeat that mad Mexican, Chico Garcia, with a sleeper hold and Sonny King downed Frankie Dynamite a transplanted Floridian.

The RING WRESTLING





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● AROUND AND ABOUT ●

By Norman H. Kietzer

Wrestling in the areas of the country controlled by the American Wrestling Alliance continues to flourish.

► **In Chicago,** promoter Bob Luce regularly sells out the International Amphitheatre. It was only a few years ago that the crowds in the windy city hit an all time low under the promotion of the late Fred Kohler, the former president of the National Wrestling Alliance and long time Chicago matman promoter. Then, Luce brought A.W.A. wrestling to Chicago and it has been one sell out after another.

► **Milwaukee, Wisconsin,** has also become one of the major cities of the A.W.A. with wrestling crowds turned away at the gate at every card. The city of Indianapolis is also doing very well. Old standbys like Dick the Bruiser, Wilbur Snyder and Yukon Moose are top names in this area. The Moose trained with the Chicago Bears this summer and is in the best shape of his life.

► **The new promoter in Winnipeg, Manitoba,** is John Guglyan.

► Wrestling has revived in the Dakotas, with Bismarck and Minot both turning the fans away at the gate, and at Fargo and Grand Forks promoter Dwaine Hoberg is having an outstanding year.

► In Omaha, Joe Dusek of the old riot squad is still in charge. The big star is midwest heavyweight titleholder Tarzan Tyler, who is managed by the masked Gentleman "X". The Midwest Tag Team Championship is currently held by Stan Pulaski and Reggie Parks.

► Another top mat center is that of Don Marxen, who runs cards in both Moline, Illinois, and in Davenport, Iowa. Other top A.W.A. promotions in Iowa and Illinois are promoted by Buddy Cliff.

► **Mr. Harvey Solon of Duluth, Minnesota,** the former football star at the University of Minnesota, has made wrestling a top attraction in the port city.

► **In St. Paul, Minn.,** the popular Eddie Williams continues to give the fans top wrestling about once a month at the St. Paul Auditorium. And across the Mississippi in Minneapolis, Wally Karbo, ably assisted by former University of Minnesota all american football star Bill Kuusisto, not only has the top promotions at the Auditorium and Sports Center, but also produces the nationally syndicated All Star Wrestling program that is seen in more parts of the country than any other.

The last promoter to affiliate with the American Wrestling Alliance is Mr. Don Frazier, who is associated with The Fabulous Forum in Inglewood, California. The state that in the past decade has gotten major league franchises in baseball, football, basketball, and hockey, was now ready for major league wrestling in the opinion of Frazier. His shows at The Forum are picking up attendance with each card and has proved that fans really appreciate good talent.

Verne Gagne, one of the greatest wrestlers, continues to hold the AWA title. Cowboy Bill Watts is the current top contender. The World Tag Team Championship recently passed from Dick the Bruiser and The Crusher to "Mad Dog" and Butcher Vachone . . . Top contenders for that honor are Billy "Red" Lyons and Red Bastien.

► **Other top contenders,** in no special order are: Doctor "X", Bob Geigel, Pepper Gomez, "Pretty Boy" Larry Hennig, Man Mountain Mike, Crazy Luke Graham, Edouard Carpentier, Bob Windham and The Chain Gang.

Those of you interested in receiving a monthly magazine completely devoted to A.W.A. wrestling can do so by sending $5.00 for a 12 issue subscription to The Wrestling News, P. O. Box 694, Mankato, Minnesota 56001.

● THE VANCOUVER SCENE ●

By Bruce D. Rauckman

Under the aegis of promoter Sandor Kovacs, Vancouver is becoming one of the top action areas in Canada.

On a tremendously exciting card the Northwest champion, Mark Lewin, took on Gene Kiniski in a non title match. The decision was based on a disqualification which was reversed and by the time the matter was finally cleared up Lewin emerged the winner with nobody but the officials understanding how the decision was rendered.

In a tag team affair Dean Higuchi teamed up with The Great Bohles to defeat Bulldog Bob Brown and the original John Quinn in a one fall bout that was not scheduled for the title which was held by the winning team.

Tex McKenzie, the belting cowpoke, creamed the villain Morowski and finally pinned him in a ferocious bout.

Eric Froelich, the 228 pound master of scientific wrestling, hailing from Hanover, beat Mors McTanesh in a clean fast display of the grappling art by both men.

► The Vancouver Coliseum put on one show that will not be forgotten. The event was a battle Royal with 14 men entered. Each wrestler entering the event put up $100 and the promoter put up $600 with the winner to take all the loot.

The ring was mayhem—with so much action that fans didn't know where to look first. As quickly as the action began the explosion of flying flesh slowed down. Four men were left in the ring, Mark Lewin, John Tolos, Bob Brown and Gene Kiniski.

The four looked at each other and then all hell broke loose. Lewin threw Kiniski into the ropes and as Gene came back off the ropes he was met by a Lewin dropkick and out of the ring he went. So much for Kiniski. And so there were three little wrestlers left. Lewin and Tolos then picked up Brown between them and he was hurled out of the ring. This left but two. Fans waited for the finale but suddenly Lewin and Tolos smiled, shook hands and Lewin climbed out of the ring stating that they would split the boodle.

As soon as Lewin was out of the ring Tolos screamed, "Hold it, I said nothing and as last man in the ring I am the winner!" Lewin had disqualified himself by leaving the ring and the referee agreed with Tolos that he was the winner.

This set the stage for a later meeting between Lewin and Tolos for the Northwest crown held by Lewin. In the contest Lewin played the part of a hero, scientific wrestler and gentleman. As is supposed to happen, the hero triumphed with skill over brute force and sportsmanship over questionable tactics.

► Dig The Scene: Earl Maynard, two time Mr. Universe, keeps in shape by doing 500 pushups daily . . . Robbie Burns had a black eye and was all stitched up after a match with Frank Shields in which Robbie forgot to duck . . . Gene Kiniski, Canadian version of world title holder, has held that honor for over four years . . . Crusher Stasiak, 280 pounds of fury, has been warned to watch his famous "heart punch" for fear that he might kill someone . . . Lonnie Mayne, the blonde bomber, has appeared in more matches in the state of Oregon than any other wrestler . . . Is the Tough Tony Borne hold, "the giant cannonball" the most feared hold in wrestling today?

MEMPHIS WRESTLING ● NEWS ●

By H. W. Harris

Promoters Gulus, Welsh and Bates continue to give the mid-south outstanding cards.

In one of the more rugged matches to be seen the holders of the NWA Southern Tag Team crown, Don and Al Greene, had the crowd on their feet with action plus in their defense against Johnnie Walker and Dennis Hall.

The bout ended in a double disqualification when both teams went berserk and worked the referee over to the crowd's delight.

The Internes with their manager, Dr. Kin Ramey, pulled out all the stops to win a match over the team composed of New Yorker, Luther Jones and hometowner, Jerry Golden. The Internes wrestled in their usual manner, no holds barred and everything goes.

Jackie Fargo and Johnnie Long paired up to tangle horns with Eddie Sullivan and the Mighty Yankee No. 2. The bout was well fought with Jackie and Johnnie drawing with Eddie and Mighty.

► On other cards Jackie Fargo and Bearcat Brown defeated Corsica Joe and Jim Dalton, Herb Welch won over Nikita Mulkovich via a disqualification, and Mack York defeated Tony Russo.

► On a warm evening of wrestling Gentleman Ben, the 700 pound wrestling bear, had the fans on the edge of their seats as he mauled and beat Mack York. The Masked Spoilers No. I and II won in two falls over Buddy and Jim Fuller.

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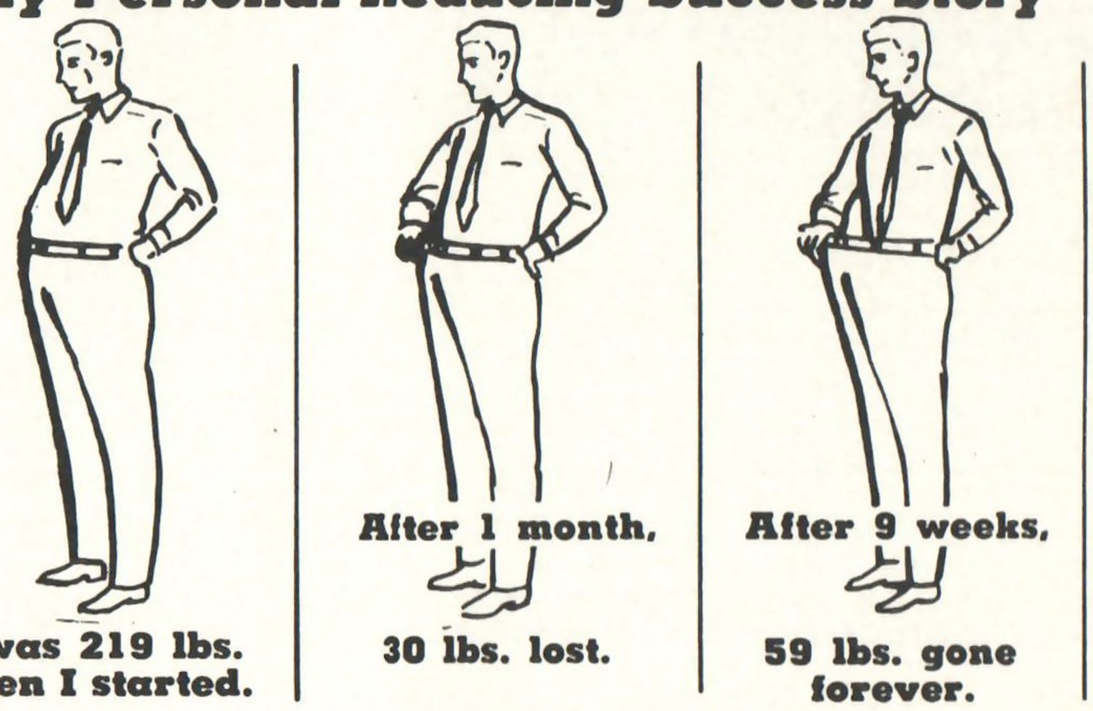

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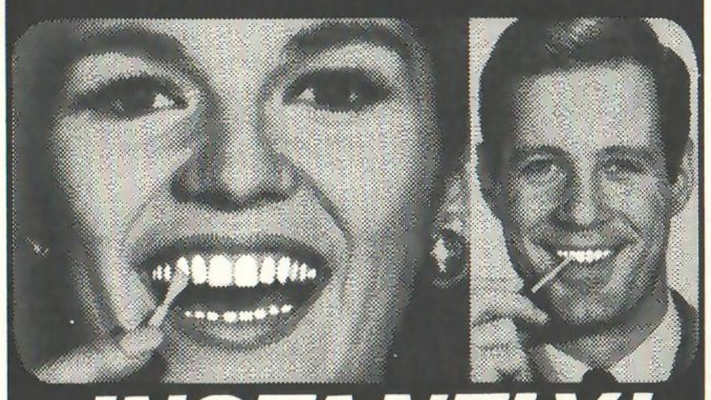

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THE NEW ENGLAND SCENE

By J. Aleff

Promoter Abe Ford has opened many new clubs in the East Coast circuit and his war with Tony Santos appears to be phasing out.

► The WWWF—which has been backing Ford in his drive for recognition—has been attempting to draw a halt to using names such as Hobo Brazil and Bruno Sanzartino which the WWWF states is an effort to dupe the fans into thinking that they are seeing top wrestlers.

► Ford has teamed up with Bill Witschi to promote at North Atteleboro, Mass., on a weekly basis.

► **At Lowell, Mass.** Ford has presented some really outstanding talent. On one show Mario Milano, Italy, met and stopped Eric The Red in a fast match that terminated in 12:47.

On the same card Waldo Von Erich, Germany, defeated Angelo Savoldi in a bout highlighted by unusual roughness on both sides. The time was 8:30. Gorilla Monsoon upset the Oriental star Professor Tanaka in 11:26 of a contest of strength against skill with the Gorilla's power wearing down and neutralizing the Prof's know how.

Ivan Kolaff and Karl Kovacs, aided by their managers, Dandy Jack and Tony Angelo completely outclassed and demolished the tag team composed of Jene Dubois and Mario Fraterolli in two straight falls.

In a one fall to a finish affair Victor Rivera battled to a draw with Waldek Killer Kowalski. The bout was a thriller with fans gripping the edge of their seats up to the end of the fray when exchanging blows they belted each other into dreamland. The time was 15:45.

► **On another card at Attleboro** Arnold Skoaland lost a wild fracas to Professor Tanaka and Johnny Rodz disposed of a game but inexperienced Miguel Feliciano. Ivan Kolaff, the Russian giant, bear-hugged a very much improved Gene Dubois into defeat.

Karl Kovacs, known as "The Krippler," along with manager Dandy Jack, battled to a "No Contest" decision with Victor Rivera. The bout ended with both men outside the ring and both being counted out. Time: 17:43.

► **The Boston Garden** saw Lou Albano lose a close decision to a muchly improved Gene Dubois. He seems to get better each time out.

Mario Fraterolli couldn't quite cut the mustard in his match with Johnny Rodz and went down to defeat.

Mario Milano again stopped the Swedish giant, Eric The Red.

WRESTLING IS MILE HIGH

By Helen Hill

Another turnaway crowd witnessed a wild and wooly wrestling card that attests to the promoting know-how of Gene Reed. This genial and fan conscious gentleman is developing Denver into one of the U.S.'s top wrestling localities.

In the opening bout, Joe Blanchard, Texas villain, played it straight and was the crowd's favorite in his 20 minute time limit draw match with Nebraska's some time hero, Jack Pesek.

Bob Windham lacked the experience to cope with the veteran Black Jack Lanza. Windham attempted to use his 30 pound weight advantage and phenomenal power to defeat Lanza with shoulder blocks and elbow smashes while Lanza waited for his chance. When Big Bob missed a block, Lanza made the most of the mistake to throw the off balance Windham and pin him in the time of 23:20.

The semi-final bout pitted a Denver favorite, Pepper Gomez, against Larry "Pretty Boy" Hennig.

The first fall went to Hennig with a knee to the throat and a body press at 10:27.

Gomez came back strong to take the second fall and then went on to win the third and deciding fall in the times of 5:24 and 4:37 respectively. He used his Mexican splash to win both pins.

The man event accounted for the huge crowd. It was a tag team effort with the Crusher and Verne Gagne opposing the team of "Mad Dog" and Butcher Vachone for the AWA title.

The bout lived up to expectations—fast and furious. "Mad Dog" subdued Gagne with a pile driver to take the first fall in 6:47. Gagne took command in the second fall despite a sore neck and scored a fall over Butcher with a sleeper hold in a little over two minutes. The third fall was a combination of confusion and action with all four wrestlers in the ring a good portion of the time.

The bout had a sudden finale when Crusher pinned Butcher for the crucial fall in the time of 6:35.

Bedlam broke lose as the championship belts were handed over to Crusher and Gagne. The decision has since been reversed.

On another night filled with suspense, despite the fact that no titles were at stake, Reg Parks and Ali Ben Khan brought their long standing Nebraska-based feud to the Mile High City.

It looked as if the 20 minute limit would run out when with but 50 seconds remaining in the match Parks landed a series of punches to kayo Khan and win the match.

Next on tap for the evening was Jack Pesek, in the hero's role for once, as he faced a new masked "face" known only as "Double X." He is the partner of "Dr. X". "Double X" left no doubt of his role as the villain by chopping Pesek to defeat in 12:33 with elbow drops, smashes and a body press to end the bout.

The semi-final was a free-for-all affair with Edouard Carpentier and Pepper Gomez taking two out of three falls from Larry Hennig and Lars Anderson.

Anderson won the first fall from Carpentier after Hennig had softened up the Frenchman with a kick in the back that left him incapacitated. The time was 7:05. After a brief rest Carpentier came back to even matters at 4:09 by taking the second fall from Anderson with steamrollers and a body press. The suspense was building and the crowd held its collective breath as Hennig picked up Gomez for a body slam to set him up for the pin. Before Hennig could achieve his goal Carpentier went into action and drop-kicked Hennig with both men going to the canvas. Gomez was caught in the melee and ended on top of Hennig and victory was his at 8:13.

The main event saw The Crusher once again attempt to unmask "Dr. X". The first fall was fast and active with The Crusher using his famous bolo to win the fall in 8:19.

"Dr. X" came back to win the second fall in the time of 7:00 with a whilrwind attack consisting of a kick to the face and a body press.

The third fall ended in disappointing fashion when "Dr. X" was disqualified after his partner "Double X" interfered while the match was in progress.

Denver continued to give the fans their fill of excitement with a card that opened with Pepper Gomez being the victim of foul play when his opponent, a newcomer to Denver, Frank "Bad Boy" Shields threw Pepper up and out of the ring. "Bad Boy" had lived up to his name and was disqualified.

The special event was a return engagement of two of the Mid west's bitterest enemies—Red Bastien and Black Jack Lanza. The grunts and groaning was hot and heavy with Bastien emerging the winner in the time of 18:53. The end came when Lanza was disqualified for his manager's (Bobby Heenan) interference.

The semi-final event pitted "Double X" against Paul Diamond. Diamond took the first fall with a hold that he calls the "avalanche". "Double X" came back strong to win the second fall in 4:22 with an elbow drop to the throat and a body press. The third and deciding fall went to Diamond when he finished off his opponent with his famous "surf rider" hold in the time of 5:35.

The main event matched the Vachone Brothers against the combo of The Crusher and Verne Gagne. The bout was for the AWA version of the world tag team championship.

The first fall went to the Vachone's when "Mad Dog" pinned The Crusher in 9:24. The score was evened when Gagne subdued Butcher with the sleeper to take the second fall in only 1:56. The third and deciding fall went to Butcher when he pinned Gagne with the aid of "Mad Dog".

In a one fall to a finish affair Killer Kowalski clawed John L. Sullivan into submission. Sullivan was subbing for Cowboy Bob Ellis who was unable to show.

Karl Kovacs, with the help of his manager Dandy Jack, triumphed over Professor Tanaka. Dandy Jack is a menace with his cane and one of these days you know what someone is going to do with that cane . . . break it off!

Ivan Kolaff easily trounced Victor Rivera in less than three minutes. Victor was bounced around the ring from post to post and finally tossed out of the ring to the concrete floor. He was unable to continue and Ivan was announced as the winner much to the disapproval of the fans.

In a main event under Texas Death Rules with two referees and a two out of three falls match, Gorilla Monsoon and champ Bruno Sammartino teamed to lock horns with the combo of Ernie Ladd, and Waldo Von Erich. Monsoon quickly won the first fall over the German champ Von Erich in just under two minutes.

Ladd zoomed back to even the match by pinning Monsoon and the bout was all even.

As the third fall progressed Von Erich lit a cigarette and before anyone knew what was happening began to attack Sammartino. Bruno's eyes were the target! Von Erich had his smoking habit cut short when the two referees, ex boxers Tom McNeeley and Two Ton Tony Galento converged upon him. While this commotion was going on Ladd managed to get his tag rope around the throat of Monsoon and was strangling the Gorilla. Bruno suddenly realized what was occuring and rushed to his partner's aid.

Bruno batted Ladd right out of the ring with a beautiful forearm smash to the jaw. He then proceeded to give Von Erich the same treatment. An irate Ladd reached up and pulled Sammartino out of the ring and down to the ring floor with him. Both began to slug the devil out of each other.

Within seconds all four men were out of the ring and one of the wildest slugfests seen in these rings took place.

First Ladd, and then Von Erich were battered to the ring steps and from there to the laps of the first row spectators.

Suddenly the mayhem was over as quickly as it had begun. Bruno and Von Erich fought their way back into the ring where Bruno pinned Waldo ending the match.

As a sidelight to the bout Ladd and Von Erich claimed that Von Erich had received too fast a count. When referee McNeeley refused to listen any further Von Erich punched the referee in the stomach and then took off for his dressing room pursued by McNeeley.

► **Random Notes:** Terrible Ted, the Wrestling Bear, has been making big waves since arrival in the area . . . all love him. Is Cowboy Bob Ellis angry at us up this way? He hasn't showed up for many of his engagements . . . Dandy Jack is regarded as a real weirdo by fans. Mario Fratterolli is greener than sod . . . he needs plenty of work if he is to get anywhere. Tony Angelo's tag team has been rave notice material . . . the guys really have it! . . . A recent bout saw Bruno Sammartino take on and defeat Ivan Koloff in a two out of three falls match . . . it was no real contest with Bruno an easy victor.

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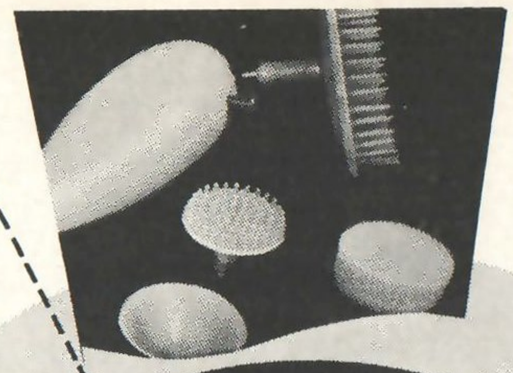

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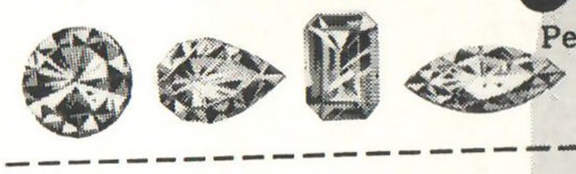

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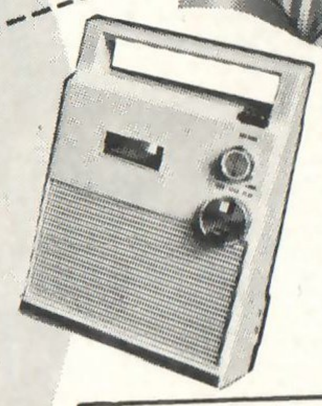

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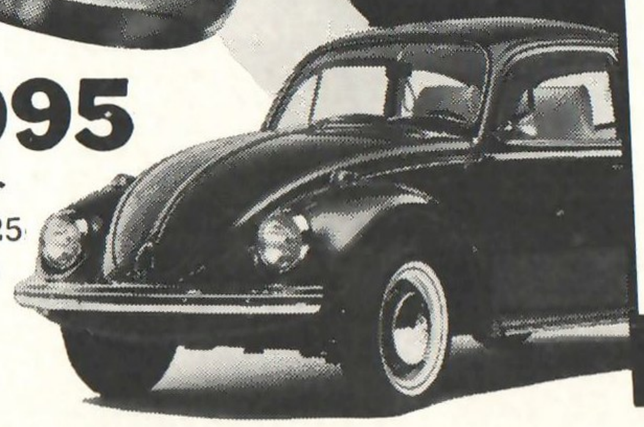

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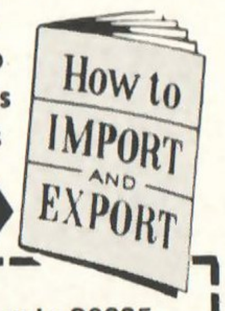

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● ST. LOUIS WRESTLING ●

By Larry Matysik

Dick "the Bruiser," has brought a decisive end to his feud with the hated "Black Jack" Lanza. Before a sellout crowd 11,360 at St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium, "The Bruiser" battered Lanza into defeat in a brutal Texas "death match."

"Bruiser" was in fine form, using an atomic drop to take the opening fall after he had banged Lanza's head into the ring bell and then into the timekeeper's table. But the rugged Lanza battled back, stunning "Rowdy Richard" with a splintered piece of wood and then pinning the 255-pounder with a trio of bulldog headlocks.

Lanza also won the third fall, using a bulldog headlock to set "Bruiser" up for his piledriver. Then "Bruiser" turned the tables—as Lanza tried a piledriver during the fourth stanza, "Bruiser" scored with a thudding back body drop. Then he crunched Lanza with a series of body slams and atomic drops.

When Lanza's explosive manager, Bobby Heenan, tried to aid "Black Jack," he was floored by "Bruiser's" high-flying atomic drop.

That earned "Bruiser" the fourth fall. He began the fifth fall by kicking Heenan out of the ring and blasting Lanza with a slam and two more atomic drops. Special referee "Whipper" Billy Watson halted the duel and awarded the decision to "Bruiser."

► Two weeks earlier over 7,000 had inhabited Kiel to see the unusual duo of "Bruisre" and Wilbur Snyder slip by Baron Von Raschke and Lanza in a tag battle. The "Bruiser"-Snyder combo dominated the opening round with "Bruiser's" atomic drop downing Raschke. But the strutting German evened things quickly by dumping Snyder with a head butt and series of Prussian stomps.

In the decisive fall, Heenan got into the action—although not by his own choice. "Bruiser" had pitched Lanza from the ring and banged Jack's head into the press table. Then "Bruiser" slugged Heenan and bodily pitched the blond, 218-pounder into the ring.

Raschke, Lanza and Heenan ganged up on "Bruiser," bringing on a disqualification.

The co-feature saw Ernie "Cat" Ladd take a disqualification victory from arrogant Waldo Von Erich. The latter thought he had a pin, but referee Joe Schoenberger detected Waldo using the ropes illegally. When Schoenberger refused to allow the pin, Von Erich angrily berated and bullied the official, who disqualified him. State Athletic Commissioner Eddie Davidson quickly docked Waldo $100, as much for abusing the referee as for hitting Ladd with a chair earlier in the fracas.

Plenty of action spiced the undercard. Snyder and undefeated Dewey Robertson slipped by "Moose" Cholak and Von Raschke. The only fall taken in thirty minutes saw the dazzling Snyder mat the 300-pound Cholak with a knee drive; body slam and press at 24:30. Time expired without another fall, thus earning Snyder and Robertson a well-deserved victory.

The top preliminary saw potentially-great Tommy Martin go to a "no decision" with former world champion Pat O'Connor. Martin, after a sparkling, scientific contest, suffered a groin injury and could not continue. O'Connor refused the win.

Other bouts saw Bob Geigel's half-crab subdue Ronnie Etchison. Angelo Poffo top Jerry Monti; Luis Martinez, a big local favorite, floor Joe Turko.

► The semi-final on the tag match slate saw the 6-9, 315-pound Ladd defeat and unmask the "Unknown Gladiator," a 310-pounder who turned out to be Johnny James. O'Connor used a thudding running body slam to topple Cholak; Robertson knocked off Turko, Geigel whipped Monti. In another tag encounter, Martinez and Tommy Martin won two-out-of-three-falls from "K.O." Cox and Bob "Ox" Baker.

► **ST. LOUIS NOTES**—"Crazy Luke "Graham is doing well here . . . Dewey Robertson, clean-cut Canadian youth, has won seven consecutive singles bouts . . . Johnny James, also known as the "Unknown" Gladiator, is a rugged customer in the ring. He's young, strong and very quick for his 310-pounds . . . The '70 season at Kiel is really packing the fans in, with an average of over 10,000 per card. That is just better than 90% of capacity . . . Top television decisions saw Wilbur Snyder knock off Angelo Poffo while Baron Von Raschke clouted Thor Hagen. Lanza and Geigel battered Robertson and Bob "Ox" Baker. James battled Martin to a draw. Waldo Von Erich and Von Raschke stopped Pat O'Connor and Bob Sabre. Martin went to a bruising "no decision" with Geigel. Von Raschke was too tough for James. Dick "the Bruiser" overwhelmed Ronnie Paul . . . All for now.

● MIDWEST SPOTLIGHT ●

By J. L. Huey

Promoter Joe Dusek has been bringing the public an interesting brand of grappling to fill his Omaha, Nebraska arena. Joe is tied up with the American Wrestling Association and his productions are under his Mid Continent Sports banner.

Omaha fans see a lot of wrestling over the idiot box (television) thanks to station KETV which puts on live wrestling for its viewers.

A local favorite, Stan Pulaski, was colorful on TV as he defeated Peppy Villa in 12:32 with his renowned neck breaker hold.

The second match of the evening had Lars Anderson, a roughie. give a brutal beating to Tim Brooks with elbow smashes and at 8:08 finally pin his man.

Another grappler who does not belong to "the beautiful people" is Beautiful Brutus, who looks and acts as if he fell out of a tree. Acting like an animal in his ferocious attack he downed Buddy Smith in the time of 5:03.

The last event of the bill of fare introduced the Arabian Stomper, Ali Ben Khan. Before each contest Ali spends endless time praying to Allah. Once he has finished the ritual Ali is ready to dispatch his opponent to the losers corner. This evening was no exception. Ali's opponent was none other than Frankie Hester and Hester went wester when Ali got him in his camel hold in 7:03.

► **The Omaha Civic Auditorium Arena** was filled to see Lars Anderson, Mid-West title holder, go against Stan Pulaski.

Prior to the main event Benny Zeke was defeated by Little Bruiser in 10:55 for openers. Next on the menu, in a women's offering, Betty Niccoli very easily defeated Jean Antone in 5:04.

As an added attraction the management got Ali Ben Khan to take on John Lee (who subbed for Billy Howard) and in the time of 9:20 Ali caused Lee to surrender.

In a slam bang bust 'em upper Reggie Parks and the Beautiful Brutus went at it in a most bloody manner until the action ended up outside the ring. After 15:34 the referee called it "no contest".

In a real sexy match, a mixed tag team event, Jean Antone and her partner Benny Zeke made the right moves at the right time to beat Betty Niccoli and her ring mate Little Bruiser in two out of three falls.

The main event was a glorious mixture of wrestling and mayhem with Lars Anderson winning two out of three falls from his challenger Stan Pulaski to retain his Mid West Title. The time for the match was 34:23.

► Televiewers had a treat when they saw Stan Pulaski defeat Tim Brooks in 7:08—using the Vachone pile driver to accomplish the feat.

The AWA tag team champions, Maurice and Paul Vachone, worked together as smooth as a weill-oiled machine to roll over the team of Frankie Hester and Reggie Parks. The time was 12:33 in this non title bout.

Mid West champ Lars Anderson, as comes naturally, triumphed over Peppy Villa in the time of 5:10 by out roughing his opponent who melted under the pressure.

Beautiful Brutus, "The Animal" beat big John Lee in 7:43 and the tube addicts were able to go to sleep.

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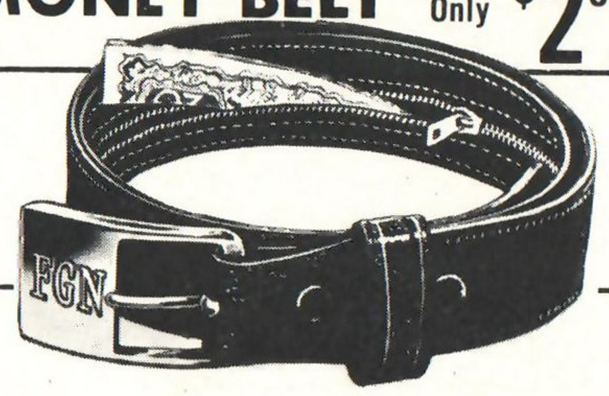

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● EASTERN REGIONAL NEWS ●

By Joe D'Amico

Madison Square Garden saw a record crowd of 16,858 form a $60,821.70 gate as WWWF titleholder Bruno Sammartino defeated Russia's Ivan Kolloff with a reverse body flip after 18:45 in one of the champ's roughest nights.

Supporting bouts saw Eric the Red bodysplash Jack Vansky to defeat in 9:25; Mario Milano use an abdominal stretch to whip Willie Farkas in 10:20; Cowboy Bob Ellis outsmart Toru Tanacka with a jack-knife press in 6:04; "Krippler" Kovacs (Stan Kowalski) top Jean DuBois with forearms and press after 4:25. Victor Rivera and Tony Marino defeated Waldo Von Erich and Killer Kowalski on a 3rd fall disqualification after 25:20 when the latter team turned on each other; Gorilla Monsoon and Ernie Ladd went to a curfew stalemate.

Midgets: Little Beaver and Cowboy Bradley defeated Sky Low Low and Little Brutus, 2 falls to 1, in 18:08.

► The sensational mat spectacular commemorating BRUNO SAMMARTINO'S 7th year as World Wide Wrestling Federation title holder was presented at the Philadelphia Arena. His opponent, Crippler Karl Kovacs, gave him a not-so-warm reception in the opening minutes of their bout but the champ showed the stamina and ability that has kept him on top all these years. He survived the Kovacs' onslaught and retalisted by knocking Kovacs out of the ring. Bruno slammed Kovacs head against the ring pole cutting it open. The Crippler, having lost a lot of blood, fell easy victim to the champ's patented Bear Hug in 8:28.

OTHER BOUTS: Professor Tanaka was disqualified for throwing salt into Gorilla Monsoon's eyes after 9:39; Mario Milano and Victor Rivera went to a sensational 30 min. draw.

The tag team match of John L. Sullivan and Dominick De Nucci against the Mongols was stopped due to outside interference from Gorillla Monsoon. (The Mongols had captured the first fall.)

A girl's tag team match saw Sandy Parker and Viki Williams win 2 out of 3 falls from Rita Boucher and Paula Kay.

Mike Conrad whipped Eric the Red with a knee lift and press after 10:52 of the opening bout.

The attendance was 5,729 with a gate of $12,000.

On the bus home I had an interesting chat with the oriental master of the mat. Professor Tanaka. A rough and ready competitor in the ring, he is reserved, soft spoken gentlemen in private life with extraordinary knowledge on various subjects.

► New arrivals in our area in recent months have been Ivan Kolloff, Mario Milano, Tony Marino, Karl (Stan Kowalski) Kovacs, Lee Wong, Joe Turco and The Mongols!

The Mongols and Kolloff are managed by Tony Angelo, Kovacs is managed by Dandy Jack. Marino and Victor Rivera defeated Prof. Tanaka and Mitsu Arakawa at Madison Sq. Garden to become the new World Tag-team kings.

Arnold Skoaland, capable ring veteran and WWWF champ Bruno Sammartino's manager, scored 3 impressive victories on Washington TV in consecutive weeks, defeating The Demon, Lou Albano, and Angelo Savoldi.

Gorilla Monsoon and Mario Milano have been thrilling TV fans with tag bouts. This smooth working combo holds wins over The Masked Demon—Erich the Red and Professor Tanaka—Willy Farkas duos, as well as an impressive win over Tanaka and Ernie Ladd at Madison Sq. Garden.

► Before a near-sellout crowd at Sunnyside Gardens, Queens, N.Y., Victor Rivera, P.R. champion, and Waldek "Killer" Kowalski, after a rough session in the squared circle, were both exhausted and tumbled out of the ring, and were counted out after 11 minutes.

In the tag attraction, favorites Gorilla Monsoon and Cowboy Ellis were victors over Ernie "Cat" Ladd and Prof. Tanaka. Tanaka and Ellis traded falls one and two. The villains were disqualified in fall 3 for double-teaming on Monsoon.

Supporting bouts saw Waldo Von Erich and Mario Milano go to a 20-minute draw; Jean DuBois whipped Angelo Savoldi, Karl Kovacs defeated Mario Fratterolli and Eric the Red downed Pete Sanchez in the opener.

► 2,100 spectators formed a $3,440 gate to witness promoter-wrestler Arnold Skoaland's 3rd spectacular card at Westchester Co. Center, White Plains, N.Y.

The main event rubber match saw WWWF champ Bruno Sammartino turn back the challenge of Germany's Waldo Von Erich with a semi-jacknife press after 14:55 of torrid battling. Waldo had attacked Bruno before the bell with his horsewhip stunning the champ, but Sammartino recovered to win.

Supporting bouts featured Ernie "Cat" Ladd against Killer Kowalski, the latter being disqualified for choking in 9:25; Gorilla Monsoon defeated Prof. Tanacka with a karate chop and press in 9:00; Victor Rivera whipped Eric the Red in 13:35 with steam-rollers and a press; Mario Milano used an abdominal stretch to stretch out Jean DuBois in 12:20 of the opener.

In a midget's affair, Little Beaver and Cowboy Bradley whipped Sky Low Low and Little Brutus in a 2 falls to 1.

This show was sponsored by Sunnyside Sports, Inc. with match promoter M. Rosenberg.

A great match of international esteem took place at Sunnyside Garden, Queens, N.Y., as the European Heavyweight champion, Waldo Von Erich, came to grips with the P.R. sensation, Victor Rivera.

After a gruelling encounter that saw both sides taking an awful buffeting it was the agile, speedy Rivera who gained the nod when the German was disqualified for choking in 9:55.

In the semi-final, the treacherous Oriental Professor Toru Tanacka scored an upset victory over Asiatic title-holder Gorilla Monsoon when the latter got a might rough and was sent to the showers in 13:25.

A tag-team affair, 2 falls-out of 3, pitted favorites Pete Sanchez and Miguel Feliciano against Lou Albano and Johnny Rodz. Feliciano neck-breaker in 7:40 and Feliciano a flying body-press in 8:45. Sanchez used a drop-kick and press to flatten Rodz in 9:34 to win for his team.

Prelims saw Ernie Cat Ladd whip Jean DuBois with a body-press in 13:35, and strongman Ivan Kolloff use a back-breaker to down veteran Angelo Savoldi in 8:35.

Attendance was 1,429 and receipts were $5,038.

► **Washington (WDCA-TV)** — Bruno Sammartino and Gorilla Monsoon won 2 straight falls over Barron Sciclunna and Johnny Rodz.

Sciclunna came back to defeat Arnold Skoaland, drew with Eric the Red, and was downed by Victor Rivera, who teaming with Monsoon, whipped Sciclunna and Joe Cox.

Skoaland scored over Lou Albano twice, but lost to Ivan Kolloff, who then recorded wins over Eric the Red, Pete Sanchez and Angelo Savoldi.

Mario Milano debuted in this area by downing Eric the Red, as did Karl Kovacs (Stan Kowalski) by defeating Arnold Skoaland.

► **Philadelphia (WKBS-TV)** — WWWF champion Bruno Sammartino whipped Dynamite Joe Cox with a body-press and Gorilla Monsoon won a handicap bout over the Sciclians, Tony Altomare and Lou Albano. Bruno pinned Albano with a Greco-Roman spread.

Rivera whipped Baron Sciclunna when time ran out; Sciclunna and Angelo Savoldi were downed by Rivera and Tony Marino.

Savoldi then fell victim to a "bulldogging headlock" of the newly returned Cowboy Bob Ellis; Ernie Ladd recorded wins over Altomare, Albano, Jean DuBois and Eric the Red in consecutive weeks.

In girl action, Betty Boucher whipped Vivian Vachone.

WRESTLING FROM ● BOSTON ●

By Ned Byrne

Wrestling is going big guns in Boston. Baron Scicluna had no trouble in pinning Pete Sanchez in a recent outing. Arnold Skoaland, veteran with the experience, outfoxed Eric the Red in a tough match.

In a thrilling tag team match Jean DuBois and Domenic De Nucci defeated Lou Albano and Dynamite Joe Cox.

Gorilla Monsoon, a strong and colorful grappler, lost a disputed decision to Ernie "The Cat" Ladd. At one point Monsoon was astraddle Ladd and the referee managed to fall out of the ring. Gorilla left Ladd to help the referee. At this point Ladd pulled some illegal tactics and gained a fall over Gorilla with the referee not being in a position to see how he gained the advantage. The fans were outraged when Ernie was awarded the decision.

In another bout Killer Kowalski took the measure of Antonio Pugliese. Ivan Koloff creamed Louis Cerdan in a give and take affair.
he won his German death match with Waldo

Bruno Sammartino surprised no one when Von Erich, using a back breaker. In this version of mayhem eight wrestlers were surrounding the ring to throw either participant back if needed. The eight were divided into two groups of four each, with each group dedicated to helping only their man.

THE PACIFIC COAST

By Joe Pottgieser

Taped television has helped boom wrestling on the Coast and especially in California. One such taped card emanating from Oakland had Pat Patterson take on and defeat Larry Williams. Pat looked good while Williams was slow.

Spiro Arion decisioned the German Karl Von Brock and the tag team of Ray Stevens and Peter Maivia smashed flat the twosome of the Enforcer Number 1 and Angelo Masca.

► **Out of our territory** but of interest to all fans is the televised, taped show from Philadelphia. We saw Bruno Sammartino work easy to defeat Lou Albino while George Steele attempted to send Lee Wong to his ancestors.

The Mongols rode the team of Mike Conrad and Luis Garcia to a loss. The Red Demon was on the loser's side in his bout with Mario Malino.

► **On another video night** The Great Pampero used an arm bar and body press to finish off Larry Williams. Spiro Arion opened up on Art Mahalik with all stops pulled and smashed his foe to the canvas and defeat.

The Gladiator and Stan Stasiak teamed up to win a tag team effort over Don Savage, who was tame as a kitten, and Jerry London.

► **The San Francisco Cow Palace** had Pat Patterson on exhibit when he put his U.S. championship on the line. Patterson took the first fall with his bombs away and a solid body press.

Arion came back strong with a bear hug and a press to even matters.

Fall number three and the match went to Pat when he maneuvered Arion into a position for a body press and that was that.

The big tag team match for the night had Ray Stevens and Peter Maivia exchange mat burns with the Stan Stasiak and The Gladiator combination. The bout was billed for the world's tag team title.

The first fall was an evenly fought session until Maivia maneuvered Stasiak into a reverse neck breaker at 12:30 to win that canto.

Stasiak brought the count to one each when he worked the Prince into a corner and a body press at 9:10.

The third fall was fast and furious with Stevens using a drop press to stretch The Gladiator at 7:14 for the match.

On the same card The Great Pampero won over Don Savage, Rocky Johnson defeated Art Mahalik, Jerry London lost a good match to Cyclone Negro and Earl Maynard beat Don Soriano.

► **San Jose, California** has been doing well at the turnstiles and has some of the top talent on the PC working.

A threesome team composed of Pat Patterson, Stan Stasiak and The Gladiator faced off against Ray Stevens, Peter Maivia and Cyclone Negro.

The first fall went to Cyclone Negro, who pressed Stasiak to defeat in the time of 25:00 of a match full of fast action and quick changing holds.

The second fall had Stasiak the winner over Negro with Stan pouring it on and then after a series of flips, pressing Cyclone to the canvas for the pin at 8:45.

The third and deciding fall went to the Patterson team wren Negro was disqualified for using a rope in his hand with which to beat and garrote his opponents during the third fall.

In another bouth The Great Pampero won over Jerry London while Don Soriano drew with Jerry Monti.

► **Back in Philadelphia** on a taped television show Frank Hicky was defeated by Mario Malino while George Steele took the measure of Louis Garcia. John L. Sullivan, a highly touted youngster, did well in beating Joe Turk. Crusher Verdue went to work on Bull Molino to the delight of the video lens.

► **While back on the Coast at Oakland** video cameras had taped another show on which The Great Pampero chopped Don Soriano into submission. Ray Stevens, a veteran and one of the best wrestlers to ever hit the PC defeated Jon Corfano who just didn't have sufficient know-how to stand in with the Stevens delivery.

In a tag team bout on the same card Peter Maivia and Cyclone Negro won over Don Soriano and Enforcer Number 1 in an interesting test of skills.

► **On still another Oakland show** Earl Maynard came on the scene to win over Don Soriano and another Don, Savick, lost the duke to The Great Pampero, who is one of the most consistent winners around the area.

The closer on the card saw Jack Hisinger lose to a very savvy Ray Stevens.

► **The Civic Auditorium at San Jose, California,** teamed up Pat Patterson with The Gladiator and Stan Stasiak to test the wares of a team composed of Cyclone Negro, Ray Stevens and Peter Maivia.

These two teams were more balanced than most such team events. To add to the flavor of the contest it was decided that there would be no disqualifications.

In the first fall after all the contestants had had a crack at each other it settled down to Patterson and Maivia with Pat finally winning the fall in the time of 19:03 with his bombs away.

The second fall went much the way of the previous session with men of both teams running the gamut from scientific grappling to brawling. The fall was decided when Maivia pressed Patterson in 5:15.

The third fall was decided when Negro after being tossed out of the ring by Stasiak could not get back into the ring before being counted out and thereby went the match.

On the undercard The Great Pampero won still another bout, this from Jerry Monti; Larry Williams was on the losers end after a mauling go with Jerry London.

► So many of the Pacific Coast wrestlers have been appearing on the Taped Philadelphia cards that we have been taking the liberty of reporting them so that our fans can see how our men fare when outside the territory. A recent show in Philly paired John L. Sullivan against Mike Conrad with John winning the affair. Mario Malino won over Joe Turko with a submission hold and Chief Strong Bull beat another Bull, Bull Malino.

George Steele took on the veteran Arnold Skoaland and defeated him after a speedy contest with neither proving a decided superiority.

Crusher Verdue closed the curtain on the night's proceedings with a whirlwind attack that ended when he pinned Miguel Faliciano with a body press.

► **The Cow Palace at San Francisco** put on a real wing dingy of a show with the top attraction being a death match with Pat Patterson and Ray Stevens fighting it out for the U.S. championship owned by Stevens.

The contest was a five fall match with Patterson coming out fast and quickly gaining the edge in falls by maneuvering Stevens in the proper spot and pow . . . it was bombs away! Pat had the first fall.

Stevens came back strong to gain a win over Pat with another explosive shot, his atomic drop, and the match was even.

The third fall also went to Stevens when he managed a body press that Pat was unable to squirm away from.

Something seemed to have gone out of Patterson and it was obvious that he was having a bad night.

Pat never regained the initiative and he lost the next two holds to Stevens who utilized his strength and know-how to gain two speedy body presses and it was all over.

The final tab was one fall for Patterson to four for Stevens.

In a tag team match Haystack Calhoun, Cyclone Negro and Peter Maivia joined forces to defeat Fred Blassie, Stan Stasiak and The Gladiator.

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Posed by Professional Model

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HAIR-THIC is more than a hair cream—it's a unique formulation of highly specialized ingredients that literally makes thin hair appear to be thicker. It's a superfine emulsion which surrounds and coats each hair strand to give the appearance of fuller body, heavier, more luxurious hair. It gives thin hair an undreamed of full look—that lets you style it over balding spots and hide a receding hair line. HAIR-THIC makes hair more manageable…keeps it in place all day long.

SAFE AND EASY TO USE

Nothing could be easier to use than HAIR-THIC. There's no mess, no bother, no lengthy procedures. Simply dry hair after moistening and apply HAIR-THIC while the hair is still damp. Comb and style…You will immediately notice the feel of increased body. Then let dry and recomb or brush to bring out HAIR-THIC'S full effect. You can use it daily—just as you would any other good hair grooming product—because HAIR-THIC will *never* make your hair greasy or oily.

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Sometimes a change of style or part in the hair can be helpful. You'll find HAIR-THIC invaluable in training the hair in new hairstyles for men (and women). Keeps it manageable and in place—makes the restyling period much easier.

WHY WASTE TIME AND MONEY ON COSTLY PREPARATIONS AND USELESS TREATMENTS?

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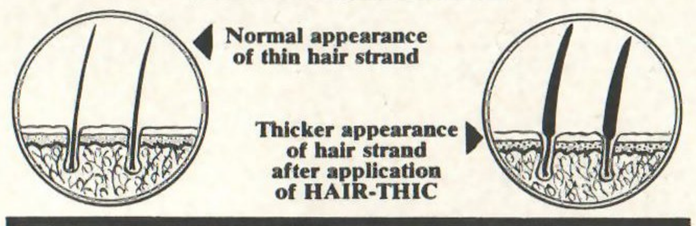

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- Contains no grease, no oils

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WRESTLING FROM CHICAGO

By Tom Hankins

Promoter Bob Luce presented another fantastic mat card to the Windy City fans. A capacity crowd was on hand at the International Amphitheater to witness the opening event which pitted two newcomers to Chicago against each other.

After nine minutes of action, Jack Valen was able to pin the rugged Assasin, despite the Assasin's continued attempts to blind Valen with a foreign object that he concealed in his trunks.

Chicago favorite, Apachie Louie Martinez held the upper hand over Nebraska's Jack Pesek in their match. Pesek tried every trick in the book to subdue Martinez, but to no avail, as Luis was too much for Pesek, and had little trouble pinning him.

In the special event, Chicago's favorite "bad boy," Angelo Poffo, faced former U.S. Champion, Pepper Gomez, who is becoming a favorite with the fans. Poffo looked better than ever in this rough and tumble match.

In the opening minutes of the bout Poffo gave Pepper his best Sunday punch to the stomach but Pepper laughed it off and in return gave Poffo a taste of his own medicine. Angelo didn't laugh but was instead doubled over in pain. After that, Poffo didn't try any more punches to Pepper's "iron stomach". The match was exceedingly rough and even on both sides until Poffo grabbed Pepper and applied his dreaded "Italian Neckbreaker". Gomez surprised everyone, especially Poffo, by breaking loose and sending Angelo crashing to the mat. Pepper mounted the top ring rope, and dove off in a dazzling aerial maneuver, landing on top of the dazed Italian star. The referee gave the fatal three count, and Gomez's hand was raised in victory.

The "Beast of Berlin", Baron Fritz Von Raschue was featured in the semi-main event. He was scheduled to wrestle Crazy Luke Graham, but Crazy Luke had to cancel out at the last minute, and Larry "Pretty Boy" Hennig took his place. For the first time in Chicago Hennig had the fans on his side. They were itching to see the mad German get some of his own medicine and Hennig was just the man to give it to him.

Von Raschue attacked his foe before the bell rang and while Hennig was trying to get his ring jacket over his head he was smothered. The time keeper sounded the bell during this fracas and the match was officially under way. Pretty Boy struggled, but couldn't get his jacket over his head. Von Raschue was right on top of Hennig, attempting to choke and smother him with his jacket. Hennig kicked Von Raschue in the stomach and gained time to get his jacket off.

Larry tore into the vicious Baron in a way that the Chicago fans had never witnessed. Larry, boiling mad, tore into Von Raschue. He tossed the Baron all over the ring and then out of it. When the "Beast Of Berlin" returned to the ring Hennig beat him into near-unconsciousness.

It looked as if Hennig were going to hand the Baron his first Chicago defeat.

Von Raschue was laying prone on the mat and Hennig came at him with a flying leap. Van Raschue saw Larry coming and managed to roll out of the way. Hennig hit the mat with a sickening thud. Von Raschue mustered up his last ounce of strength to crawl on top of his stunned opponent to pin him and win the match.

The crowd went wild with anger because Larry had lost. When Larry came to his senses and realized what had happened, he was more angry than the crowd. He picked up the still-groggy Baron and tossed him out over the ropes. Hennig may have lost the match on paper but he gave the Baron the beating of his life.

The first main event was an Australian tag team match. The enormously popular team of Yukon Moose Cholak and Wilbur Snyder faced the homicidal Dillinger Brothers, "Mad Jack" and "Crazy Jim", better known as the Chain Gang. The team of Snyder and Cholak wasted no time in taking the first fall of the 2 out of 3 fall affair from the vicious Hell's Angels. Cholak smashed the much smaller Jim Dillinger with his "big splash". When Moose landed on Jim the whole ring moved three feet and it was all over: Moose had no trouble holding Jim down for the count.

When the bell for the second fall rang, The Chain Gang launched a vicious and brutal attack on Moose. Jim tricked Cholak and got him into the Chain Gang's corner where Jack was waiting for him. The two brothers took turns mauling the gigantic Cholak, and finally finished him off for a pin to even things up.

There was murder in the eyes of all four wrestlers when the bell for the final fall rang. Mayhem was the word. The Dillinger's used every dirty trick they knew. Snyder and Cholak fought back using the same tactics.

The Chain Gang choked Snyder with the tag rope until he could take no more and then did the same thing to the Moose. With all four men in the ring working each other over, Snyder was finally pinned to win the fall and the match for the two Hell's Angel's brothers. The Chain Gang are next in line for a shot at Mad Dog and Butcher Vachone's tag team title.

The final event was for the A.W.A. world heavyweight championship. Cowboy Bill Watts was finally getting his long awaited match with the old master, Verne Gagne. Both, the challenger, Watts and the champion, Gagne, were in superb condition for the battle.

After a hard struggle Gagne wore Watts down with plain wrestling know-how and pinned him to take the first fall.. Watts took the second fall with a series of body-slams. As long as I've been involved in wrestling, I've never seen a body slam executed with such force. Each time Watts picked up Gagne above his head and at arms length. He then ran all the way across the ring and threw Gagne to the mat with such force that the whole arena shook. Watts did not let go of Gagne. But held on to the champion and fell on top of him with the full weight of his 295 pounds to pin Gagne.

The action-packed third fall had the fans on the edges of their seats. After unsuccessful attempts to put Watts in his famous sleeper hold Gagne found himself in trouble. Bill gave Verne a series of "bulldog headlocks" and fell on Gagne to pin him. The referee reached the count of two and Verne draped his foot over the ring rope. Watts, thinking he had won, jumped up and raised his hands in victory. The referee ran over to Bill and told him that he had not won. Bill argued, saying that he had pinned Gagne and therefore was the new champion. While this "discussion" was going on, Gagne saw his chance. He got up, ran at Watts and knocked the Cowboy over with the full force of his body with a flying tackle. Watts hit the mat so hard he was stunned and was an easy victim for a pin. Gagne had won again and was still the

Understandably, Watts was mad. He thought he had won the match, and the next thing he knew Gagne's hand was being raised in victory. Bill finally calmed down and understood what had happened. He and Gagne shook hands and Verne congratulated Bill on a good match.

► **RINGSIDE**—Rumor has it that Red and Lou Bastein will be teaming up again soon . . . Frank Dillinger, one half of the original Chain Gang was shot by a rival motorcycle club of the Hell's Angels, not by a wrestling fan as was reported elsewhere . . . Watch for Pepper Gomez and Luis Martinez to team up.

Rumor has it that the masked "Dr. X" is really Dick "Destroyer" Beyer . . . A new team to watch for is Ripper and Slasher Reed. They are reported to be even meaner than the Chain Gang . . . Ronnie Etchinson holds the Central States version of the U.S. Championship. It is the 6th time he's held it . . . The Stomper is wrestling as a good guy now . . . Did you know that Jack Dillinger used to wrestle as Jack Dalton and also as Don Fargo? . . . The Bruiser and The Crusher are no longer a team, as the Crusher has retired from the ring. Watch for him to make a comeback.

DOWN TEXAS WAY

By Herman Marshall

Everything is big down here in Texas, people, buildings, ideas and our wrestling is some of the best in the United States.

One of the focal points for Texas wrestling is Corpus Christi.

A favorite of the fans, Karl Kox, did a fine job in going to a draw with Nick Kozak on a recent card and Mario DeLeon showed his heels to Belle Starr in a bright bout.

Baron Scicluna whipped Juan Sebastian to noobdy's surprise. Coming off his defeat Nick Kozak teamed up with Mil Mascaras and Tony Pugiliese to win a two out of three fall match over Boris Malenko, Johnny Valentine and Karl Kox in a wild and wooly setto.

► On another outing Charles Montague felt the sting of Mil Mascaras' chops and went down to defeat the recipient of a Mil special and a body press.

Going on to prove his superb physical condition Mascaras won in a ten man battle royal which included such men as Emil Dupree, Baron Scicluna, Boris Malenko, Nick Kozak, Karl Kox, Eduardo Perez, Charles Montague and Juan Sebastian.

The Great Pampero, who can seem to do no wrong, won over another top wrestler, Earl Maynard.

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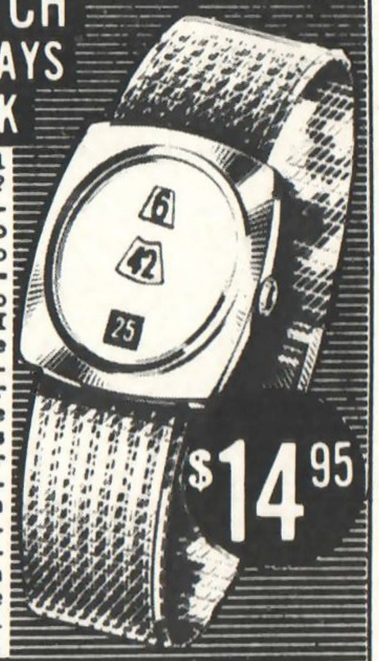

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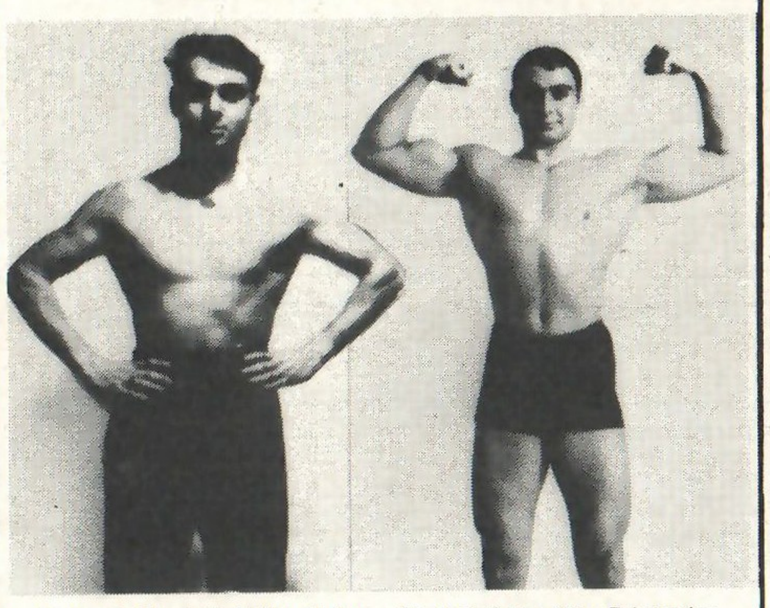

Photo of Mr. Jack Seiler Before Starting Telepander Training Program

Mr. Jack Seiler After Telepander Training Chest: 46" Biceps: 16" Calves: 14" Thighs: 25"

25 TO 40 YEARS

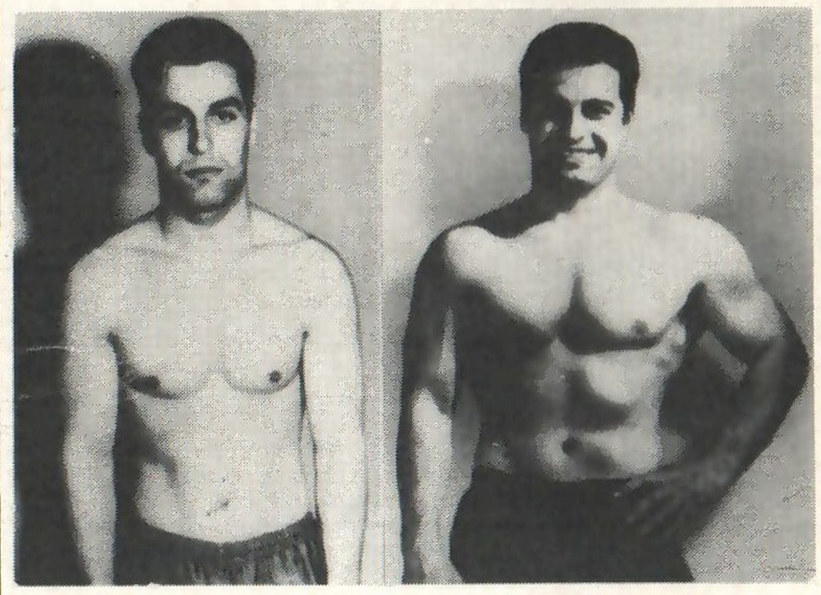

Photo of Mr. J. Ullman Before Telepander Chest: 38½" Biceps: 13" Calves: 13½" Thighs: 20"

Mr. J. Ullman After 35 Days of Telepander Training Chest: 43½" Biceps: 15" Calves: 14½" Thighs: 23"

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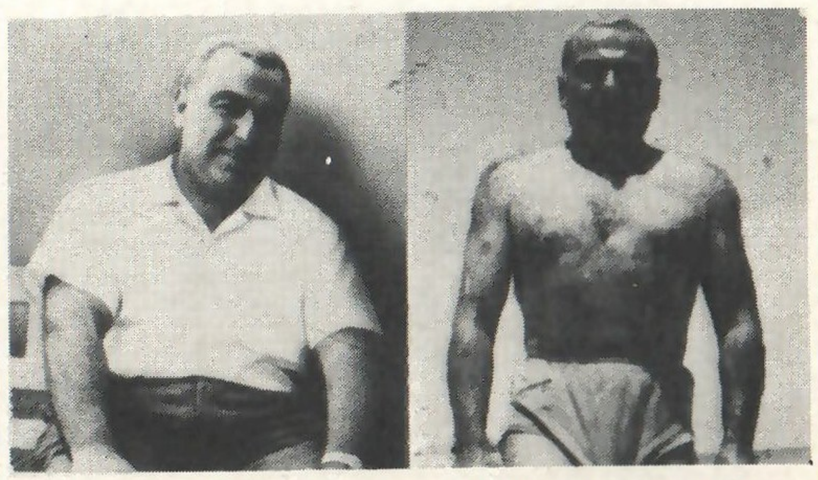

Photo of Mr. M. Addas Before Starting the Telepander Training Program

Mr. M. Addas only a few weeks after starting the Telepander Training Program

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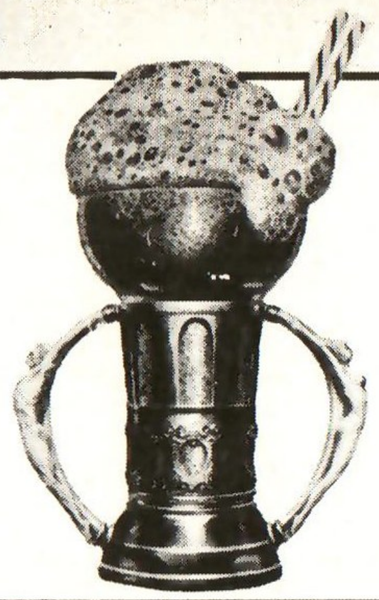

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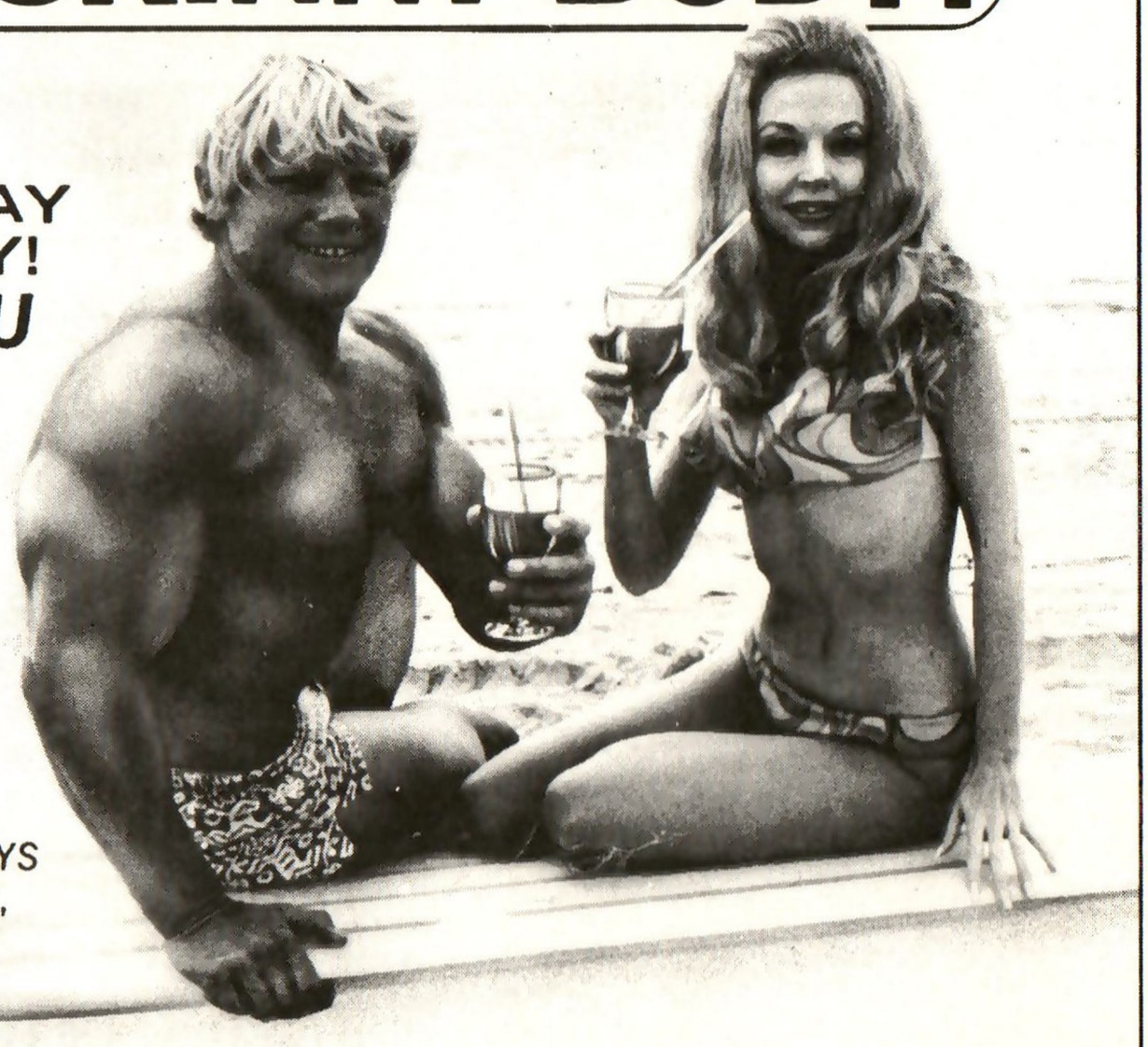

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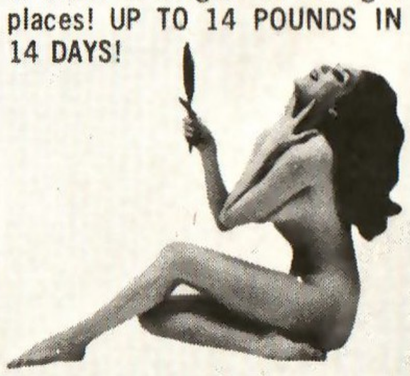
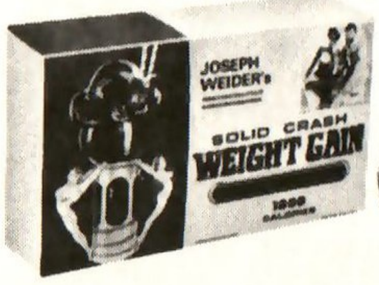
Then Shape It Up . . . . . .

With this wildest, laziest way to drink on weight—in the right places! UP TO 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!



DON'T JUST SIT THERE! DON'T BE A HOUSE CAT! BE A CLEVER CAT! When you take the Crash Weight Formula #7 "trip" you can become a curvaceous, outgoing, **new-breed pussycat!** Anything and everything can happen.

If No One is Complimenting Your Appearance— Feed it Solid "Crash-Weight Gain" Formula #7



SHAPE UP FAST! OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions Since 1936, with over 2,000,000 successful students
531 - 32nd St. Dept. 174-100K14
Union City, N.J. 07087

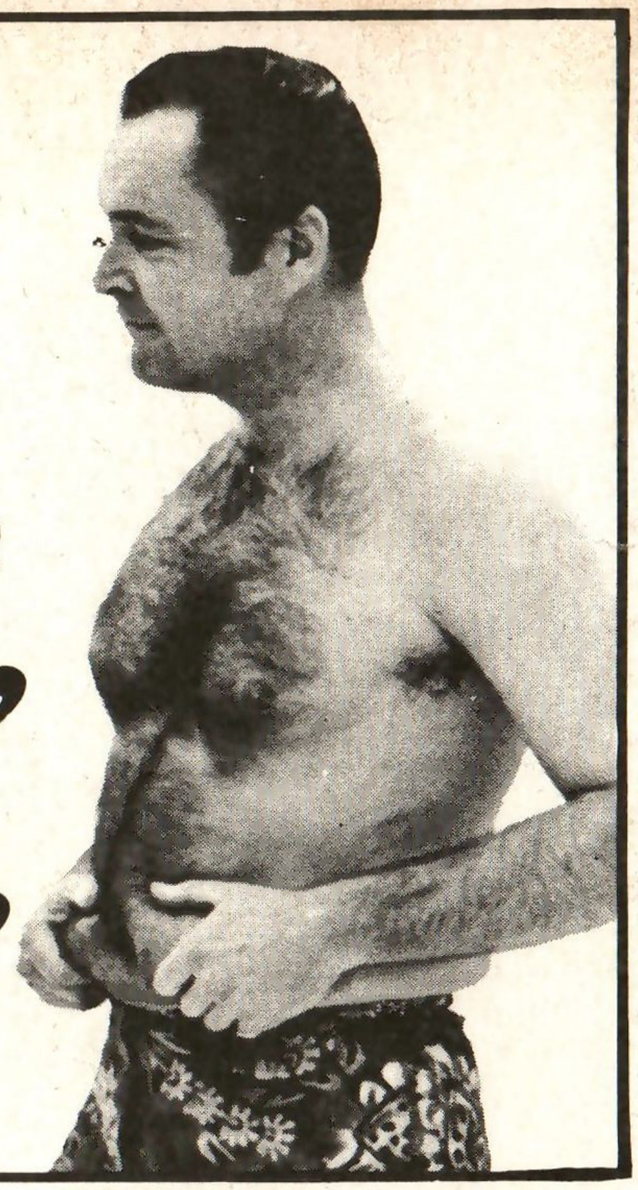
Dear Mr. Weider. YES! I want to put an end to my skinny body—and fast! Please rush me the order of solid CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN Formula #7, which I've checked below—PLUS my FREE Mini-Course. Enclosed please find $..... for

☐ **7-Day Supply of CW #7** ..... $ 8.00
☐ **14-Day Supply of CW #7** $14.98

Check Flavor Desired ☐ Vanilla ☐ Chocolate
Check Free Course Needed ☐ For Men ☐ For Women

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

"Either that bulge goes, or I'm do!"



A girl can't stomach a guy with a pot belly. Especially when he's in a swim suit for all the world to see. It does nothing for her image to be associated with a Mr. Lard Belly. And it doesn't do a blessed thing for him, either.

Until now there was no simple, foolproof way to quickly trim your waist — reduce your weight in a matter of days — and keep it there. But now there is. It's Joe Weider's famous **Slimmers Formula** — a ridiculously easy way for a Slim Jim to trim his waistline and shape up. And for a chubby Charley to lose up to a pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days.

The **Slimmers Formula** is a **guaranteed,** simple 3-part program that really works — making you look years younger. Age is no problem: yes, 20, 30, 50 or even 70, you'll look and feel like a new man — **fast,** or you get every penny back. This is the only **guaranteed** way to lose inches off your waist, hips or any other part of your body and regain that youthful, athletic look in the privacy of your home — regardless of your years. There just isn't any other way. It's so good it's endorsed by coaches, physical education instructors and physique champions everywhere.

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer — Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back — without dieting — without exercising.

For a speedy "Getaway" on the Slimmers Formula, slip on **Slim-Gard** . . . then take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, your waist, hips and small of the back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it. It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in — cool air out — trimming inches effortlessly away! **Slim-Gard** works effectively for the fat or slender man. Instructions are included for the fat man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 100 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches without losing weight. And **Slim-Gard** is **hidden — no one knows — nothing shows . . . except the inches that go! You're guaranteed impressive results in 10 days or your money back.**

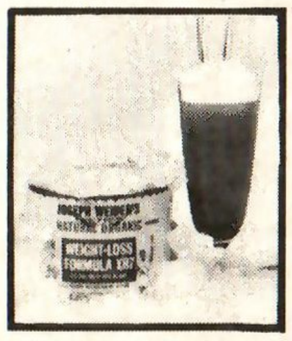
Building a natural Muscle Girdle that holds in your waist for life is easy, when you buy and use

SLIM GARD and The Slimmers Routine. Only $9.98

2 "SLIMMER" SHAKE

Helps You Lose Up to a Pound-A-Day — 14 Pounds in 14 Days — Without Losing Your Strength and Vigor.

If you're 10 to 100 pounds overweight and want even faster weight losses — up to a-pound-a-day — Part 2 of Joe Weider's famous **Slimmers Formula** is the easiest and most delicious way to do it. It's called **The Slimmer Shake** — a scrumptuous **protein-enriched** milkshake-flavored drink. It supplies nutrients to your body that charge it with **power** and **vim** while it slenderizes you. Even chubby guys who won't even lift a finger can lose up to a-pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days — just drinking **The Slimmer Shake!** It's the first and the best for fast weight losses . . . that's why even the world's strongest and best-built men and Olympic champions drink it to get in shape quickly.



For fast overall weight losses you should order

SLIMMER SHAKE and The Slimmers Routine. Only $11.98

(2 weeks supply)
(Choice of Chocolate or Vanilla)

FREE!

THE SLIMMERS ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks To Shape You Up and Trim You Down

Here's Part 3 of the **Slimming Formula** the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" Training routine used by athletes, coaches and the world's best-built men to get in shape fast. Within 10 days, you'll instantly start slimming down — your muscles grow stronger — your chest expands — shoulders broaden — waist tapers down — to create a more exciting, youthful **you.** You need this "Aerobic/Circuit" routine NOW! — because it's the **youthful-appearing** man who gets and **stays ahead!**

SPECIAL OFFER!

3 SLIM GARD and SLIMMERS SHAKE and The Slimmers Routine ALL THREE (a $21.98 value For only $17.96

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

I am so positive this is the only simple, safe and effortless way you can see impressive results in just 10 days — **Inches Must Go Fast— or every penny back.** Joe Weider

Trainer of the champions . . . with more than 2,000,000 successful students

NOW!—START MOVING YOUR BELT BACK A FEW NOTCHES—AND KEEP IT THERE

It's so easy — so simple to slim down and shape up for life with my effortless **guaranteed 1-2-3 Slimmers Formula.** Attack your weight problem these 3-ways: (1) Wear **Slim-Gard** to slim inches off your flabby belly and hips. (2) Drink **The Slimmer Shake** to lose weight all over — up to a pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days. (3) Do the effortless **"Slimmer Routine." WHY NOT GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY?** 10 days from now you'll be so happy you did! Don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime **Guaranteed** "Get Slim" offer. Clip and mail the **NO RISK COUPON NOW** — while it's still handy.

SLIM DOWN — SHAPE UP — OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

JOE WEIDER Dept. 174-100SG
Famous Fitness School
531 - 32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: YES! I want to start slimming down at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price for the plan I need to "SLIM DOWN" and "SHAPE UP." If I am not completely satisfied, I can return the unused material within 5 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

CHECK THE "SLIMMING DOWN" PLAN YOU NEED BELOW:

1. ☐ **SLIM GARD** and Free Course ..... **Only $ 9.98**
2. ☐ **SLIMMERS SHAKE** and Free Course **Only $11.98**
3. ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** Slim Gard, Slimmer Shake and Course **$17.96**

I enclose check or money order for: $.....

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Prices do not include small shipping and postal charges.